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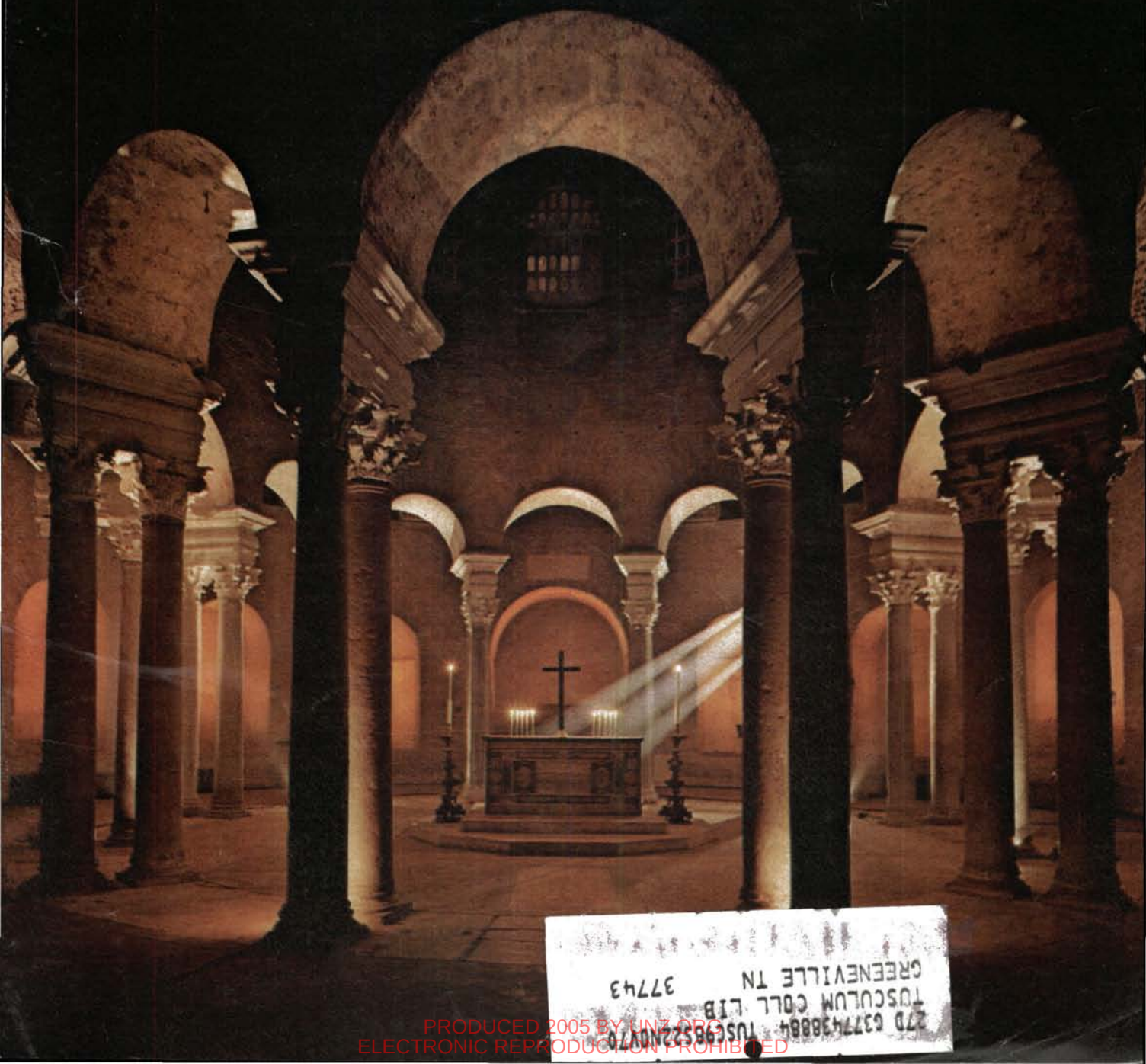
Saturday Review

September 12, 1970 50¢

Europe Indoors

A SPECIAL FALL TRAVEL SECTION



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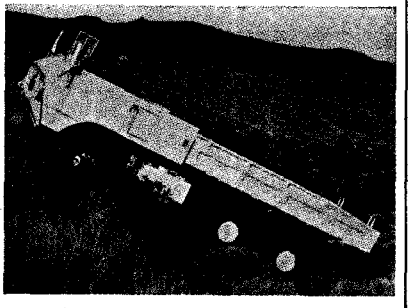

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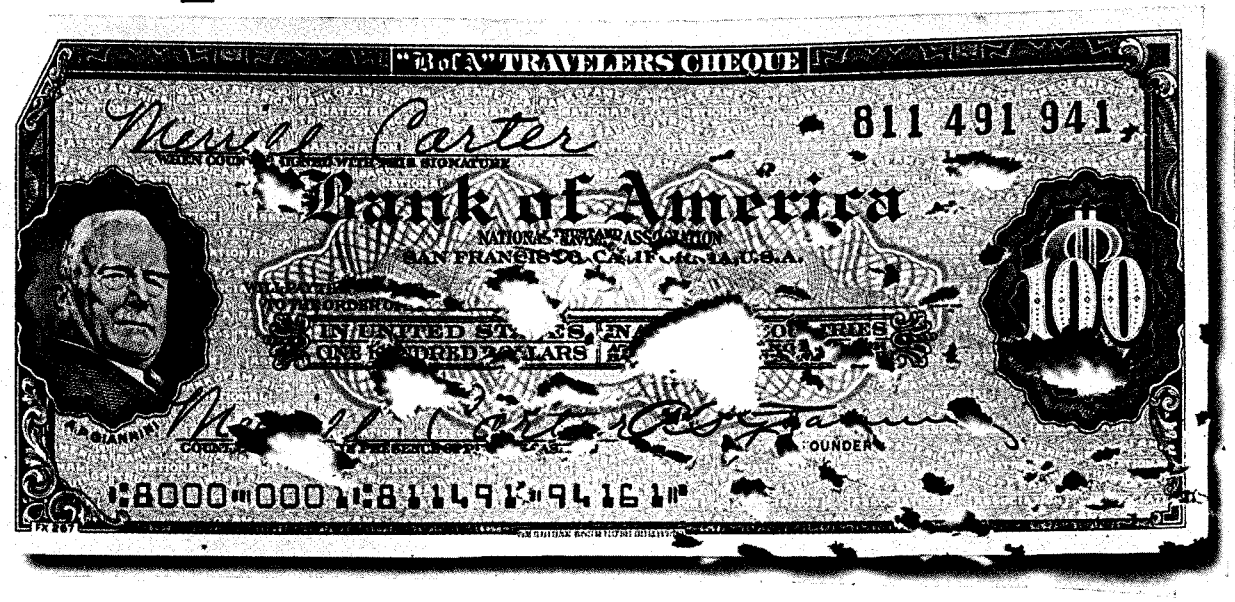

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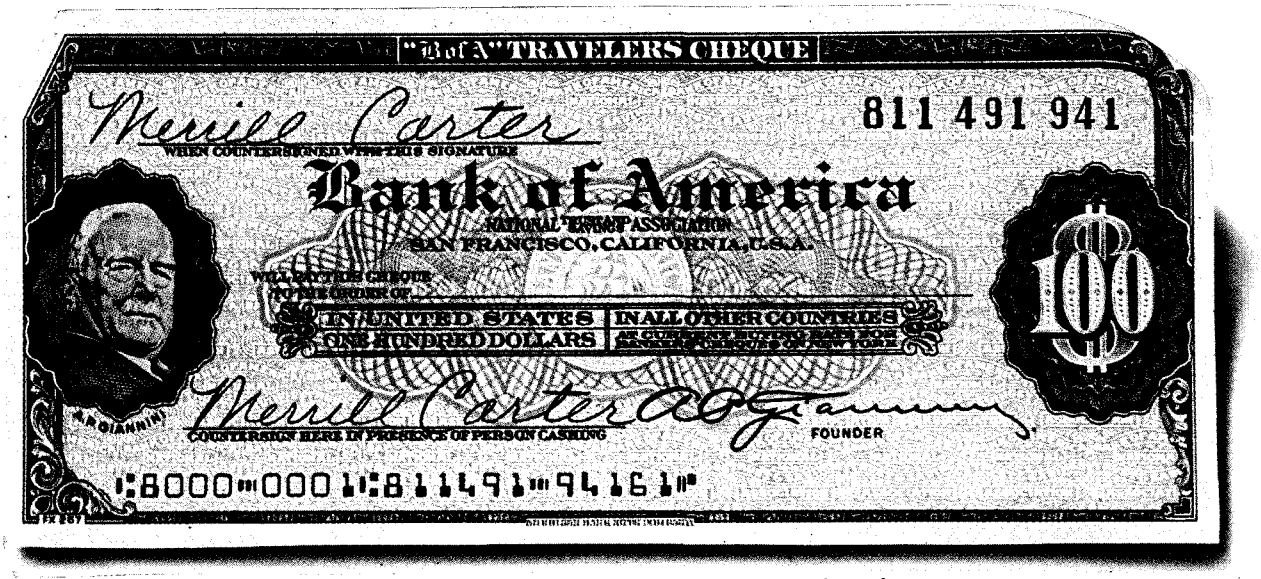

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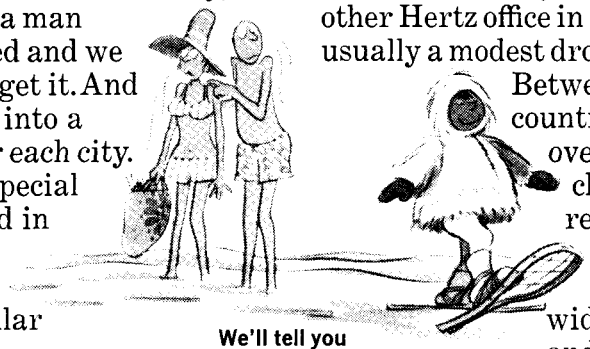
Things we do that nobody else does.

In many of the largest cities in the country, we took just about everything a man away from home might need and we found out how or where to get it. And we put what we found out into a Hertz Survival Manual for each city.

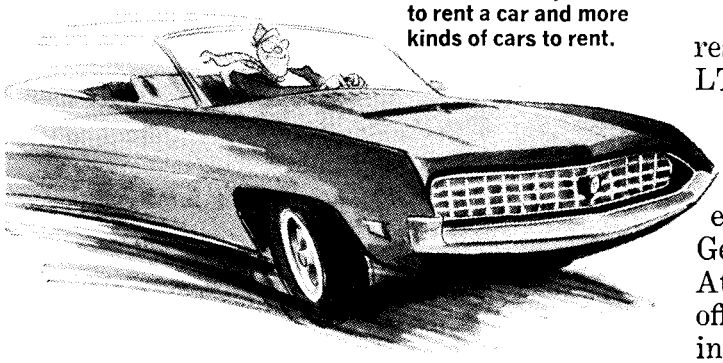
In 88 cities, we have special airport and city maps. And in many of the rest of our 1275 U.S. offices, we can give you diagrammed regular maps of the city and state, and special Hertz touring guides with suggestions on where to go and what to see.



We'll tell you everything from what to do to what the weather won't be like.

If you need to rent or return a car at a ridiculous hour, there are 305 cities in the country where at least one Hertz office is open all evening.

We have more places to rent a car and more kinds of cars to rent.



We do these things because we think they should be done.

But a lot of things we do we're capable of doing because we've been at it much longer than anybody else.

There's a Hertz office at every major airport in the country. And in many that aren't so major.

We also have offices in dozens of towns where there's no one else. When you rent a Ford or similar sedan in most of them, you can return the car to any other Hertz office in the country for what is usually a modest drop-off charge.

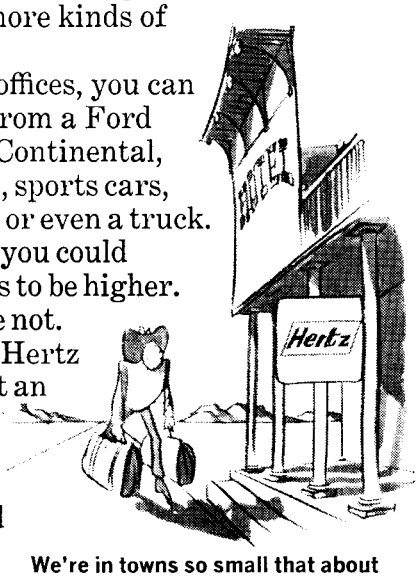
Between 50 major cities in this country, and in many others overseas, there's no drop-off charge at all when you're renting a standard Ford or a similar sedan.

Over half of our 2700 worldwide offices are outside the U.S., and not only in places where Americans travel most of the time. You can reserve a Hertz car in Malawi, New Guinea, Peru, Zambia, and in many others where there's no other American company.

We not only have more places to rent you a car, we also have more kinds of cars to rent.

At most U.S. offices, you can reserve anything from a Ford LTD, to a Lincoln Continental, and convertibles, sports cars, station wagons, or even a truck.

After all this, you could expect Hertz rates to be higher. Generally, they are not. At most but not all Hertz offices, you can rent an intermediate or standard Ford or similar sedan for $7.47 a day and ten cents a mile for a minimum of seven days, for a weekend or over a 2-day holiday. And we have weekly vacation rates, commuter rates, etc.



We're in towns so small that about all you can do there is rent a car and go someplace else.

When you rent a car from Hertz, you get something nobody else can give you. Our company.

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(Advertisement)

If Goodman Ace is called "Goody" by a few of his intimates, it is with good reason. For, though it would embarrass him to hear it, he is a good man.

To be sure the *SR* columnist, wit, lecturer, comedy writer, and broadcaster, can be a bit gruff at times. He tends to hang up the phone at the end of a conversation without the usual (and usually meaningless) amenities. Perhaps he thinks the announcer is going to come in with a station break. But that gruffness is more apparent than real. And I must confess that talking with him on the phone gives me—and this is embarrassing, too—a thrill. Because that voice—that voice!—is the voice of what is now Art Radio, a voice I heard throughout my formative years. It warped my woof.

And I enjoy Goodman Ace, too, because he is married to a good woman. Her name, of course, is Jane Ace and she occasionally shares the column which appears a few pages further on in this magazine. She remains the mistress of malaprop.

I am happy to report (as he did earlier) that we have recently published a slim, but elegant volume called LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—EASY ACES, which contains the best of the famous radio dialogues between Goodman and Jane Ace, plus selected short subjects based on their encounters in *SR*. The book also contains a special 33 1/3rd record that will convey to you the sound of those marvelous voices. Jane may complain that she and Goody are "living in squandor" and that she can't manage to make both ends neat" ("Isn't that *awful*?"), but in this book and record they're living in splendor. And forever, I hope.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—EASY ACES ($5.95), by Goodman Ace, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York 10583.

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Europe Indoors

A Special Fall Travel Section

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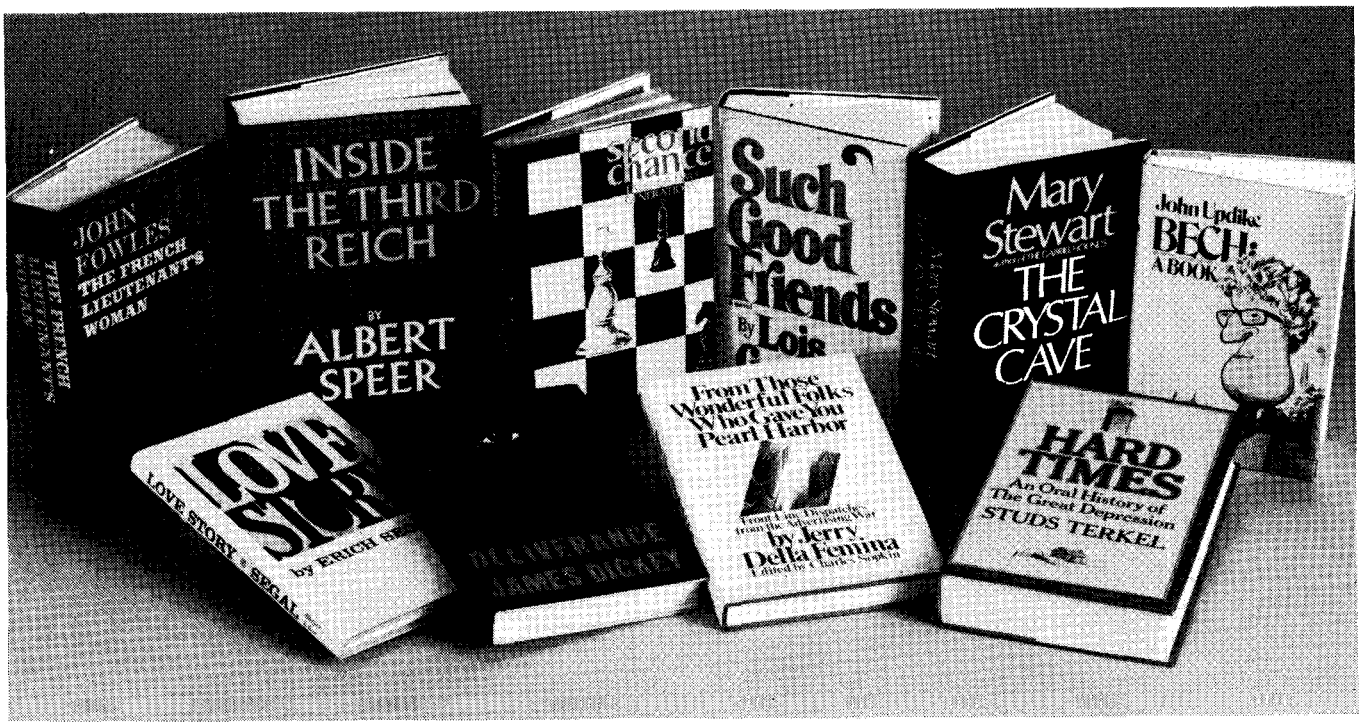

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For instance, a new cable to make phone calls go through faster. It can carry 32,000 different conversations at once, without jumbling anything.

Or the new electronic system to speed up connections. (After all, with 318,000,000 calls going through every day, you need a computer's help to ward off mixups.)

And we don't think people should have to wait for long distance lines. So we have a system for rerouting calls. If you are in St. Louis calling Detroit, your call may be channeled through Pittsburgh or Dallas. But since there's no delay, you never know.

Of course, everything wasn't invested in equipment. $300,000,000 went for training operators, installers and linemen. New people to keep up with the growing demand for telephones and services.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company keep working, every year, to put a new phone inside your old one. Even if it does look the same.

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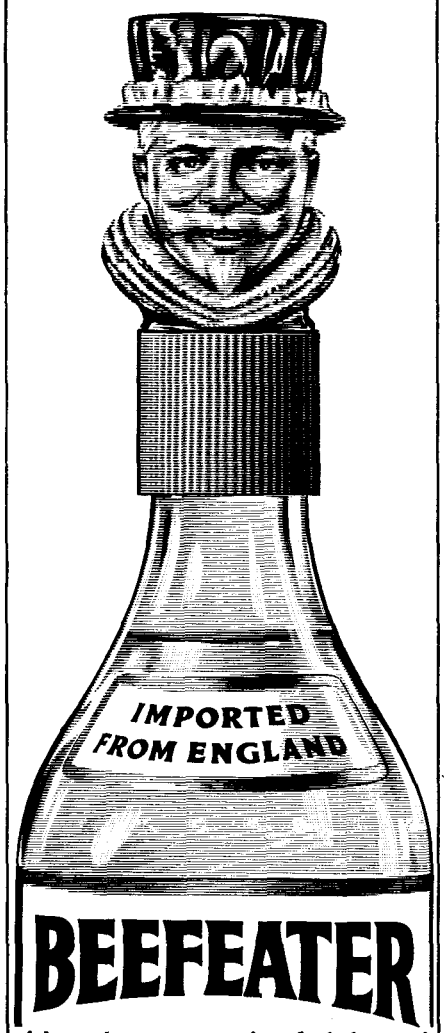

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Questioning the Skirt

WHEN THE MINISKIRT was invented and the first one came chug-chugging down the street, I was one of the guys who stood on the sidewalk shouting, "Get a horse." Things looked bad for the morals of our generation.

But in surprisingly little time, the mini became acceptable, part of the scenery—like a tree that wears a nest of robins in her hair. And we all know that only God can make a woman.

Then things really began looking up. The miniskirt soon became the minuscule. And when a girl in a minuscule skirt came marilynmonroeing down the avenue, the guys stood on the sidewalk shouting, "I love my wife, but oh you kid!" And this tiny, abbreviated skirt soon became acceptable, part of the scenery—like a tree that wears a nest of robins in her hair. And nothing else. And when that girl in a minuscule skirt merely sat down to play the piano, they all applauded.

There is no gainsaying—if you can tolerate a little old-fashioned no-gainsaying philosophy—that the miniskirt liberated women and gave them a new found freedom of motion and expression.

The girls thrived on all that applause and on the repeated cries of "Brava, brava." Standing centerstage in a spotlight, they took encore after encore. It was heady stuff, like drinking champagne from a slipper.

However, as it often happens in show biz, the girls began to believe their rave reviews. They organized. They demanded better billing. Equal billing with men. They were tired of being thought of as manikins in salons. They demanded entrance into saloons. They got it. They even went on strike, and paraded down Fifth Avenue, striking while the iron was cold.

Strangely enough, the men still shouted and applauded. There was gaiety and abandon in the air. It was as if we were all players in an erotic Off-Broadway production, set on the sands of an exotic seaside beach.

But, alas, the curtain is about to descend. It's a maxi curtain, a mid-calf midi curtain, a nonasbestos curtain. The fire has gone out. If Fashion has its way—and department store ads indicate it will—the mini is out. Women will no longer be clothed, they will be cloaked from mandibula to tarsus, and from fore to aft.

The midi and the maxi will henceforth cover a multitude of shins. And one asks, "Why?" The bare look can't be blamed for inflation, it didn't touch off the campus riots or high interest rates, it didn't bankrupt the Penn Central Railroad, and it didn't start the war in Indochina.

No sooner have we become accustomed to the bare look, taken it in stride, than we are suddenly told we shall see no more legs. Too bad. Even our Vice President would never admit that when you've seen one pair of legs you've seen them all.

Then, why? I'll tell you why. Because some French couturier by the name of Jacques Farine, whose family had been for a hundred years in the flour sack business, decided to stuff a woman into a new fashion. So that he could make more money? Partly, maybe.

But he had a more insidious motive. He hated women—especially liberated women. He would take away their act by covering them with yards of material.

I went to see Monsieur Farine, and he said, "Look at beautiful, exquisite Juliet. She wore long-flowing robes. A lot of material was there. And she was all woman."

"Yes," I replied, "and look what happened to her! And to Cleopatra, and to Lady Macbeth. But you take Peter Pan, plenty of legs and thighs showing there. Everyone could see that Peter Pan had a beautiful figure like Mary Martin. No more legs on the streets would be enough to drive us all back into those sex-movie theaters. And besides, every woman sweeping down the street in a maxi dress will become her own Sanitation Department.

"*Fausse. Au contraire.* Every woman in a maxi dress will wear it nobly and with dignity. You will see."

"You're just doing this because down deep you really hate women."

"*Dommage!* You are wrong. I have worked very hard to become the great couturier that I am. I was poor, working with my family in the mills, until I came to Paris. Good fortune was mine, until the miniskirt. Then my fortune dwindled. Now I am once again back where I started."

"Yes, in the flour sack business."

We parted bad friends. He was as wrong as all but fifty million Frenchmen can be. However, the maxi or the mini or the midi—it's only academic. With all this air pollution, who can see anything anyway?

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Curse of the Metered Line

There are these phrases that I know
(We are such stuff as dreams . . .)
which haunt one with their afterglow.
(Life is not what it seems . . .)
They start their music when you rise
(Come live with me and be my
love . . .)
and sing you down through starry
skies.
(So I be written in the book of
love . . .)
Abroad, at home, or on some shelf,
(O western wind, when wilt thou
blow . . .)
their spells vibrate from self to self.
(Whose woods these are I think I
know . . .)
The memory grows clogged and
numbing
(Once or twice this side of death . . .)
while muses of the heart keep
strumming,
(. . . blaspheme down stations of the
breath . . .)
until one's brain is strung between
(Let us go you and I when the
night . . .)
the sounds unheard and sights unseen,
(. . . but oh it gives a lovely light.)
and can no longer quite discern
(My love is like a red, red rose . . .)
the spheres one moves in, dream or
burn . . .
(Mignonne, allons voir si la rose . . .)
a visit to an analyst's pending
(. . . but I have promises to keep,)
soon as I relearn some phrase-endings.
(and miles to go before I sleep,
and miles to go before I sleep.)

—D. De Paola.

Party Line

Keeping tabs on what the world of radical groups is up to these days can be as long or as short a task as one wants to make it. About the fastest method we know is to select a protest meeting at random and stand in the ticket line outside it—say for three minutes. Then you can go home or get a ticket and go to the meeting—you have your choice.

We applied the technique (and wound up going to the meeting) the night the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee held its rally at Hunter College to oppose what it called "the nationwide policy" of extermination of the Black Panther Party.

No sooner had we taken our place in line than a young yellow-bearded man came alongside and thrust a copy of *The Daily World* in our hands, announcing that it was free (usual cost, 10 cents). In it we found a delightful lyric—"*The Daily World*/ in six month doses/ Will make pale cheeks/ as red as roses"—and some valuable radical genealogy, namely that "*The Daily World* traces its journalistic lineage to the *Ohio Socialist* (1918), *The Toiler* (1918), *The Worker* (1922), *The Daily Worker* (1924), and *The Worker* (1958)."

The moment we glanced up from *The Daily World* a girl in a blue poncho buttonholed us and insisted we take a green flyer from the Committee to Support Middle East Liberation. Tucking *The Daily World* under our arm, we took the flyer and were duly instructed that "Rockefeller and his kind have been draining off $3-billion a year in oil profits, while the Middle East workers get pennies." The flyer went on to charge, "Israel is the U.S.' cop in the Middle East."

This rattled us somewhat, but before we got too worked up someone gave us a leaflet asking that we go out and solicit donations for the Vietnam Peace Parade Committee (there were blank spaces for the names of sixteen donors) in order that the committee might continue working to end "the government's Gestapo-like raids against the Black Panther Party." We folded and pocketed the missive, thinking over the request, while automatically holding out a hand for the next offering—a copy of the four-page newspaper *Liberty*, published by the Citizens' Committee for Constitutional Liberties. The targets of *Liberty*'s heaviest stories were the McCarran Act Title II, "the concentration camp law," and the Nixon administration's efforts to pass a preventive detention law. The latter proposal, *Liberty* pointed out, ironically had been introduced in the House on Bastille Day, July 14.

A fresh note was struck by the next document, served up by a girl wearing a red arm band. It was a red and white advertisement inviting us to a series on Women's Liberation, sponsored by the Militant Labor Forum, and reminding us that Friday was International Women's Day. There followed, from a girl right behind her, also wearing an arm band, a copy of the latest issue of *The Bond*, which is the newspaper put out by the American Servicemen's Union (ASU), a group trying to organize the masses of the armed forces into a labor union dedicated to abolishing the military dictatorship of "The Brass." On page seven an article attacked the Army's new Sheridan tank as "a death trap for GIs," and a letter on page 1 asserted that soldiers in the field assigned to the tanks were doing their best "to burn them up or foul something up" in retaliation.

We managed to progress three or four feet in the line before we were hit with a broadside from the New York High School Student Coalition, summoning everyone to "a public hearing" on a proposed high school Bill of Rights. Sponsors were "all high school governments, along with antiwar and third world activists."

We had hardly read the date of the hearing when we were assailed on both sides at once. To the left was a representative of the Worker's World Party, handing us a bulletin with the imprinted portraits of Marx, Blanqui, and Bakunin, which announced a new forum would be held on Leninist theory. To the right, fighting for our one free hand, was a woman from the December Fourth Movement and a man from the New York State Socialist Movement.

Meanwhile, we had reached the ticket window, and the girl inside was asking for $1.50.

—Paul Silverman.

Nostalgia

Where is the math that I knew so
well?
Where are the bushels of wheat to
sell?
Where are the masons: one slow, one
fast?
Where are the opposite trains that
passed?
Where are the gallons and pints of
cream?
Where are the boats being rowed
upstream?

Tell me of sets if you really must
Of additive inverse, of spatial thrust
Of binary systems: combined, discrete
Of parallels destined at length to
meet.

But I draw the line at your wildest
thought:
Some numbers are real—*but some are
not*!

—Polly McMillan.

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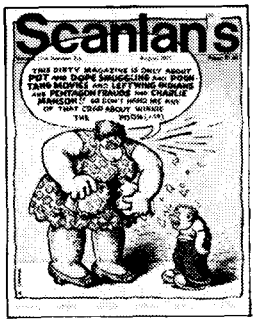
YOU TRUST YOUR MOTHER BUT YOU CUT THE CARDS.



SCANLAN'S is a new magazine.

It's probably the only magazine ever named for a universally loathed Irish pig farmer. It's probably also the only magazine which pays advertisers for running their ads or which charges its readers for their letters to the editor. But more about that later.

SCANLAN'S is run by two guys – Warren Hinckle (formerly of RAMPARTS), and Sidney Zion (formerly of THE NEW YORK TIMES). You could think of SCANLAN'S as a cross between RAMPARTS and THE NEW YORK TIMES. You'd be dead wrong, but you could think of it that way if you wanted to. SCANLAN'S feels people should think what they want to think.

APPLE PIE FLAG

SCANLAN'S has no axe to grind politically or otherwise, but we're more than willing to take a whack at anyone of whatever persuasion if we think he deserves one, including members of our most hallowed institutions. Not that we have anything against Mom or Apple Pie or The Flag, but still. You trust your mother but you cut the cards.

Some folks are going to hate SCANLAN'S quite a lot. Some not so much. Some might get a big kick out of it. We hope not *everybody* likes SCANLAN'S, because if everybody likes you then you're in trouble. (You can tell a man by his enemies, and all that.)

SCANLAN'S is not a service magazine. It will not tell you how to find a husband or a wife or a bed partner, and it will not tell you how to turn a butterchurn into a lamp or a lamp into a butterchurn. If we like something, if we think it's exciting, we'll run it in SCANLAN'S even if it seems out of place. We think magazine editors who say, "This article is great, but it's not for us," are full of it.

Here are some examples of the sort of thing you'll find in SCANLAN'S:

★ The famous Agnew memo.

★ The illustrated guide to importing pot from Mexico by two guys who took the trip.

★ Left, Right, and Middle-East by Sidney Zion and Sol Stern.

★ **How people counterfeit credit cards and get away with it.**

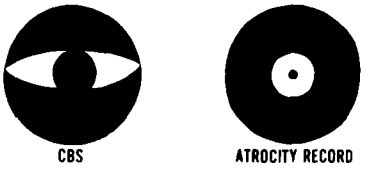
★ **How to impeach Richard Nixon and get away with it.**

★ How after six months and one billion dollars, advertising got to own ecology.

★ New Hot Water for Teddy Kennedy – a story that has thus far proven too hot for any American newspaper to handle.

★ Murray Kempton's devastating critique of Dean Acheson – "The Great White Hunter"–and his Pulitzer Prize book.

★ Recently smuggled-in examples of underground political pornography from Russia.



CBS ATROCITY RECORD

★ A story about how CBS was so interested in filming a documentary of an invasion of Haiti that it helped finance the invasion itself.

★ A story about the just-concluded court-martial of an Army lieutenant in Vietnam who was charged with deliberately killing a prisoner of war – not a Viet Cong but a South Vietnamese ARVN soldier. With a bound-in 33⅓ rpm record of testimony made from secret Army tapes.

MAFIA

★ A thing about how there is no Mafia in Jersey City (heh heh).

★ A mobster's review of two new books on the Mafia.

★ More things like the above, some of it even better, some of it not.

Now about that business of paying advertisers. We at SCANLAN'S happen to be financially independent for the present because we sold stock in our magazine, went public and raised 675,000 bucks. This is a lot of money, even for boozehounds like Warren Hinckle and Sidney Zion, so we're in fairly solid shape.

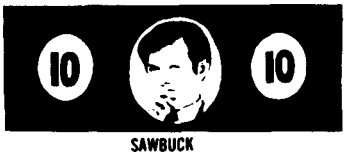
Still, we enjoy reading a really good ad as much as a really good article, and since we aren't hard up for Madison Avenue money, we figured why not pay a guy who writes a terrific ad as well as we pay a guy who writes a terrific article? We pay from $1,000 to $1,500 for articles, so we guess we can pay $500 for a really top-notch ad.

To even things off, we *are* going to charge people who want us to print their letters to the editor, since we feel this is a form of the Vanity Press. Letters to the editor of SCANLAN'S will be printed at a cost to the writer of 25 cents per word. Correspondents are advised to edit their own letters, as it will cost them more if they don't. Letters which we find particularly dumb or boring will cost $1.00 per word, and they will only be put into type after the writer's check clears the bank.

So much for that. Now comes the pitch.

If you have already read this far, you are at least *somewhat* intrigued by what we are selling, right? Now then, what we are selling costs a buck an issue, or since this is a Charter Subscription, *ten* bucks for *twelve* issues – which is not peanuts but which is not Baked Alaska either.

Let's face it, what's ten bucks these days anyway? Seven drinks in a bar, or three-and-a-third tickets to an arty movie. A subscription to SCANLANS, even if it isn't better, will at least *last* longer.



SAWBUCK

So think it over. If you're a big enough sport to gamble a sawbuck, fill in the coupon below, drop it into an envelope and mail it in. We'll raise a little hell together in the next twelve months.

If you're *really* a big sport, send us a check for ten bucks with the coupon instead of having us bill you, and as a reward for saving us a lot of dumb paperwork we'll send you a free copy of SCANLAN'S first issue, which weighs a pound and which we hear is already something of a collector's item.

Scanlan's

SCANLAN'S LITERARY
HOUSE, INC.
143 West 44th Street
New York, New York 10036

Gentlemen:

I should like to receive your plucky magazine by mail every month in order to save money and to save also the aggravation of having to keep running down to the newsstand all the time. I enclose ten bucks (10 bucks) for twelve issues. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied it is my tough luck.

☐ Bill me.

☐ I enclose the money and expect to receive, as a reward for my touching faith, a free copy of SCANLAN'S first and very hard-to-get issue.

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Classic Wrap. Ever popular for its timeless good manners and flattering fit, our corduroy skirt has two big patch pockets, generously cut overlapping back panel, and smooth-fitting button-front waistband. Oyster, indigo, beaver, pine, or red fox. Sizes S, M, L. $20.00. Add 75¢ for postage.
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Teachers Guides to Television.

Your little brother doesn't want your money.

But he does need part of your time.
He's one of America's million and a half fatherless boys who need a man for a friend.
One man. One boy. That's Big Brothers.
Call your local Big Brothers agency and spend a little time with one of the boys.

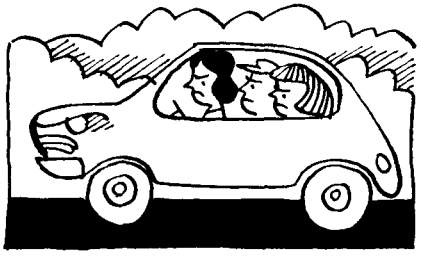
Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

The Typo of the Week was in a *New York Times* story about American Motors' new cars. It quoted Vice President Gerald Meyer as saying of one new model:

> It's geared toward a young housewife with a family looking for a second war.

Or, as we've always seen it, the necessity for opening up a second front. Anyway, many readers sent it—first



among them were Ray Peterson of Port Washington, New York, and Mrs. Ann Botshon and Mrs. Irving Berelson of New York City. Meanwhile, Lynne Lopez of San Francisco had better news. She sent us a story from the *Chronicle* about a new youth hostel in Berkeley:

> The hostel is not affiliated with any youth hostile association.

And the welcome, we're sure, is always hospitile. Elsewhere, our mail ran heavily to personal items—witness this entry from Howard Friedman of Oak Ridge, Tennessee:

> In Jackson, Miss., two radically mixed couples, stymied for more than a week by legal battles, have been issued marriage licenses.

As if this weren't enough, our **Sign** of the Times came from LaGrande, Oregon, from the Eastern Oregon *Review*:

> Mrs. Ethel Saling of La Grande returned home last Thursday after spending two weeks in Reno visiting her son, Jim, and family. While there, her grandson James D. Saling was married in the Catholic Church with a reception following. After she returned home a call was received announcing that she was a great grandmother.

Well, look at it this way—at least they stayed in touch. In any case, there was wedding trouble elsewhere—sent in by Don Stillman of Potsdam, New York, from the *Courier & Freeman*:

> Following the ceremony, a reception was hell at the Sunset Lodge, Norwood.

"These affairs," he writes, "are sometimes very trying." But our favorite personal item of all came from Dr. Charles Gratz of Pittsburgh—the final item in Joe Browne's "Our Towne" column in the *Post-Gazette*:

> Mariann Snock, who'll be going to Duquesne U. this fall, is a nice girl.

It's just what we've always told you —*all* the kids nowadays aren't bad.

We were intrigued into our Book of the Week by a letter from W. W. Norton vice president and publisher Evan Thomas. "In twenty-five years," he wrote us, "I have never felt so strangely guilty reading and looking at a book." He also told us in person that his secretarial assistant, Miss Rose Franco, when she was working on the book with him, suddenly turned to him and said, "You and I should not be paid for working today."

The book is *Women, Heroes and a Frog*, and it is a picture book—in fact it is subtitled *Human Situations in Pictures*. Very unlike the majority of picture books, however, it is thin,

small, and unpretentious. Also unlike most, it is very reasonably priced—hardbound at $4.95, paperbound at $1.95. What it is, in a word, is a rare, moving, witty combination of photographs and quotations—the quotations, used as picture captions, ranging from Plato and Pliny the Younger to Max O'Rell and Norman Vincent Peale.

Unlike so many picture books, too, this is not a book to look at once, twice, or even three times—it's a book you'll want to own, and, curiously, for the very reason that it is such a personal book it is going to loom very large on the gift list this fall. One Norton salesman is in fact already on rec-

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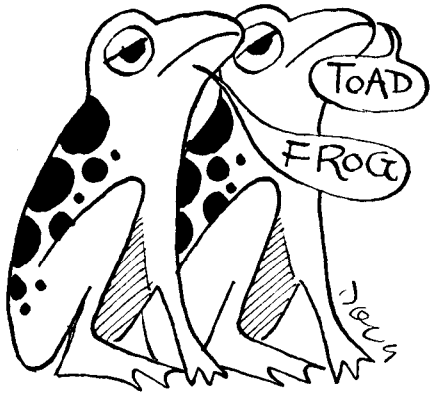
ord that it will be the No. 1 Christmas gift book.

The photographer is Miss Nina Leen, a *Life* photographer since 1945. Meeting her for lunch we found her a handsome, quiet woman with an intriguing accent—in every way as unpretentious as her book. Did the pictures come first, we asked, or the captions? "One is this way," she replied, "one is that way." She paused. "I didn't risk my own captions. I didn't think anyone would be interested in my opinion. All my life, whenever I have come to any kind of quotation I liked, I have either cut it out or copied it down or something. I didn't do anything special for the book."

Why, we asked, the title *Women, Heroes and a Frog*? "Well," she said, "Evan asked me for a title. So I made a list. I was very conservative. Also I wanted to stay away from words like 'photography' and 'quotation.' And I didn't want to mention mothers or nature—anything that would put the book down or make the reader know what to expect. I thought 'Women' was neutral."

Neutral? we questioned. Miss Leen smiled. "Well," she said, "at least more neutral than mothers. I worried about 'Frog,' though. People who know would know the picture is of a toad. But I finally got an expert who said, while it's not all right to call a frog a toad, it is all right to call a toad a frog."

Miss Leen was born in Russia but would tell us nothing else about her early life except that she was brought up in Germany. "I lived in other countries too," she said, "but let's keep it in Germany." She paused. "Everybody who has lived anywhere has troubles —then and now. Sometimes I wish I would die rather than live here in New York in this world today. But in Germany then—for Russians in particular. . . ." Miss Leen stopped completely, then went on. "I think it should be over and forgotten," she said quietly. "I think people ought to live in the present and the future. I



think if you live in the past you just waste time."

Miss Leen's very first "amateur" story, as she calls it, was sold to *Life*. It was about turtles. "In it," she told us, "I said one of the turtles was 250 years old—the keeper at the Bronx Zoo had told me that. But after the article came out, I realized either I had mistaken him or he was kidding me, I don't know which. I speak many languages but never two at one time." Her favorite picture in her book is of two clouds. "But I so wish," she said, "for people to read the philosophies."

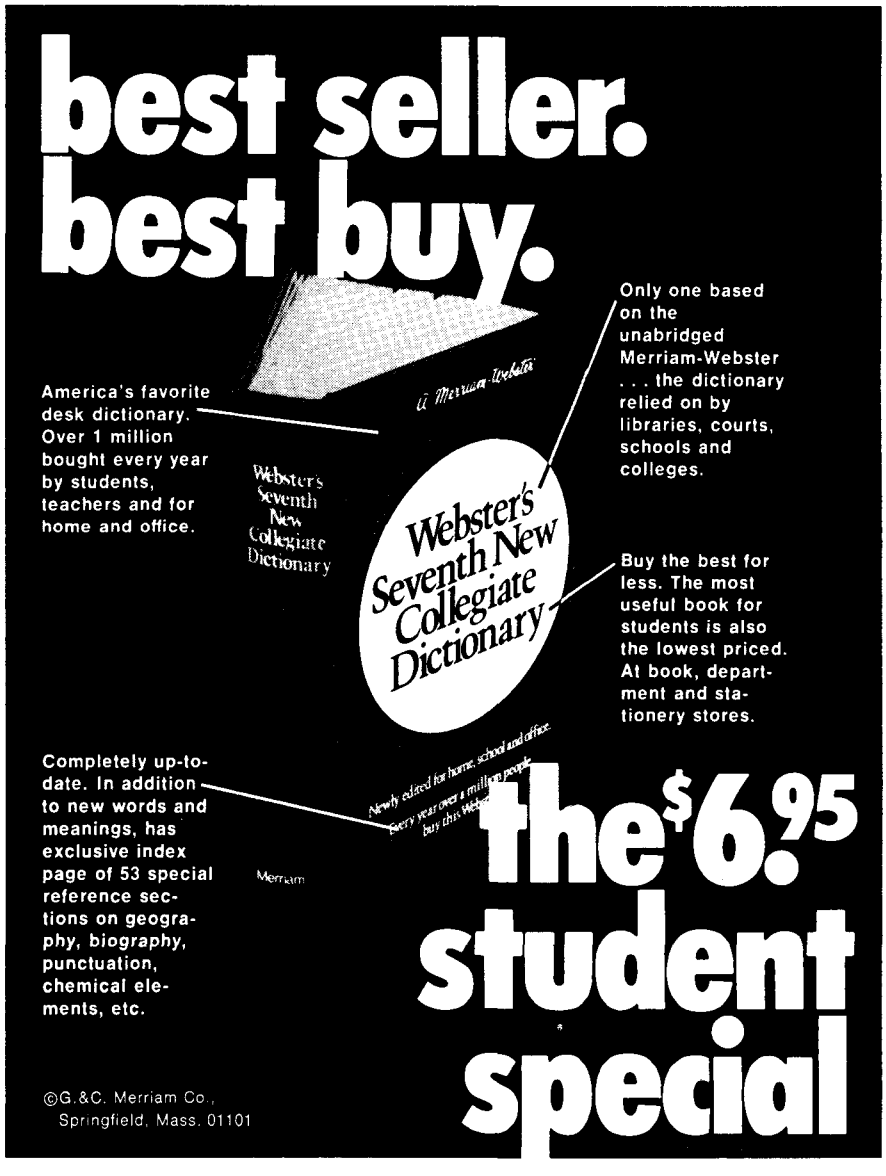
Dutifully, in her presence, we read four of her "philosophies" on the subject of dress—including Mark Twain ("Modesty died when clothes were born"), Lin Yutang ("All women's dresses are merely variations on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the unadmitted desire to undress"), Nietzsche ("Has a woman who knew that she was well dressed ever caught a cold?"), and Emerson ("I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared that the sense of being perfectly well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow").

We stopped with one from Ovid ("Women are always buying something"). If so, we found ourselves hoping, surely they will not overlook this book.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1900)

MICHAEL CRICHTON:
FIVE PATIENTS

The two groups have never been too congenial. Traditionally, physicians have considered themselves more intellectual than surgeons. Descendants of Hippocrates, they look down upon surgeons as descendants of barbers. Surgeons . . . regard internists as . . . unwilling and unable to take action.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Buy the best for less. The most useful book for students is also the lowest priced. At book, department and stationery stores.
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YOU'RE BEING

Virtually every time you spend money, whether at the supermarket, department store, drugstore, or gas station, you're being ROBBED! You're being duped, hoodwinked, and swindled out of the full value of your money by a combination of deceptive selling techniques including Madison Avenue double-talk, mendacious salesmanship, and insidious labeling and packaging ploys. Senator Warren Magnuson, the most alert consumer watchdog in Congress, says that deceptive selling is today's "most serious form of theft, accounting for more dollars lost each year than robbery, larceny, auto thefts, embezzlement, and forgery combined." Sidney Margolius, the dean of American consumer writers, asserts that "Never in the 30 years I have been reporting on consumer problems has the public been as widely and steadily exploited as today." And Ralph Nader, the nation's most renowned champion of consumer rights, states that "Nowadays consumers are being manipulated and defrauded not just by marginal, fly-by-night hucksters, but by America's blue-chip business firms." In short, commercial flimflammery is rife throughout the nation today and the American consumer is being victimized as never before. As a partial antidote to this widespread fraud and deception, an intrepid, authoritative new publication has been launched. Its name is **Moneysworth.**

Moneysworth, as its name implies, aims to see that you get full value for the money you spend. It rates competitive products as to best buys (as among cameras, hi-fi's, automobiles, and the like); it offers ingenious tips on how to save money (they will *astound* you with their inventiveness); and it counsels you on the management of your personal savings and investments (telling you not only how to gain maximum return, but also how to protect your money against the ravages of inflation). In short, **Moneysworth** is your own personal consumer crusader, trusted stockbroker, and chancellor of the exchequer—all in one.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Moneysworth** for you is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

Earn 12% on Your Savings (Insured)

How to Buy A New Car for $125 Above Dealer's Cost

Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Co.

The Advantages of a Swiss Banking Account—Over 500,000 sophisticated American businessmen can't be wrong.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

A Consumer's Guide to Marijuana

14 Recession-Wracked Cities Where Real Estate Is Selling for a Pittance

"Consuming Fire"—A regular department in which the editors of **Moneysworth** take aim at companies caught defrauding the public.

Unsafe at Any Height—A comparison of the safety records of major airlines.

Free Land, Free Food, and Free Money from Uncle Sam

Stocks that Are on the Rebound

The Wisdom of Sending Your Child to College Abroad

The Moneysworth Co-operative—Details of a price-discount co-op (for purchasing typewriters, cameras, and the like) that **Moneysworth** subscribers automatically become members of.

How Much Are You Worth?—A simple chart gives the answer in 60 seconds.

High-Priced Lemons—A dossier of incredible mechanical failures on brand-new Imperials, Continentals, and Cadillacs.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee—A suppressed report by a member of the President's Commission on Heart Disease.

Pretested Toys—A list of safe, imaginative playthings that contrast sharply with the execrations advertised on TV.

The Economics of Being Black

Ordering Books, Magazines, and Records from England—The prices are low and the quality is usually sublime.

Getting Your Congressman to Do Your Research for You

Maryland's Tough New Approach to Manufacturers' Warranties

Hiring a Draft Lawyer—Possibly the most important gift you'll ever present to your son.

Cashing In on Canada's "Floating" Dollar

Cyclamates: Did America Overreact?

The New U.S. Minicars: An Evaluation

Critics' Consensus—A regular feature of **Moneysworth** in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

Buying Art Without Getting Framed

"Unit-Pricing"—The biggest development in food stores since trading stamps.

The Great Odometer Gyp—How r
a-car companies take the American p
lic for a $10-million-a-year ride.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2

The Effect of Air Pollution on Pote

"No Load" Mutual Funds—A list o
funds that return the equivalent o
8% profit the very moment you inv

12 Ways to Put the Touch on Frien
And 12 ways to demur.

How to Buy Medical Insurance With
Trauma—A guide through today's
wildering confusion of policies.

The Encouragement of Reckless D
ing by GM, Chrysler, and Ford—
batim quotes from their souped-up
in hot-rod magazines.

Taking Stock of Your Stockbrok
Nine ways to probe his probity.

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"The Safest Car of 19__"—A new se
of awards by the editors of **Moneysw**

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Land Investment in Australia—At $1
an acre, land down under rates h
among speculators.

How to Sue Without a Lawyer

Summa Cum Chutzpah—A list of
ish cash grants available to enterpri
college students.

The Impending Ban On Leaded Gas-H
it should affect your next car purch

A Guide to Legal Abortion—Includ
the costs in different states.

And Now, Microwave Pollution—An
posé of the damage to humans by ra
electronic ovens, and TV transmiss

Bizarre Comparison Shopping Te
niques—A collection, including the
by a husband and wife, of walkie t
ies in two different supermarkets.

How Metrecal Hurts Your Diet

Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindl
A Hartford actuary tells why
believes that "more than 90%
American policies are sold thro
distortion, deceit, and fraud."

Teaching Your Child the Value of M
ey—Without having him *over*value

The Free Government Benefits M
Often Overlooked by GI's

How to Cope With Computerized D
ning Letters

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ROBBED!

xproof Money—A collection of high- creative, perfectly legal gimmicks.

w to Distinguish Health from Hokum the Health-Food Store

ndness Caused by Contact Lenses

n't Buy U.S. Savings Bonds—Why y make a terrible investment, how y undermine sound government fis- planning, and why one investment nsellor says, "They're palmed off stly on rubes and financial boobs."

e Truth about Cut-Rate Gasolines

for Overpriced Drugs—How to buy dicine by generic name.

e Cost to a Beginner of Running for litical Office

tificial Coloring: U.S. Certified Poison

w-Cost Psychoanalysis

o-Fault" Insurance Clarified

e You Underpaid?—A chart of pre- ling wages across the U.S., job-by-job.

cial Security's Special Rules for omen

w to Outsmart an Insurance Adjustor

Items that You Can Still Buy for ¢ at the 5¢-and-10¢ Store

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LARRY: Case History of a Mistake

"Half of a man's life had been smothered by the irrational pride of a woman and the unrelenting greed of a doctor."

by ROBERT McQUEEN

I first saw Larry almost ten years ago, on the day he was admitted to the Nevada State Hospital. To be more accurate, it was the day he was committed to the hospital. He came, after all, on an order issued by the District Court. A husky fellow, taller than average, he stood stoop-shouldered in the receiving room, eyes roving slowly, with a dull, vacuous expression that never seemed to change. The deputy sheriff who delivered him carried a bulky manila folder and a copy of the commitment papers. The officer mumbled answers to a few perfunctory questions. Larry never uttered a word.

In a few minutes, responding to a summons from the supervising nurse, an attendant arrived, tucked the folder under one arm, and with his free hand guided Larry down the hall and out of the admissions building.

As the clinical psychologist on duty that afternoon, I was busy with another patient. It would not have been appropriate for me to interrupt my work to monitor routine admission of another mental retardate. But during the next two weeks I caught enough glimpses of Larry to notice that he had no specially distinguishing features. He was as colorless as the hospital clothing he was dressed in.

Two days before I was scheduled to undertake Larry's psychological evaluation, I began to familiarize myself more thoroughly with his background. The folder of materials and the court commitment papers brought by the sheriff's deputy contained a great deal of routine information, some dating back to when Larry was scarcely more than an infant. Initial entries in his files indicated that he had been diagnosed as retarded at the time of his birth, though no specific syndrome had been identified. His mother, estranged from her husband before the boy was born, had afterward arranged to place her baby in a private institution devoted exclusively to the care of mental defectives. Larry had lived there continuously from that time until his present commitment.

A reading of the most recent correspondence in his file showed that the private facility that had been the only home Larry ever knew was now in the process of closing its doors. The owner had decided to sell his holdings to a real estate developer. The developer had no interest in the continued operation of the small hospital. He intended to demolish the outmoded buildings as speedily as possible and level the site. The bulldozers were already poised, in fact, and it had become imperative to relocate the hospital's nearly 100 patients. For some, beds were found in other private custodial settings. A notable few others were returned to the homes of their families. But the largest proportion, to which Larry belonged, was being transferred to nearby state mental hospitals.

Review of the court transcript revealed that Larry's mother had told the judge that recent financial reverses made it impossible for her to continue any longer to provide private care for her son. Reassured by an affidavit signed by the physician who testified to Larry's mental incompetence, the judge had routinely ordered Larry's commitment. As a result, Larry, now thirty-one years of age, was starting a fresh chapter in his life. Yet, after spending more than thirty years with one group of retardates, he could not expect his new ward companions to be strikingly dissimilar to the old. No one therefore anticipated that Larry would encounter any difficulties in adjusting to his new surroundings, and in this presumption they were quite right.

Larry's appointment began with a clammy and limp handshake. He stood impassively just inside the room until told to be seated. He seemed not even to notice the departure of the attendant who brought him. After sitting, Larry silently twirled an old battered hat between his hands, never quite allowing eye contact to be achieved.

Though a well-built young man, Larry looked to be a shade overweight. His face was round and flushed. His hair, I noticed, could stand a trimming but still was not really disarrayed, as was so frequently the case with my other patients in Ward 8. Absent, too, as far as I could determine, were any physiological signs that many times are the most prominent hallmarks of retardates—gross clinical features such as slanting eyes, thickened tongue, or an asymmetrical head. I recalled, moreover, that Larry's gait had not betrayed any hint of the poor motor coordination common to the mentally handicapped.

As I prepared to begin the interview, Larry was again wearing that same vacuous expression that I had noted on the day of his admission. To set him at ease, I talked of small things. How did he like the hospital? And so forth. Larry gave quiet, agreeable answers. He voiced no complaints of any sort

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ROBERT McQUEEN is professor of psychology and associate dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Nevada in Reno. He is also president of the Nevada Board of Psychological Examiners and a member of the Washoe County Board of School Trustees.

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and appeared to have entirely adjusted to the institutional routine.

When my inquiry turned to his earlier years, Larry's inarticulateness seemed to worsen. He could not recall any fellow patient with whom he had been on close or friendly terms. Of the staff of the hospital that had been his home, he said there had always been very few around; rarely did any of them have time to devote to individual patients. There had been no school at the hospital and, evidently, nothing resembling an educational program. It remained unclear just how Larry had spent his time there; from all I could gather, he seemed to have whiled away most of those many years in almost uninterrupted idleness.

I could have employed a number of methods to measure Larry's intelligence. Had he been a normal adult, I would have used, as a matter of routine, the Wechsler scale, which was constructed especially to assess adult intelligence. Not wishing to discourage the patient immediately by confronting him with a series of tasks and questions, most of which would be beyond his capability, I chose, instead, a Binet-type test. The Binet test was designed to include items grouped at different levels of difficulty extending from the preschool years through childhood and adolescent levels to beyond normal and even superior adult abilities. The test is ordinarily administered by finding the age level where the patient answers all of the items and, much as one successively raises the bar for a pole vaulter until the bar can no longer be cleared, the patient is directed through more advanced and difficult groups of questions until he fails all of the items grouped in a single set. This last terminates the examination.

At just what point in the test should I start Larry? I did not want him to begin with an experience of failure, which could well occur if the initial tasks were beyond his comprehension. On the other hand, if I began at too elementary a level, the procedure would drag out unnecessarily and bring on fatigue, which itself might cause him to perform at less than his optimum.

I finally chose the eight-year level. With no more preliminaries than a comment or two explaining that I would be asking many questions, some of which might sound rather silly to him, I got under way. The first item requires the examiner to read aloud a simple Dick and Jane story, consisting of fewer than 100 words, at the end of which the subject is asked five questions bearing on its contents: a rudimentary test of memory- and attention-span that the average eight-year-old manages easily.

Larry answered all the questions, but still appeared a bit perplexed at what was happening to him. There were five other tasks at this test level. One required merely the naming of the days of the week, which Larry ticked off in his slow monotone. Another item required him to indicate a way in which two things, such as a baseball and an orange, or an ocean and a river, were both alike and different. To these questions, Larry again gave perfectly acceptable answers.

Next came an item that consisted of simple social problems; e.g., what does one do with a lost baby? Or, how should one respond when struck by a much smaller person? Larry listened to each one, thought a while, then proposed a proper solution for each. Still another question involved a series of statements, each including an absurdity, which the subject was asked to identify. For the first time, Larry showed a trace of amusement, and it occurred to me that I had not until then seen him smile.

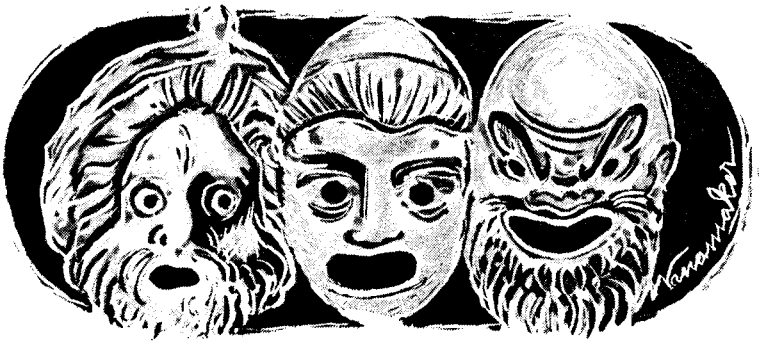
The eight-year level also included a vocabulary test, but because this same subtest reappeared at later levels as well, I decided to skip it for the time being. In any event Larry's good performance up to the point he had reached necessitated our pressing on to the nine-year level.

The six items in the nine-year section of the test included the repetition of a four-digit number in reverse order and the rhyming of several common nouns. Larry did the former on his initial attempt, and on the latter easily gave acceptable words. He correctly made change for both a dime and a quarter, and once more found the outstanding absurdities in a series of statements. Finally, he drew from memory a simple geometric design he had studied for ten seconds, and correctly judged the shape of a hole that had been cut from a folded piece of paper. With two parts of the test completed, all without error, Larry was now ready for year level ten.

As we began this new group of items, Larry's demeanor seemed at once more relaxed yet combined with an alertness I had not observed before. Year level ten includes the vocabulary test previously passed over at the start of Larry's examination. Now, in view of his thus far flawless performance, I turned to that test with mounting curiosity. The vocabulary subtest, as might be expected, begins with words typically familiar even to children of primary school age. Thereafter, it advances steadily in difficulty, ending with words that are both exceedingly complex and highly abstract. There are forty-five words in all. One passes by defining eleven of the forty-five at the ten-year level, fifteen at the twelve-year level; the average adult is expected to define twenty. Larry registered a score of thirty—sufficient to pass at the superior adult level. In so doing, he explained the meanings of such unfamiliar or abstract words as "shrewd," "bewail," and "piscatorial."

As the intelligence test proceeded, Larry's performance appeared to improve and his confidence to increase rather than to diminish. Without attempting to detail all of his responses here, I shall note that Larry moved evenly through the eleven-, twelve-, thirteen-, and fourteen-year levels without an error.

When perhaps the most extended intelligence test I've ever administered was finally complete, Larry had earned an IQ of 97 and had demonstrated a



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mental age easily equivalent to that of the average adult. There is, of course, nothing extraordinary in an average IQ, but finding one in a man who has spent his entire life in a hospital for the mentally retarded is quite another matter. Contemplation of this discovery and its many implications profoundly disturbed me.

My immediate reaction was to check the Binet test findings against those of another research instrument. Accordingly, I scheduled Larry the very next day for a second intelligence evaluation, this time using the Wechsler scale. The Wechsler scale yields three separate IQs. In Larry's case, they were clustered from a low of 95 to a high of 98. The Wechsler scores were, therefore, extremely consistent with those emerging from the previous day's testing. I now felt fully confident in reporting to my colleagues that, whatever else might prove to be true of the man, he was most assuredly not retarded.

It turned out that Larry could read extremely well, even though he had never spent a single day in school. How could this possibly be so? Larry's own explanation was transparently simple, although very probably incomplete and lost by now in the haze of childhood memories. Under questioning, he said, "I just picked reading up by myself." Urged for details, he recalled looking for hours through old books donated to the hospital by well-meaning contributors. His early favorites, he said, were ones principally of pictures with names printed directly beneath. In time, he said, he came to recognize the words alone and could think of the pictured things that usually went with them. The other words, he admitted, were learned more slowly; but he gradually found he could read fairly well without the aid of any pictures at all. His skill passed unnoticed, it seems, largely because he never had occasion to read aloud. When staff members saw him with a book, they evidently concluded that he was merely holding onto an object, as retardates often do.

At this point, however, the mystery that loomed the largest was not so much Larry as his mother. Had she, in innocence, due to some colossal medical error, allowed her normal infant to be committed to an asylum and let him grow to manhood there, oblivious to the fact that he was in no way intellectually impaired? Worse, had she known all along that Larry was normal and yet, through some morbid design, conspired to have him reared in the isolation of a mental institution? These questions and many others were in my mind as I prepared to meet Larry's mother for the first time.

Following Larry's commitment, I

had discovered, his mother had declined to accompany him to the hospital. She had signed, willingly enough, various forms and routine questionnaires, all of which had reached her through the mails. But she had not written to Larry, nor had she made any arrangements to visit him up to now. Two letters asking her to come for an interview had been disregarded. When she was reached by long-distance telephone, she had grudgingly agreed to come to the hospital on the following weekend.

The woman who entered my office was a striking figure in a well-tailored suit. Introductions over, she sat across from me, searching busily for her cigarettes in the clutter of an immense leather purse. Declining my offer of matches, she snapped a flame from a small gold lighter, illuminating an obviously intelligent face, well and meticulously yet not excessively made up. In the exchange of pleasantries that followed, it was not at all difficult to see that she once had been a beauty.

In turning the focus onto Larry, I assured her first that she would be seeing her son soon; that he was adjusting well to the hospital routine; and that he had, in fact, already been the object of considerable study. Moreover, as a consequence of this study, we now felt a keen need for additional information that could, we supposed, be provided only by her.

She responded with some of the same impatience I had noted earlier on the phone. She had come expressly to talk with me and had no intention of visiting her son. She related with near-perfect poise that since placing Larry in the first institution, she had seen him fewer than a dozen times, the most recent being at the court proceedings just prior to his present placement. His care, she said, had been left entirely in the hands of the old hospital physician, now retired, who, she assured me with more than a small touch of bitterness, had been extremely well paid for his efforts. Except for hurried trips to the institution every few years to discuss with the superintendent matters concerning monthly costs and charges, she had had little direct contact with either the hospital or her son. Although Larry had been pointed out to her during the course of most of those brief missions, at her insistence he had not once been purposely brought into her presence. She had never invited him to visit her at home, nor had she written him a letter or mailed him a single gift in all that time.

When asked why she had elected to cut herself off so completely from Larry, especially when she had never been more than two days' travel from him, her answer came quickly and had a plausible ring. She said it had been heartbreaking enough to learn that her child would be retarded; she had had no wish subsequently to be shattered a hundred times over with the frustrations of frequent encounters. She had placed Larry in an institution and resolutely determined to sever all emotional bonds with him. She had arranged for his care and maintenance, and never once had faltered in her monthly payments until the recent death of her husband made the costs of continued private care prohibitive.

Recognizing that this series of questions was inducing a state of stress in Larry's mother, I shifted attention to the first days following the boy's birth. Who had been the attending physician? What exactly had been his initial diagnosis? Had a second medical opinion been sought? Who had recommended immediate institutionalization? Finally, what had been the father's role in this important family decision?

Although well intended, my new line of questions resulted not in easing her obvious tensions but in causing her anxieties to mount still higher. Her voice was harsh with resentment while she told me that Larry's father was her first husband. She had married the man impulsively when she was scarcely more than a teen-ager. He had left her long before the birth of their child. She had never seen or heard from him again. She did not know whether he was dead or alive, nor did she care.

After a lengthy pause, I persisted in the interview, renewing my concern for that part of Larry's medical history immediately following his birth. I explained that virtually nothing in the way of such facts had accompanied him and that all of our inquiries to the old institution had been returned unanswered, stamped "Forwarding address unavailable." When her response came, it was a question, not an answer.

"What possible difference could it make now what two old doctors, both probably long since dead and gone, said about a baby thirty years ago? He was diagnosed a defective child and an institution seemed the best place for him. I did only what I was advised to do."

Deciding not to withhold my conclusions from the woman any longer, I

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replied, "It makes a great deal of difference in view of the fact that the staff of this hospital is unanimous in its belief that Larry is not retarded!"

Larry's mother's next words came slowly. They were addressed more to a spot on the wall than to me. "How can you say he's not retarded?" she asked. "He grew up with those . . . creatures; he's never been to school, not for a single day. Wouldn't anyone like that be retarded?"

I acknowledged that Larry showed the effects of an enormous amount of social isolation, that he'd had virtually no experience in conversing or sharing his thoughts and ideas with people of normal intelligence, and that he was almost unbelievably naïve or uninformed about some of the most common topics of ordinary life. Yet his general intelligence was still equal to that of the average man on the street. Of this, we were absolutely certain.

The woman asked quietly, "Could you have made a mistake?"

"There has been no mistake," I told her, "not here, at least."

"Let me send for Larry," I suggested. "I'll have him read to us and answer questions, and I'll let you be the judge of whether he is retarded or not."

"No!" she snapped. "I said before that I do not want to see him. I still don't. Not ever again!"

Once more she went rummaging in her big purse, this time emerging with a crumpled handkerchief, which she pressed to her eyes. After a time, but still from behind her gloves and handkerchief, she said, "I can't see Larry, but it has nothing to do with him, only with me." After another long pause, she said, "If you'll permit me, I'll tell you a story I've never told anyone."

I nodded agreement. After her graduation from high school nearly thirty-five years before, she said, her parents wanted her to go on to college. But, like many adolescents, she yearned for more freedom and a chance for adventure, neither of which appeared likely under the affectionate but ever watchful eyes of her mother and father.

At about this time there drifted into town a young man who appeared to hold the dual promise of escape and excitement. Her parents' concerns, protests, and admonitions went unheeded; she and the young man became inseparable. The summer flew by until the day she knew she was going to have a baby. When she confided the news to the young man, he assured her there was nothing to worry about. And, for him, there wasn't. The next morning he was gone.

During the next two months, Larry's mother knew all the anguish that is part of the classic dilemma of the expectant unwed mother. Ashamed at having abandoned a code of conduct she really still valued, humiliated by the abrupt abandonment by her lover, desperately afraid that her parents might discover her secret, she announced to them her intention of moving to a larger city where employment opportunities would be better. Brushing aside her family's pleas to reconsider, she completed the trip and found a minor clerical job in a bank.

So preoccupied was she with her own personal quandary that she scarcely noticed the attentions paid her by one of the junior executives at the bank. He was a quiet, reserved young man who was already a veteran of nearly ten years' service with the bank. A member of a prominent family, he had followed his highly successful father into the field of finance, and the general consensus was that he was destined for an equally illustrious career. Accustomed to pretty girls vying for his favor, he was, perhaps, especially attracted to this serious young woman so intent upon her work and so little concerned with him.

She accepted his invitations more to keep from offending a supervisor than out of any real wish for companionship. He proved, though, to be a pleasant companion, comfortable in an unexciting way, and at least a diversion from her frightening predicament. She was unprepared some six weeks later when he proposed marriage.

She accepted the proposal and then realized that she couldn't tell him the truth about herself. Out of her subsequent anguish came a desperate plan. She put it into motion by telling her fiancé, at the time their engagement was announced in November, that she had always wanted to be a June bride. With this tactic, she gained a crucial measure of time.

She was then fully five months pregnant, and a knowing eye would have readily discerned her condition except for the extreme care with which she selected her clothes from the fortunately cut fashions of that year. Her plan called for a momentary absence effected in a manner that would not

(*Continued on page 98*)

"This time let me do the talking."

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The Party of Hope

OTTAWA.

The most exciting and promising words on peace are being spoken not in New York, where the Middle East representatives are talking, nor in Paris, where protracted negotiations on the Vietnam War are being held, but here in Ottawa. The words one hears in this cosmopolitan city are directed to the basic principles that must go into the making of a workable peace. Seven hundred delegates have come here from thirty nations to examine the central causes of war in the modern world and to consider structured approaches to a firm peace. The delegates are attending a congress of the World Association of World Federalists, an organization that seeks to upgrade and strengthen the United Nations in order to enable it to deal adequately with recurring and inevitable tensions among nations. The Federalists believe the U.N. should have effective jurisdiction in matters directly related to common dangers and common needs in the world arena. They seek to establish this authority by federating the United Nations; the individual nations would retain full control over their own institutions and cultures while acknowledging and accepting the clearly defined and constituted authority of the U.N. in matters affecting the common safety.

The opening event of the Ottawa congress was a dramatic keynote speech by U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations. U Thant gave an analysis of prospects for the U.N. within a historical and long-range perspective. He reviewed the record of the U.N. in its first quarter-century and called attention to its prodigious contributions to world peace. He said it would be unwise and dangerous, however, to assume that the United Nations was now fully capable of dealing with the emerging problems of the next quarter-century. Indeed, he warned of the possibility of a breakdown in international society unless the world organization were progressively strengthened. He paid tribute to the World Federalists for their continuing efforts to educate people about the need to bolster the U.N. with the machinery of enforceable law.

This was not solely a matter of enabling the U.N. to prevent disputes among nations from erupting into war. It had to do with all the fast-growing problems pertaining to this planet as a single geographic unit and a closed ecological system.

One of the most striking talks at the Ottawa congress was given by the Hon. Mitchell Sharp, Foreign Secretary of Canada, who described the damaging effects of oil spills on the ecology of Canada. The spills come mostly from American tankers operating off the northern coasts, killing millions of fish and birds and upsetting the inland chain of life. If prompt and enforceable machinery of world law existed, Secretary Sharp said, Canada would be able to obtain necessary protection. Under present conditions, however, Canada cannot look to the United Nations for swift action, since the U.N. does not have constituted authority in this field. The World Court would appear to offer recourse, but the difficulty here is twofold. First, the United States would have to agree to have the case submitted to the World Court. (Since the United States was not exercising its own authority to keep commercial tankers from operating off Canadian shores, it is unreasonable to believe the U.S. would be willing to risk an adverse opinion by the World Court.) Second, by the time the World Court would be able to hand down a decision, further oil spills could do serious and substantial harm.

Under the circumstances, Canada felt it had no choice but to declare it did not feel itself bound by the traditional twelve-mile limit and would therefore extend its jurisdiction to 100 miles off its coasts. It has issued a warning that it is prepared to back up its decision by force if necessary.

Another example of a potential environmental problem is the proposed Soviet plan to divert two major rivers that now flow through Siberia into the polar region in order to irrigate and make fertile some sixty-five million acres. There is no question that Soviet science and technology are capable of accomplishing this mammoth feat. The question being raised by U.S. scientists, however, has to do with the temperature effect on this side of the world if the polar regions should be deprived of such massive tonnage of fresh water. British and American scientists are only beginning to examine the implications. There has been speculation that the average air temperature over North America might rise as much as six to eight degrees, and that millions of acres of crops in the American Midwest might be scorched as a consequence. Such a conclusion may be extreme. But a much lesser threat would warrant vigorous preventive measures.

What is needed is an authoritative world agency that can tell the Soviet Union, the United States—and any other country whose actions affect others—that the human interest comes before the national interest. As the world continues to shrink, the present condition of world anarchy becomes the greatest single threat to the continuation of human life on this planet. If the affairs of nations are to be regulated, therefore, the concept of adequate and enforceable powers inside the United Nations represents the most constructive and essential challenge of our time.

The big news about world federalism today is that the movement is moving. There is a sense at Ottawa that history is forcing a world-wide awareness of the need for a responsible authority above nations. Anyone who is in the fortunate position of being able to observe or participate in the Ottawa meeting has no difficulty in recognizing the World Federalists as the party of hope. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Boon Doomed?

In reference to Carl M. Cobb's article "Solving the Doctor Shortage" [*SR*, Aug. 22], I should like to single out for special support one of his excellent suggestions for relieving the doctor shortage: the use of pediatrician assistants. One of their most important functions could be to counsel mothers on infant and child care, as is done in Finland.

As a new mother, I need lots of information and guidance, but I always feel rushed and guilty for taking the overbooked pediatrician's time at a scheduled checkup—not to mention phoning him—concerning a non-illness matter.

Couldn't schools of nursing and public health have subspecialties in child-care counseling? Of course, there would be a shortage of *these* people, but they would certainly be a boon to the pediatricians and patients who were lucky enough to have them.

Mrs. Howard A. Markham,
Reston, Va.

Any curative powers in the prescription specifying physician assistants, nurse midwives, group practice, etc., for treatment of the current doctor shortage would indeed, as Carl Cobb stresses, hinge on American physicians' acceptance and utilization of these partial solutions. But even more critical would be American *patients'* acceptance of medical manpower changes.

Can the average American patient—whose acquired attitudes and expectations about medical practice may equal in obsolescence the physicians'—be educated to accept these new concepts of medical manpower? If the utilization of retrained corpsmen and other physician-assistant types meets with public resistance, the doctor shortage will merely lengthen. Without a massive public education program, Mr. Cobb's suggested palliative measures would be doomed.

Mrs. Dorothy A. Hadwick,
Ft. Collins, Colo.

Desirability of the SST

Horace Sutton's "Is the SST Really Necessary?" [*SR*, Aug. 15] clarifies the SST issue, showing the only two reasons for funding the development are helping the balance of payments and shortening the time for air travel.

But these prospective advantages raise questions not yet answered: Is this expenditure the most effective one to subsidize the development of exportable equipment, or is there a more favorable way to improve the balance of payments? Possibly we should support the development of advanced medical instruments or novel waste disposal equipment.

Is this the best way to spend money to shorten air travel time with the least risk of sonic or atmospheric pollution? It might be better to spend the money for innovative rapid transit so it is possible to get to the airports, or to spend it on the picturephone to reduce the requirement for faster airplane travel.

Until cost-benefit studies of these questions are complete, it is difficult to see the advantages in developing the SST, and the disadvantages are all too apparent.

Milton D. Rosenau, Jr.,
Peru, Vt.

Technological societies are characterized by two dominant features: counterpunching—a reaction only to crises and emergencies; and an apparently intense desire to do many things solely because they are possible. The SST provides a setting for direct conflict between these features. The conflict could provide the opportunity for interjection of the needed third feature typified by the sudden interest in ecology: a need to look at the desirability of what is possible.

Herbert C. Curl, Jr.,
Corvallis, Ore.

A recent comment from a black citizen about the SST went something like this: "Isn't that great! I can now fly from Harlem to Watts in two hours."

Gilbert M. Deane,
Los Alamitos, Calif.

It is time that the populations of this country and of the world realize that such declarations as "The age of supersonic transport has arrived" are going to have to be carefully examined by governments to determine whether in fact they are true and also whether or not the world has to accept such final statements.

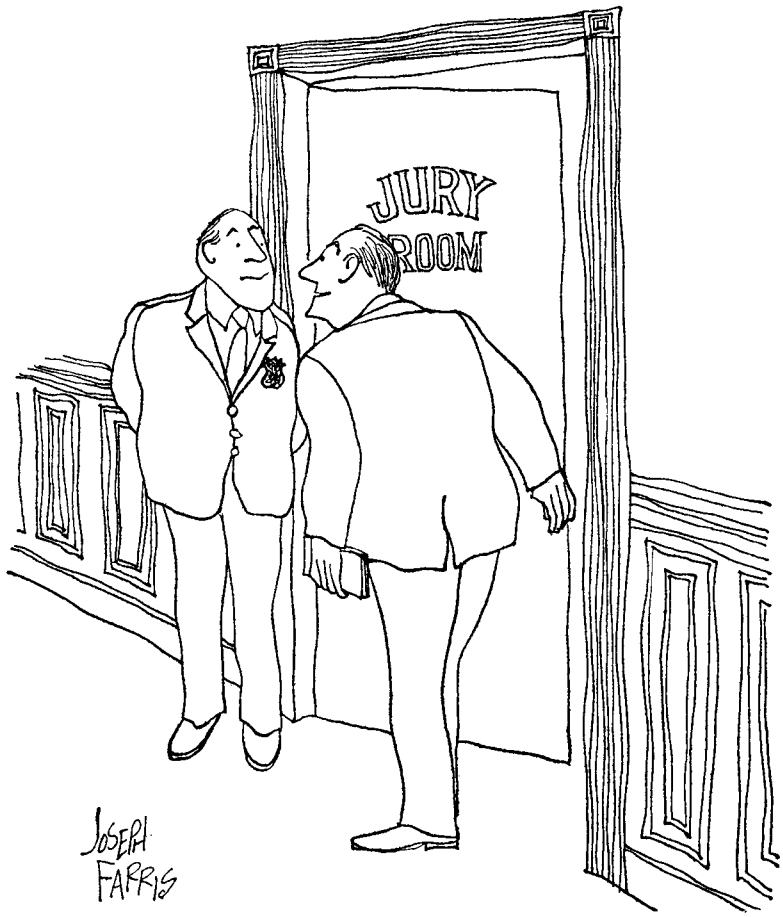
Jonathan P. Harvey,
Albany, N.Y.

Required Viewing

As an addendum to Margaret R. Weiss's "Hiroshima, August 1945: The Camera Remembers" [*SR*, Aug. 1] may I suggest that the National Educational Television documentary *Hiroshima-Nagasaki* be required viewing for every person in the world. Recently aired here in the Los Angeles area, it is incontrovertible evidence for the abandonment of belief in human reason or compassion inasmuch as for all of the past twenty-five years nations have been producing atomic weapons thousands of times more destructive than those two "primitive" bombs.

Efforts should be made to ensure wide circulation of this film, taken by Japanese photographers "on the spot" and only recently released by the U.S. government. Viewers should include the assembled Congress of the United States, the legislative or ruling bodies of every country, and especially the delegates to the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks.

Grace Rockwell,
Hollywood, Calif.



"Looks good. For lunch, all twelve want pastrami on rye and coffee."

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"Bella"

WICHITA, KAN.

BELLA LEWITZKY, to those of us based on the Atlantic seaboard, is an American dance legend. I had heard of her since the days of the Federal Theater Project (Works Progress Administration) in the 1930s, read about her, and studied photographs, but because she lived and worked in California, few East Coast dance followers ever saw her. She couldn't afford to tour a modern dance company to New York, and when many of us traveled to California on business, she wasn't having a season. I saw her first this August here in Kansas, where she was teaching and dancing for the third annual American Dance Symposium, and she was a revelation. She is a major choreographer. She is a great dancer. She is a superb teacher. She is, indeed, a dance force that *must*, in the future, be experienced from coast to coast.

Historically, Miss Lewitzky does not descend from those dynasties that we think of as having established American modern dance. These post-Denishawn innovators were Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Helen Tamiris, and, from German origins, Hanya Holm. In California, Miss Lewitzky was first a pupil and then a colleague of the late Lester Horton, from whom stemmed such impressive contemporary dance artists as Alvin Ailey, Janet Collins, and Carmen De Lavallade. In due course, Miss Lewitzky, now in her mid-fifties, herself became the West Coast's most celebrated modern dancer.

Most dancers, especially modern dancers, are aware that they have their dance life in space, time, and energy. Bella Lewitzky, as you watch her and her dancers move, explores and caresses space. She doesn't barge, hit or miss, through the vastness of the stage space around her. In her dancing, one is aware of pockets of space just as much as of realms of space. Her concept of energy is the same; for energy, under magnificent control, may emanate from her total body or from a fingertip. With patterns of time, she may give you a long phrase, perhaps an extended pause that is as much a part of her rhythm as an explosion of action, or the snap of a turned head, completed in a trice. With herself and in her excellent company, there is a body awareness that transcends mere muscular discipline.

—Cliff Nelson

Bella Lewitzky—"a revelation."

The Lewitzky program, presented by the Kansas Dance Council and Sacred Heart College in Wichita State University's Wilner Auditorium, was as varied as it was stirring. A high point was a Lewitzky solo, *On the Brink of Time* (music of Morton Subotnick), incredible in its display of faultlessly controlled action, hypnotic in its evocation of "brink." It opened with advances and retreats from the wings of the stage, and here came the image of one who must walk a temporal tightrope.

With the group-dance *Orrenda* (meaning oneness), with Amerindian-flavored music by Cara Rhodes, the company's fine music director, action was centered first on the dancing of men, and subsequently on women's dances, couple dances, and a "oneness" dance for all—a radiantly hopeful theme that also served the late Doris Humphrey so beautifully in her *Ritmo Jondo* (Surinach), created for the José Limón company. In contrast to this ancient heritage of human harmony was Fred Strickler's funny and biting *Bags and Things* (tape collage from noises to Johann Strauss). Everything and everybody in Uncle Sam red-white-and-blue reminded us of the gimmicks, but, more fearfully, of the non sequiturs in our lives today.

The closing work, *Kinaesonata* (music of Alberto Ginastera), might possibly be thought of as modern dance Balanchine, but only in the sense that movements and shapes were their own ends and not expressive of literal things. Unlike Balanchine, however, who is the master of the mirror-of-music method in his magnificently patterned use of human bodies, Lewitzky uses an approach more deeply rooted in the kinesthetic (as the title suggests) than in the visual. The visual elements in the Lewitzky performances, however, were handled with fine imagination in the costume and lighting departments by Darlene Neel.

Incidentally, Miss Lewitzky, at a symposium session, presented her *Trio for Saki*, one of her few creations inspired by music already composed (Dvořák), a lovely dance that fused to perfection her interrelated pathways of space, time, energy.

It must be apparent by now that I succumbed, and gratefully, to the esthetic and kinesthetic impact of Bella Lewitzky. I wish I could describe her as a person intense yet joyous—for that is who created these dances which enchanted and enlightened citizens of Wichita, along with the teachers, performers, choreographers, and students who came here (more than 100 strong) from Hawaii, Alaska, Illinois, Haiti, Lebanon, and elsewhere to attend the American Dance Symposium, directed, guided, and believed in by Alice Bauman and her twin, Elizabeth Sherbon. An anecdote about Bella Lewitzky? At a concluding panel review of the symposium, I acted as moderator. Miss Lewitzky was sitting next to me and wearing a shawl of that pink that Mexico knows as *solferino*. I mentioned that it was the color associated with the primitive-art angels in Mexican cathedrals and introduced Miss Lewitzky as the symposium's "Mexican angel." Quickly she countered, "Will you settle for a Jewish demon?" In the world of dance, focused ever so briefly in America's heartland, there was no question but that all of us would settle for the art, the teaching, the vision, and the presence of Bella Lewitzky. And happily.

(Addendum: Both Mrs. Bauman and Miss Sherbon told me that Wichita itself contributed $610 to this year's symposium. In 1969, the Wichita *Eagle* quoted the convention and tourism manager of the Wichita Area Chamber of Commerce to the effect that the symposium brought about a half-million dollars into Wichita, yet local city agencies were remiss this year in contributing—federal and state agencies gave modest amounts—enough to do any good. So there may not be a symposium in 1971. But maybe Wichita—and other cities take note!—is so affluent that it can do without dance business, dance art to one side. However, students and teachers from the United States and far-off Lebanon felt this symposium in Kansas important enough for their long, long journeys.)

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The Shadow FDR Casts on the Troubles of Today

by WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

ROOSEVELT:
The Soldier of Freedom

by James MacGregor Burns
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 722 pp., $10

James MacGregor Burns has a beautiful faith in and commitment to you, the reader. He believes that when you open his book you become Willie Mays and have come to play. There is no sermonizing, no patronizing, and no super-professionalism. Professor Burns is telling us, through a study of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, about our efforts to deal with the two traumatic experiences that shaped the present: the massive social dislocation of the Great Depression, and a global war we might have lost. He stays largely in a low key, probably because the tale is so serious, and understanding it is so vital. And it is, after all, our responsibility to confront these matters, think about them, and act upon the explicit and implicit meanings and implications.

One gets the feeling, early on, that Burns is warning us to do so or we will be engulfed. The irony is subtle but inescapable: we are reading about successes that barely held the line rather than triumphs that opened the gates to happiness ever after. For he is saying, as I read him, that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the best in and of us during the frightful years from 1932 to 1946, but that best was simply not good enough. It was not sufficient because, although we won the war, thereby ending the Depression and creating an opportunity to begin to realize our best traditions and ideals, we failed to fashion our politics and our economics in the ways that would enable us to mold a community. And a community offers the only viable technique of survival.

Burns understands that the sole actionable source of community we Americans possessed between 1932 and 1946 was the upper-class, aristocratic tradition of *noblesse oblige*, most strikingly personified by Roosevelt. I say "actionable" for these reasons: Our other traditions of community were neglected, weak, and without intellectual and political leaders who could adapt them to deal with a gigantic and increasingly centralized industrial system. The upper class ruled the political economy; the middle and lower classes very largely looked to that upper class, rather than to their own resources, for leadership. And FDR was the only leader, after Herbert Hoover had failed, who had any real chance to impose the tradition and practice of *noblesse oblige* upon the majority of the upper class—which predominantly held and honored the much narrower outlook of entrepreneurial capitalism as modified by the giant corporation.

From this perspective, Burns—while chronicling the major events between the election of 1940 and Roosevelt's death in 1945—develops two levels of analysis and interpretation, one concerned with individuals and domestic policy, the other with power and leadership in general.

The progression of Roosevelt's physical illness is handled with a rare combination of candor, sympathy, and thoughtful judgment. The President was a courageous man who time and again rallied himself from terrible pain and great fatigue. He lived a racking life, but neither the agreements at Yalta nor the decisions on earlier ma-

WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS, who teaches history at Oregon State University, is the author of, among other works, *Roots of the Modern American Empire.*

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jor events can be explained in terms of an incompetent President.

The anecdotes used by Professor Burns are often extremely powerful. On one page, for instance, we get the bloody juices of those interlocking triangles involving Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Sumner Welles, William Bullitt, and FDR. The President thought Welles "a superb presidential agent" in the morass of the State Department. To Hull, Welles was "the all-American . . . thun of a bitch." Bullitt wanted to take over both roles, and so told stories about Welles making "advances to a Negro porter on a train." Roosevelt knew "that Welles's usefulness was over," but told Bullitt to his face that St. Peter had passed the word: *"You-can-go-down-there."*

Burns is a kind and sophisticated man with a warm sensibility about dramatic developments in primary personal relationships, and he is exceedingly moving when he describes the increasing distance between Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt, and the latter's resumption of a relationship with Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd. Also powerful is Burns's depiction of Eleanor's importance in goading the President to honor his own—their own—value system. "Hers was a conscience combined with an almost demonic commitment and tenacity. By now she had come to recognize that she could not have, even if she still wanted, a romantic or even close relation with her husband. . . . They treated each other with devotion, respect, and tolerance . . . and Eleanor had learned to accept her White House role as essentially a presidential aide, though a very special one. . . . But always there was the self-mastery and the passion that led her on to the next column, the next lecture, and the next cause."

Eleanor constantly tried to push her husband and his administration into more extensive and effective action to help black Americans achieve equality. Burns is candid about FDR's weakness on this major issue, bluntly observing that Roosevelt "was not a strong civil libertarian," but, although he recapitulates the high points of the wartime confrontation, Burns does not grapple with the reasons it was not handled directly and creatively, or the implications of that failure. And, while his discussion of the erosion of civil liberties —among them, the terrible incarceration of Japanese Americans—is better, Burns, who surely understands the deeper aspects of these and related domestic issues, never explicates Max Lerner's burning insight of 1943: "We shall need to build another bridge of fire, not to link in with our Allies but to unite us with ourselves, and to span the fissure within our own national will."

A similar diffuseness weakens the treatment of Roosevelt and the economy. Whereas Burns is straightforward about the inability of the New Deal to lift the nation out of the Depression, he is much less clear in discussing the very serious limits of President Roosevelt's efforts to deal with the structural problems of the political economy. The President spoke periodically about creating more TVAs, and he offered a striking catalogue of needs and objectives in his January 1944 State of the Union address, but the dominant characteristic of the administration was its far more limited concern to keep the existing system operational.

This by no means negligible deficiency affords a touchstone around which Burns explores a broader kind of issue. At the heart of it is the question of leadership and power. Today Roosevelt is routinely invoked by many as the exemplar of all that we need and do not have. Burns will not accept that myth, and therein lies the central importance of his work. Let us consider, as a way of defining the issue, the efforts of the New Deal to overcome the Depression. It is commonly accepted that the war, rather than peacetime policies, pulled the nation out of the Depression. But that analysis only raises several other questions.

There was nothing damning, after all, in first striving, in 1933, to save the system. The crunch came when faith had been rekindled, and the wheels were again in motion. For at that point Roosevelt did not provide sustained leadership on the major issues and problems. The American people, Walter Lippmann realized in 1941, "are not being dealt with seriously, truthfully, responsibly and nobly. They are being dealt with cleverly, indirectly, even condescendingly and nervously." Roosevelt went "'down the line," as he remarked in one of his last press conferences, "a little left of center." Although helpful, even crucial in the early years, that stance was not, given the circumstances, either imaginative or bold. The President sensed this, and at one point approached Wendell Willkie about joining forces with him to reorder Ameri-

John Tracy Winterich, 1891-1970

For nearly forty years John Winterich's amiable approach to life and letters added a quiet glow to *SR*, and to its offices when he brought in copy, for the humor with which he bubbled was kind. Though one of America's distinguished bibliophiles and a colonel in the United States Army, he was a man devoid of airs and so committed a writer that he continued to meet his deadline for the monthly CRIMINAL RECORD until mid-June, when the cataracts that were blinding him had blurred beyond visibility the typewriter keys at which he hunted and pecked. In *SR* June 27 his resignation was announced. On August 17 John Tracy Winterich died in a Springfield, Massachusetts, nursing home.

His paternal grandfather, he reported in one of the boyhood reminiscences that compose *Another Day, Another Dollar*, "was a Rhenish Prussian fresco painter who had left home following the yeast and seethe of '48 and had found in America not only freedom of soul and speech but a gentle and comely Würtenberg girl whom he speedily married." By the time John was born on May 25, 1891, the family had moved from the South to Connecticut. Five years after his graduation in 1912 from Brown University, John was overseas with the AEF. "We were extremely rugged individualists in ill-designed and ill-fitting olive drab," he recalled in *SR*. "Only a few of us (Pershing most of all) looked like soldiers." Nevertheless, Private Winterich's reportage at the front for *Stars and Stripes* won him four battle stars, the Purple Heart, and a citation for "exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous service." John served his country again in the Second World War, this time at the Pentagon.

Although *Twentieth Century Authors* had described him a few years previously as "military in carriage and aspect," Winterich was anything but martinet during 1945-46 when he was managing editor of *Saturday Review*. Indeed, the quibble of an editorial assistant about the absence in *SR* of a serial comma provoked John to his only reprimand in the memory of colleagues: "Remember, my dear, what Emerson said—"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. . . ."

John was happy to get back to doing his own thing as contributing editor: writing editorials, reviews (some 4,000 in all), and whimsical jottings in his column BOOK MARKS. He also wrote articles for other publications and numerous introductions to books issued by The Limited Editions Club. Neither these nor his continuously updated *Primer on Book Collecting* provided much income. But stored in John's mind were riches that only a bookman can know. —ROCHELLE GIRSON

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can politics in terms of liberal and conservative parties. But that was very late in the day, and nothing happened. The legacy of Roosevelt's barely coping, while simultaneously generating a belief in the nation's dynamic successes, is a public unprepared for changes it cannot prevent, ill-equipped to choose between alternate ideas and policies, and psychically enfeebled precisely when it needs the internal discipline required for reordering priorities and practicing self-denial.

Moreover, it is easy (and convenient) to forget that the much lamented credibility gap in foreign affairs began with FDR in 1940 and '41. Burns is masterful in quietly showing how Roosevelt exercised his executive powers to the limit in propelling the nation into an alliance with Great Britain but refused to engage his great abilities and persuasiveness in a continuing dialogue with the public. The issue is not whether Roosevelt allowed Pearl Harbor to happen; it is that, given his unwillingness to confront his critics and the public, there was no other way for the war to start.

Roosevelt's failure to lead the country into a meaningful and necessary war against fascism, together with his similar pattern in domestic affairs, meant that the nation never defined and dealt with the major issues with candor, realism, and its best ideas and ideals. The result, to begin with, was a narrow application or interpretation of traditional attitudes and policies. Thus the very early appearance of the so-called policy of negotiation from strength, which comes down to an insistence that the opponent accept all the essentials of the American position before peace talks begin. Thus the doctrine of unconditional surrender, a distorted and misapplied "lesson" from the Civil War. Thus the quick birth of the Munich syndrome in dealing with situations that were (and are) not analogous. And thus the meaninglessness of civilian control of the military, because the civilians define the problems in military terms.

At the grandest level of all was Franklin Roosevelt's projection of the Wilsonian dream of an Open Door world dominated by the United States and Great Britain. A remark by Harry Hopkins, quoted by Burns, catches the essence of the outlook: "The United States, through the espousal of the 'Open Door Policy,' has an absolutely clean record in China over the years. We must keep it so." In concentrating so much on FDR, however, Burns neglects the extent to which the President, given his orthodoxy, was influenced by the men who had been maintaining and applying the Open Door Policy for dec-

(*Continued on page 26*)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Sugar-Plum Vision

DESPITE MURIEL HAYNES's cogent essay [*SR*, Aug. 29] and the brilliant efforts of such writers as Simone de Beauvoir, Betty Friedan, and now Kate Millett, the appeal of the Women's Lib movement is, unfortunately, to a select minority of intellectual, educated, and professional women, whose immediate gains through liberation are obvious.

To the majority of women, however, the vision is not so clear. They are content with the material advantages full-time employment has given them since World War II. The kind of job they hold is not so important to them as the fact that they can dress a little better, purchase some knick-knacks for the house, and give their children a few luxuries they did not have. And if the old man gets a little bossy, a wife can always remind him that they wouldn't have that new color TV if she weren't working.

MARY LOU QUADE,
Columbus, O.

Moralist-cum-Psychoanalyst

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE PURSUES what I consider to be a grossly irrational line of literary criticism [*SR*, Aug. 15]. He reviews Lawrance Thompson's biography, *Robert Frost: The Years of Triumph* (and in a larger sense reviews Robert Frost) less in the spirit of literary critic than moralist-cum-psychoanalyst-cum-critic. He equates Frost's known and alleged social and familial deficits with his literary worth.

EUGENE GRAMM,
New York, N.Y.

Literary Uncle Toms?

JOSEPHINE HENDIN HAS DONE ME an injustice by examining my work in so sloppy and one-dimensional a fashion as to give uninitiated readers the impression that *Snakes* [*SR*, Aug. 22] is, in her words, "a tedious success story." Even the most cursory of readings would reveal that the book is not about that at all. It's about black people, young and old, strong and weak, living their peculiarly individualized lives; playing their music, dreaming their dreams, talking their everyday poetry, touching one another in meaningful ways that those who can only see black people as stereotypes—and not as human beings—will never understand.

The fact that Mrs. Hendin can condemn as "inert, stifling prose" the kinds of language with which the novel is infused —the nuances and rhythms of various Afro-American languages—does not disturb me. It merely indicates to me the meagerness of her own aural imagination and stylistic predilections. The fact that she maliciously dismisses both my book and Barbara Wilson Tinker's novel, *When the Fire Reaches Us*, as books written by black writers whom "one suspects are 'minding' some symbolic grandmother, some force of tradition that exerts a terrible pressure to be 'correct' and 'nice' " is not only disturbing; it is, frankly, an insult to us as artists. In her own self-righteous, arrogant, and racist manner, Mrs. Hendin is calling Mrs. Tinker and myself literary Uncle Toms, possibly because we have dared to write freely about Afro-American life in our own unalterable ways, following the dictates of our own hearts and spirits rather than sticking to any party line or socio-politically-inspired manifesto as to what black literature must encompass.

AL YOUNG,
Stanford, Calif.

Gorgeous Truths

I READ *Encounter*, by John Mann, after reading the review [*SR*, July 25] and was mystified. This is a great book! What the hell is blinding the reviewer? Anyone who is in touch with his fantasy life will recognize the gorgeous truths on every page.

CHARLOTTE HIMBER,
New York, N.Y.

Italian Ire

I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE Paul K. Cuneo for his review of the book *Principato* [*SR*, Aug. 15] because calmly and dispassionately he did tell us what the book was all about, even though he did not think too well of it. If he is Italian he should have been mad as hell at this book.

MARION BENASUTTI,
Camden, N.J.

What's in a Spanish Name

MAY I REMIND Robert J. Clements that Spanish names usually have the family name following the first and that the last surname of a given complete name is the equivalent of the middle name in the English style of name writing. Therefore, the proper last name or family name of Federico García Lorca [EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE, Aug. 8] should be García rather than Lorca. However, the splendid Spanish poet is best known as García-Lorca among many of his readers.

SAUL ESCALERA-VASQUEZ,
Socorro, N.M.

TO INSIST ON CALLING the poet "García Lorca" nowadays is like demanding that we call the painter "Ruiz y Picasso." Books like the excellent *Lorca*, by Arturo Barea (referring to the poet only as Lorca throughout), may be cited as example. Friends of his in Spain, whom I know, speak of him either as Federico or as Lorca. To mention a poet named Garcia in Spain would provoke blind stares.

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS,
New York, N.Y.

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(*Continued from page* 25)
ades. The author correctly argues that FDR gradually realized the necessity of taking the USSR into some kind of limited partnership. Not only did the early refusal to do so leave Eastern Europe completely prey to the politics carried by the Red Army; it also put Roosevelt into the extremely ticklish position that led to the commitment to open a second front in 1943. Burns sees the failure to honor that promise as the major cause of the Cold War, and he makes it clear that the confrontation was developing before Roosevelt died.

The shortcomings of FDR's leadership had equally serious consequences in other, less obvious situations. Neither he nor his administration came to grips with a broad spectrum of issues and problems generated or intensified by the war. It is Burns's effective technique to suggest this myopia while describing the event involved, as in Roosevelt's handling of the atom bomb. But perhaps the point can be made more strongly in connection with an instance of Presidential imagination and leadership. The GI Bill of Rights was a creative piece of legislation; Roosevelt and its other supporters deserve full credit for anticipating and confronting a major problem of postwar readjustment. But there was little or no recognition of similar disruptions, and no sense of the interlocking nature of wartime changes. Thus the GI Bill was a specific solution to one difficulty, yet ignored was the almost certain probability that the pattern of education created by the law would arouse expectations that could not be met without major social and economic innovations. Nor did the administration consider that such an educational system, with the concomitant wild boom in technology, would operate to stratify the society.

Among other examples, Burns ticks off the government's blindness to the consequences of the serious weakening of the family and the related flight forward of women into the marketplace; the constant thrust toward trying to solve all problems through greater and more centralized federal power; the revolutionary upsurge in the nonindustrial world, about which there was an almost total lack of understanding. At the outset of his narrative, when he discusses those opposed to intervening in the war, Burns quotes a remark by Charles Lindbergh that haunts the reader as he encounters later issues: "I do not believe we are strong enough to impose our way of life on Europe and on Asia." In the short run, of course, Lindbergh was wide of the mark. He was confused about the nature of the war and mistaken about the power that could be mustered against Hitler. But he had a deep feeling for the truths that America was not powerful enough to control the forces which would be released (and created) by the war, and that the country needed to do much more by way of setting its own house in order.

Because Burns has defined and dealt in this work with vital issues he offers much of significance to contemporary Americans. He makes it wrenchingly clear that the over-forty-five crowd has undergone two social traumas, which make a great deal of their behavior understandable. And understanding *is* the foundation for a dialogue. Burns also reveals how any leadership is constricted without such a dialogue. Most important of all, he has dramatized the need for clear ideas about what to do, and laid bare both the limits and dangers of power without them. Any power. Aristocratic or liberal or revolutionary.

THE EYE OF THE STORM:
A People's Politics for the Seventies

by Albert Gore

Herder & Herder, 212 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Seyom Brown

■ American populism seems again on the upswing. Tennessee is one of its natural homes, and Albert Gore has claim to being one of its authentic spokesmen. But American populism contains contradictory tendencies. It can produce a William Jennings Bryan and an Estes Kefauver (also of Tennessee). It can produce a Joe McCarthy, a George Wallace, and a Spiro Agnew. The sociological sources of populism are in segments of American society dissatisfied with the existing distribution of status and economic amenities but fundamentally conservative with respect to the moral bases of rural, small-town, and lower-middle-class behavior patterns.

Even if economically he is not yet a part of the lower middle class or has but recently risen beyond it, even if geographically he has become a part of urban America, psychologically the home of the populist is on the modest family farm or in the small town. If he belongs to a labor union it is out of pragmatic self-interest, and if he supports government intervention in the economy it is not out of ideological affinity to socialism but because the big guys at the top are exploiting the hard-working little man. He cheers for the Tennessee Valley Authority because it makes the small family farm economically feasible. He is politically mobilizable against those higher up with special privileges, but he is also mobilizable against those lower down who might, by themselves moving up, bite into his own hard-won privileges.

The political genius of the New Deal was to convince the American populist that the Roosevelt administration's policies would redistribute privileges downward without narrowing his chances because of those pushing for their own from below. Albert Gore, first elected to Congress in 1938, survives as a prototype of this linkage between the Democratic power structure (rooted in Northern big cities and the post-Reconstruction South) and middle-American populism. This is why Senator Gore, as he proudly reminds us throughout his book, has become "Target Number One" for the misnamed "Southern Strategy" of the Republicans. Vice President Agnew is scheduled to campaign this fall in Tennessee for Gore's Republican opponent. (Nixon carried the state in 1968, and the runner-up was Wallace, not Humphrey.) Knocking Gore out of the Senate would not only be big game considering the Senator's seniority on key committees: Foreign Relations, Finance, and Atomic Energy; it would also symbolize the ability of current Republican populism—exploiting middle-class resentment of pressures from below—to drive a wedge between the Democratic Party and its traditional blue-collar, small farmer, independent businessman supporters in the Border States.

Gore's positions on the major issues of the day—articulated in *The Eye of the Storm* with directness and verve—clearly proceed from the central trunk of Tennessee populism. But in the 1970s that tree has more than one major branch. Political expediency would have him straddle the branches. Yet he is either too set in his ways or too courageous to come down a bit from his liberal-progressive perch even though he knows a fierce hurricane is about to sweep through the state.

Some samples:

On Vietnam, Senator Gore had not by the time of writing this book moved so far as to support a cutoff of appropriations for U.S. military operations in Indochina, but he sees no gains to be achieved by continuing to support what he calls "the amoral junta in Saigon." We should define our own terms for peace, "a compromise based on a coalition régime—and give the Saigon government a simple choice: to

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join us in negotiating peace on those terms, or to continue the war on its own." In any case, the vital interests of the United States are not at stake in Vietnam, and it is wrong to continue to involve our prestige with the fate of the Thieu-Ky government. Unless the South installs a government willing to make peace on *our* terms, we should withdraw militarily from the area as rapidly as possible consistent with the safety of our own troops.

Gore supports, rather vaguely, some kind of "two China" solution worked out between the Mainland and Taiwan. In the meantime, the United States should radically readjust its relations with Communist China, extending unqualified recognition, supporting her membership in the U.N., and offering to negotiate mutually advantageous trade agreements.

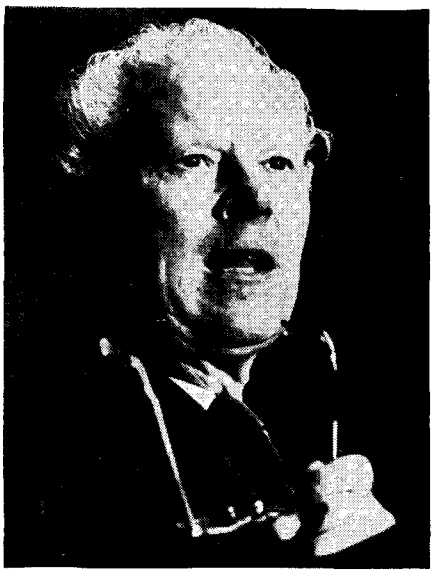
ABM and MIRV deployments are dangerous and wasteful, the Senator states; unilateral restraint by the United States, he is convinced, will improve the prospects of comprehensive mutual limitations coming out of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks with the Soviets. If the Russians are not induced by our restraint to scale down their own programs, then we may be compelled to increase our offensive forces by expanding their most survivable elements—primarily our sea-based missiles. (Gore's dogged insistence that the ordinary man can and should pass on the sometimes technical matters of military force planning, a position consistent with his basic populist stance, was reflected in his decision to have his Subcommittee on Arms Control undertake public hearings on the ABM simultaneously with the issue's consideration by the Armed Services Committee. The "common sense" of the American people, he writes, "no longer blindly trusts the words of the experts, of the professional planners, of the 'new mandarins,' who have led us into this valley of the shadow.")

The Senator is concerned with ecological issues—the pollution and defacement of the environment. But coming from a constituency that reaps considerable benefit from federal highway and federal electric-power programs, he is wary that in our new zeal to clean up and beautify our surroundings we may neglect the uncompleted tasks of resource development. Moreover, some private power interests are, as Gore tells it, cynically exploiting the pollution issue to induce the Nixon administration to sell the government's nuclear fuel plants at Oak Ridge, Paducah, and Portsmouth to private companies—shades of Dixon-Yates!

On fiscal policy Gore has been especially active, attempting whenever possible to implement the taxation philosophy of his favorite Tennessee mentor, former Senator and then Secretary of State Cordell Hull. From his vantage point on the Senate Finance Committee he has been a leader in the fight against oil-depletion allowances, against special tax loopholes for life insurance companies (many now headquartered in Tennessee), and against efforts of the Nixon administration to reduce high tax percentages paid in the upper-income brackets. He has been unhappy with Kennedy-Johnson Democrats as well as conservatives for their failure to push for tax revisions based on ability to pay.

Gore got into a spat with John Kennedy over the appointment of eminent banker Douglas Dillon as Secretary of the Treasury. He has rarely seen eye-to-eye with the "New Economists" popular with the Democratic establishment in recent years, opposing their tax-cut efforts in the early 1960s, and then in 1970 pushing through an increase in the personal exemption rate against the counsel of the same New Economists that this would only stimulate further inflation. Depending on whose tax is being Gored, he is at once the darling and the anathema of professional Washington economists and the big Tennessee enterprisers, but his eye never wavers from *his* objective: a more progressive tax system.

Gore is also vulnerable on his right and left flanks on the racial issue. While strongly supporting all voting rights measures, he drags his feet on legislation to integrate the schools. Northern liberals were most disappointed by his opposition to the 1964 Civil Rights Act. He was able to vote for the Civil Rights Act of 1968, he explains, because it concentrated on removing *legal* barriers to equality of opportunity. But he will continue to oppose "those actions through which the government could seek to coerce the dominant group into accepting members of the minority group on a basis of personal equality. . . ."



Albert Gore—"Target Number One" for the "Southern Strategy" of the GOP.

Too much of a traditional populist to engender enthusiasm from "new politics" volunteers, and too stubbornly a progressive to get much help from the Southern Democratic hierarchy or the new industrial and financial interests of Tennessee, Senator Gore is running scared this time. But, as usual, he is unlikely to listen to the political calculators who would have him change the packaging. Ever since he won his first local election by scratching on his country fiddle against the advice of those who thought it undignified, Albert Gore has been his own man. In the past this has been consistent with being Tennessee's man. There are reasons to wonder if this is the case in 1970.

Seyom Brown is the author of "The Faces of Power."

J. M. BARRIE:
The Man Behind the Image

by Janet Dunbar
Houghton Mifflin, 413 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Philip Burton

■ In *The Reader's Encyclopedia of World Drama*, which was published last year, "Barrie, James Matthew" does not rate separate treatment. The reader is referred to three general subjects, the first of which is "Children's Drama." *Sic transit gloria theatri.* This man was a consummate theater artist who for nearly forty years delighted audiences both in London and New York. But his theater firmly shut the world out: it was compounded of pink spotlights and rouge; when poverty was shown, it was dressed in appealingly draped rags, and suffering was beautifully painless. In my copy of this book there is a provocative misprint on page 384: "1917" for "1937." This reveals a truth that would have been even greater if the misprint had been "1907." The works of J.M. Barrie belong to the Never Land of Long Ago. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.

J.M. Barrie himself is endlessly fascinating. This purveyor of shadowless sunshine was a deeply tormented man, and Janet Dunbar's search for the man behind the image is richly rewarding. I am grateful for her book, which is

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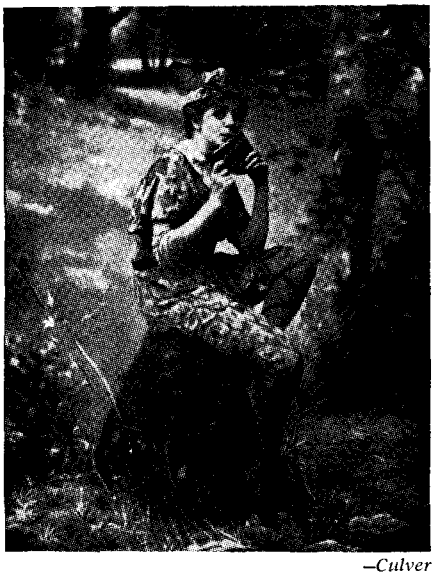
largely based on a wealth of new material, notably the diaries of Lady Cynthia Asquith, whom financial need drove to be an odd sort of secretary to Barrie for nineteen years. Miss Dunbar has also drawn on correspondence preserved and revealingly annotated by Peter Llewelyn Davies, the middle one of the five brothers who became for Barrie "my boys," and whose inevitable growing up bereft him of his greatest happiness. Born and bred of a stiflingly possessive woman, he had himself become an even more stiflingly possessive man.

Barrie is an intriguing bundle of amazing contradictions: the son of cottage weavers, he became an English baronet; regarded as a genius by numerous perceptive people, including Robert Louis Stevenson, he is rapidly fading to a literary footnote; an adorer of beautiful women, he was an impotent little man; robbed by nature of his own children, he became a devourer of other people's.

This book gives us many glimpses into the lonely soul of this sad but gifted man, whose only enduring relief was in his compulsive writing. A memorable example of such glimpses is this extract from the diary of the widow of Captain Scott, the explorer of the Antarctic, among whose letters was a remarkable and moving one to Barrie. For October 6, 1913, Lady Scott writes: "I spent the evening with Barrie. He said Colonel Lawrence had just bought a motor-bicycle. 'He is so happy and excited. My dear, I wish you could tell me something I could buy that would make me happy and excited for one minute.' Poor wee soul. I wish I could." "Poor wee body" would have been more accurate. Barrie's soul wasn't wee; it had a lopsided greatness that was shown in his deeds as well as in his words. There could scarcely be a more generous man, and whatever "sickness" motivated his giving of himself and his money to those in need, it was a genuine and unstinted giving. The only one he could not give himself to was his long-suffering wife.

As for Barrie the writer, there were some contemporary critics who saw in his work more than the celebrated sentimentality and whimsy. (Those two words are bound to crop up in any consideration of Barrie.) In 1918 Lady Cynthia Asquith wrote to several friends for advice about going to work for the famous author. Two of them were the professor Sir Walter Raleigh and the critic Desmond McCarthy. In his reply the professor said: "But take care you don't kill the golden goose by curbing his sentimentality. Not that it is really sentimentality. It's far more often—for he has a cruel side—satire



—*Culver*

Maude Adams in J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan"—"just a drop of benevolent acid."

that doesn't quite come off." The critic commented: "Barrie, as I read him, is . . . part hero-worshiping maiden, part grandfather, and part pixie with no man in him at all. His genius is a coquettish thing, with just a drop of benevolent acid in it sometimes."

Barrie's last play, *The Boy David*, was a failure in spite of an impressive production. Very shortly afterwards the playwright died, and he has gone on dying ever since. Never was there a more telling example of the truth that brilliance alone will not endure, for Barrie was a superb craftsman; the concealed construction of the exposition in *What Every Woman Knows* is a model.

When J. M. Barrie is mentioned now, it is his *Peter Pan* that springs to mind —"that terrible masterpiece," as Peter Davies called it. Some years ago the play was given artificial resuscitation on Broadway in a musical version. A morbid curiosity took me to see it. Next to me sat a typical "tired businessman" who had brought his young grandson to see the play, of which Maude Adams had left him glowing memories. When Peter appealed to the audience to applaud in order to save the life of Tinker Bell, the man responded vigorously and without embarrassment, but his young grandson regarded him with pity and shame. I felt sorry for the bored and skeptical young boy.

Philip Burton is the author of "The Sole Voice," a book of character portraits from Shakespeare, which will be published September 25. Mr. Burton, who was for many years director of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy, also wrote "Early Doors: My Life and the Theatre."

DIARY OF A MAN IN DESPAIR

by Friedrich Percyval Reck-Malleczewen
translated from the German by Paul Rubens

Macmillan, 219 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by David Schoenbaum

■ Reck-Malleczewen's diary is Nazi Germany's *Notes from the Underground*, its *De Profundis*, even in the literal sense. "Night after night, I hide this record deep in the woods on my land," he notes as early as September 1937, "constantly on watch lest I am observed, constantly changing my hiding place.

"And this is how we now live, my vanished friends," he continues. "Do you, who left Germany four and more years ago, have any idea of how completely without legal status we are, of what it is to be threatened with denunciation at any time by the next hysteric who comes along?"

Since 1945 a generation of historians has largely demystified the Third Reich. What contemporaries thought monolithic was, in fact, a war of all against all, unpredictable even in terror. The hysterics came without cease. Reck's diary is itself a kind of Krafft-Ebing of political perversities. But the ultimate denunciation was over seven years in coming. The last entry, dated October 1944, was written in prison. One asks how—in vain, unfortunately —it ever got out.

Reck had voted "no" to the Austrian Anschluss in the full visibility of a village precinct. Not only had he threatened to throw an expropriation commissioner out of his house; twice he actually did so to a housing commissioner. He had gone to court and won against a party functionary who had trapped his poodle. He had impassively listened to the public enthusiasm of a true believer, had regularly tuned in foreign broadcasts, and had ostentatiously avoided shouting "Heil Hitler" for more than a decade. Finally Reck was charged with subverting the war effort. Speculation on the source and immediate cause of the accusation led to no conclusion.

He left behind a wife, his second, who was evidently his literary executor, and a handful of works. They included an incredibly daring popular history of the millenial Anabaptist community of Muenster, which he somehow managed to get published in 1937 (it was quickly withdrawn); an uncompleted philosophical study called *The End of the Termites*, and a rather successful anthology of indignant letters. Beginning inevitably with

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Luther, it ends characteristically with Reck himself.

But this diary is the work that matters. Complete or, more probably, incomplete, Reck's journal of 1936-44 is, as he intended, one of the Third Reich's most remarkable documents. No foreigner, still less an emigrant, would or could have written anything like it. The chronicle's originality begins with the fastidious delineation of day-to-day reality. Like everybody else in Hitler's empire, Reck swallowed his share of rumors. Nevertheless, what he saw has the authenticity of the drawings in Goya's *Disasters of War*, captioned by the artist "I saw it," "And this too."

Some of Reck's entries are likely to stay with the reader a long time: The boy on a Hitler Youth excursion, flinging a crucifix from the window of his Bavarian schoolroom bivouac, shouting after it, "Lie there, you dirty Jew!" Urine and excrement trickling through the floorboards of a sealed boxcar full of Russian prisoners standing beneath a summer sun on a suburban siding. Bewildered evacuees dragging around the shrunken mummies of their children in cardboard suitcases. A jaundiced woman functionary in August 1944 assuring the local population that the *Führer*, in his goodness, "has pre-

pared a gentle and easy death by gas for the German people in case the war ends badly."

Perhaps more memorable still is the personality of the author. Reck was not a nice man. "I myself have been responsible for the tears of many," he notes in his last entry. One can easily believe him. Not the deep thinker he probably fancied himself, he was snobbish as only a Continental aristocrat can be, a Tory on a scale that makes even Lord Salisbury look slightly Whiggish. "Nigger"—tactfully mistranslated in this edition each of the many times it appears—seems to have been among his favorite expressions. He was conventionally anti-American, and afflicted long before the Third Reich with a virulent case of cultural pessimism. To a degree, the Third Reich only confirmed his worst anticipations.

But Reck was an inspired observer and a gifted phrase-maker, which comes through even in this acceptable but erratic translation. He was also a virtuoso hater, where only virtuoso hate could begin to approach the magnitude of its object. Above all, he was an honest man, honest with others, honest with himself.

> My life in this pit will soon enter its fifth year. For more than forty-two months, I have thought hate, have lain down with hate in my heart, have dreamt hate and awakened with hate. I suffocate in the knowledge that I am the prisoner of a horde of vicious apes, and I rack my brains over the perpetual riddle of how this same people which so jealously watched over its rights a few years ago can have sunk into this stupor, in which it not only allows itself to be dominated by the street-corner idlers of yesterday, but actually, height of shame, is *incapable any longer of perceiving its shame for the shame that it is.*

Thus the author in August 1936, the Olympic summer, when his country was enroute to full employment and international equality. It was a year and a half before the first of those overt daylight robberies, which, he was to note, constituted the essence of the Reich's foreign policy; more than two years before the first great pogrom; five years before anybody but marginal bureaucrats and technicians ever heard of Auschwitz.

> You up there [he wrote in March 1938]: I hate you waking and sleeping. I will hate and curse you in the hour of my death. I will hate and curse you from my grave, and it will be your children and your children's children who will have to bear my curse. I have no other weapon against you but this curse. I know that it withers the heart of him who utters it, I do not know if I will survive your downfall. . . .
>
> But this I know, that a man must hate this Germany with all his heart if he really loves it. I would ten times rather die than see you triumph.

Die he did, at Dachau in early 1945—on February 23 according to this rendition, on February 16 according to the 1966 German edition given as its source. Typhus was officially listed as cause. Execution, indicated here, is more plausible. Reck was sixty.

An extraordinary man in an extraordinary situation, he deserves the respect of posterity. Gratifying as it is to have the diary in English at all, twenty-three years after its first German publication, Reck also deserves a better edition.

An associate professor of history at the University of Iowa, in Iowa City, David Schoenbaum wrote "Hitler's Social Revolution."

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

by Philip B. Kunhardt, Jr.

Random House, 243 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Hassell A. Simpson

■ This evocative memoir about a happy family's life together was written while the author, recuperating from a serious heart attack, relived his youth.

Thirty-five years ago, when the crunching of gravel in the driveway announced his father's return, he and the other Kunhardt children could look forward to "golden weekends" when Dad would lead them in adventures. Blessed is the man who remains a hero in his son's eyes. Philip Kunhardt did, although Philip Junior has the grace to wonder whether his father can really have been the superman he remembers, impervious to cold, fatigue, and fear. At any rate, the elder Kunhardt's trials were usually sought, for his circumstances were outwardly comfortable.

The author's parents were confined by the Depression to one large country house with live-in servants, and his mother worked very hard writing children's books in order to provide "the private schools [she and Dad] thought were so important for us." English nursemaid, mountain or shore holidays, Groton and Harvard and Princeton—it is all exceedingly snug and not a little smug.

But wait. *My Father's House* is rendered tolerable—even rewarding—not by its bland assumptions about the values of one class but by its fervent celebration of a vanishing institution in America: traditional family life. Later on young Philip would perceive that his father was not all-powerful, that in fact he chafed in an unchallenging job and found scope for his energies only at home or in a variety of community-service posts. No doubts clung, however, to Philip's youthful experience of golden weekends and the fishing or hiking expeditions with Dad, and especially the family rituals. A whole chapter is devoted to the anticipation and pleasures of Christmas—hunting the tree, hanging stockings, opening gifts. Over all towers Philip Kunhardt, Sr.—robust, enthusiastic, glad to test his strength and skill against mountains or wily trout, and

Lab Research (Sex)

by John Frederick Nims

Cruddy X-rayed the lovers bound in bliss.
"Don't see the point," he puzzled. "What's to this?"

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resolute in facing his last illness. To admirers of the strenuous life he seems an ideal father, a model for young manhood. Clearly, Philip was privileged in being born to such a father.

To write his book, he was also fortunate in having such aids to recollection as his father's diaries and a suitcase full of slide transparencies. Not many men, then, could have produced a memoir like this. Not everyone will be able to read it with patience, but no

one who reads it through will relive the author's experience dry-eyed. Tenderly, humorously, with filial reverence, Kunhardt speaks to anyone who remembers a father, or wishes he did.

Hassell A. Simpson criticizes fiction and nonfiction for Saturday Review and other journals.

THE NEW LATINS: Fateful Change in South and Central America

by Georgie Ann Geyer

Doubleday, 340 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Dan Kurzman

■ Many historians and journalists have written about Latin America in recent years, explaining and pondering its massive social, economic, and political problems. We have been told that the population is growing faster than the economy necessary to sustain it, that the Latins prefer *caudillos* to democratic rulers, that the Castro communists are working feverishly to take over the whole area. The picture is invariably one of hopelessness and despair, making the reader almost nostalgic for those days of open American imperialism when it really wasn't important whether the Indian peasants starved or were suppressed—as long as Yankee businessmen raked in profits.

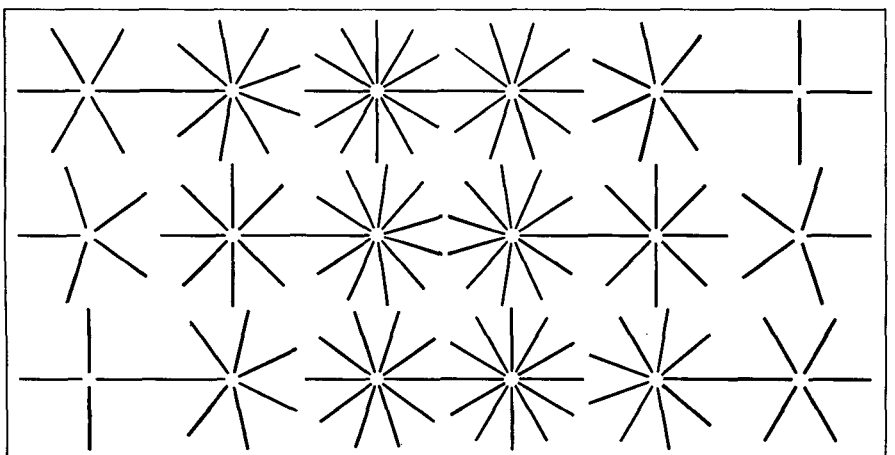
Now, however, a magnificent character portrait of Latin America throws a fresh light on its future. In *The New Latins* Georgie Ann Geyer, a prizewinning correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, has perceptively analyzed, thread by thread, the Latin social fabric now being woven. And she liberally sprinkles her observations with fascinating anecdotal examples based on her personal experiences while roaming Latin America from the jungles of Brazil to the guerrilla-infested mountains of Guatemala.

What makes her work particularly significant is that she has recognized, as many observers have not, that, for better or for worse, the revolutionary forces in Latin America—from Castro's communists to Peru's reformist military to Chile's leftist Christian-Democrats—are gradually producing a new Latin mentality. The ruling classes are thinking less and less as selfish individuals with no sense of social responsibility, the traditionally docile lower classes are demanding rights and privileges they have always been denied, and people in general are regarding themselves ever more as Latin Americans rather than as the citizens of a particular country. As these trends grow, so does hope that the Latins will at last effectively help themselves to carry out the structural changes in society that will integrate the serflike marginal people of the continent, the vast majority of Latin Americans, into the economic and social life of the national community.

Miss Geyer sees Fidel Castro, whom she has interviewed extensively, as simply one manifestation of the revolution sweeping Latin America. Whether other nations go the way of Cuba will depend less on the extent of Castroite subversion than on the ability of less extreme revolutionary forces to keep pace with the spreading demand for social justice.

The author implies that if the United States, as it did under President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress, shows understanding of these forces, it can still weld a mutually profitable relationship with Latin America. For Miss Geyer has found that the present relationship, however strained, contains the seeds of a solid future friendship. "Today more than ever," she writes, "the United States is presenting Latin America with an often desperate dilemma. Not only is the northern power always present, unconsciously bringing about change with its ceaseless gadgetry . . . and its manners of social equals, it is also helping Latin America financially. Thus it takes away from the Latin Americans the solace of really being able to hate fully North America." Even Castro, she says, "is still in the white heat of love-hate over the United States."

Miss Geyer may surprise some readers with her observation that the trump card that could beat the Castroites—



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as well as other Latin dictators of whatever ideological stripe—is a growing popular revolt against authoritarianism. She maintains, contrary to general belief, that the Latins "have shown over and over that they favor some type of natural democratic development, and in many places they have spontaneously organized themselves in order to have it." She points out, for one thing, that "wherever they had a chance—and often against enormous odds—the masses of Latin voters voted for liberal reforms in preference to either autocratic dictators or autocratic Marxists."

One of the most important factors in the awakening of the "marginal" people, the author indicates, has been the role of the Catholic Church, which has itself undergone a profound revolution in Latin America. Once allied with the dictators and oligarchs, it is today, in large measure, leading the way toward social change. Catholic laymen like Chile's President Eduardo Frey of the Church-influenced Christian-Democratic Party, are pushing for peaceful revolution as the only alternative to Castro communism. And some young priests have even accepted violence as a means of achieving noncommunist revolution.

Such Catholic leaders, together with the communists and the new breed of "Nasserite" military leaders like those in Peru, are turning masses of hitherto submissive Indians and other peasants into politically-conscious men suddenly aware that they are, after all, the original "Latin Americans" and deserve more than the crumbs of feudalism. And the "marginal" people are banding together to get what they deserve, a process accelerated by steady movement from their isolated mud huts in the interior to the modern coastal cities. At the same time, road-builders, rubber-gatherers, gold-miners, and colonists are invading the interior, opening it up for future settlement that will produce closer ties among the nations of the continent—ties that will spread more swiftly the doctrines of social revolution, whether peaceful or violent.

Ironically, Miss Geyer notes, for many Indians change is happening almost too fast. "As they see the world they know changing in ways they cannot comprehend, they cease planting and stop hunting." She concludes with a strangely depressing optimism: The final frame on the film picturing the old Latin America "might well be the sad, displaced Brazilian savage . . . feeling himself dying, while Latin America claims itself."

Dan Kurzman is the author of "Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned."

ORDER AND PROGRESS: Brazil from Monarchy to Republic

by Gilberto Freyre
edited and translated from the Portuguese by Rod W. Horton

Knopf, 456 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by James Nelson Goodsell

■ Gilberto Freyre's great work, *Casa-Grande e Senzala,* was first published in Brazil in 1933 and quickly established its author as Brazil's leading social historian. Translated into English some twenty-five years ago, as *The Masters and the Slaves,* the book was concerned with the transplanting of European civilization in Brazil by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. In many ways the issuance of *Casa-Grande e Senzala* marked something of a landmark in Brazil's coming of age, stimulating as it did among Brazilians interest and pride in the nation's rich and diverse ethnic and cultural heritage—the Portuguese, African, and Amerindian.

As conceived by Freyre, *Casa-Grande e Senzala* was the first of a projected series of seven volumes on the formation and disintegration of patriarchal society in Brazil. It was quickly followed in 1936 by *Sobrados e Mucambos* (translated in 1963 as *The Mansions and the Shanties*), which dealt with the nineteenth-century breakup of the old agricultural society of the planters. If a less impressive work than his first volume, it was nonetheless a logical successor to the earlier study. And it suggested the themes that Freyre would include in his third volume, a work which despite the author's prolific writing ability was more than twenty years in coming.

Now available in English, *Order and Progress,* is about Brazil's transition from empire to republic and from a slave- to a free-labor economy at the end of the nineteenth century and in the early years of the twentieth. This third volume more nearly rates in quality of style and approach with *Casa-Grande e Senzala.* Taking its title from the positivist slogan that ushered in Brazil's republic in 1889, *ordem e progresso,* the new work emphasizes the enthusiastic social stress of the republicans who replaced the old imperialists.

They took power from Emperor Pedro II not to destroy the society he had watched over, but to improve upon it. The revolution that brought about

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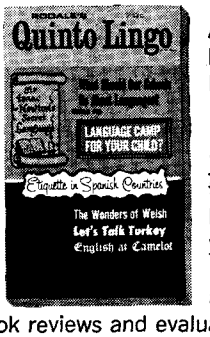

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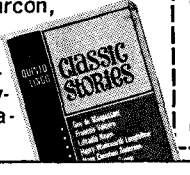

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the republic was virtually bloodless and set a pattern of coups d'état in Brazil which has remained to the present day. But if the coup was nonviolent and the transition seemed smooth, the political and social history of republican Brazil was not to be so calm.

Freyre chronicles the events of the early republic, including the revolt in southern Rio Grande do Sul in 1892, which lasted more than three years; the wranglings of politicians and statesmen over the course of the republic, and the desire of many older Brazilians for a return to the days of the empire. And it was in this early republican period that Brazil's army emerged as the one stabilizing force in Brazilian life, a role it has played over and over again in the twentieth century down to the present day. In fact, much of the current military mentality, which holds that the military knows best what is good for Brazil, stems from its predecessors' role in the early days of the republic.

Freyre obviously loves his vast nation, but *Order and Progress* is not a work of unseeing patriotism. Indeed, republican Brazil is laid out by Freyre with all its warts and ills. Yet no one can read this new volume without feeling a sense of wonder at the progress and growth of Brazil despite her problems. Few nations have accomplished in twice as many years what Brazil has in the past four score.

In looking at his nation as have few other Brazilians, Freyre shoves aside the myth of racial equality. He shows in a chapter on miscegenation what a difficult problem race has been and continues to be in Brazil. White supremacy during the period covered here was a strong sentiment in government, business, and society in general.

Freyre has been criticized for writing in a somewhat loose style—and the same charge could be leveled against *Order and Progress*. Yet the style befits the subject and the approach that Freyre takes. In fact, its discursiveness helps to make Freyre's works readable and allows him time for adequate development of his themes. In *Order and Progress* Freyre demonstrates again why he has probably become Latin America's leading social historian.

The rendition from the Portuguese by Rod W. Horton carries on a tradition of good translation begun in the earlier two volumes by Samuel Putnam and Harriet de Onís. Moreover, Horton's notes are a valuable addition to what is clearly a powerful and important work.

James Nelson Goodsell is Latin American correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor.

ADAM AND THE TRAIN: Two Novels

by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz

McGraw-Hill, 268 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by La Vern J. Rippley

■ War still presides over man's history. This grim fact renders Heinrich Böll's *Adam* and *The Train* as contemporary today as when they were written two decades ago. The keynote to *Adam* comes from Theodor Haecker, who wrote: "A global catastrophe can serve many purposes. One of them is to provide an alibi when God asks: And where were you, Adam? 'I was in the war.'" Whence the German title *Wo warst du, Adam?* (1951) for Böll's second novel, the first to be translated —in 1955—into English. Originally published in English as *The Train Was on Time* (1956), the second item in the present collection was Böll's first novel, entitled in German *Der Zug war pünktlich* (1949). Both war novels, they raised cries that have since become encysted on the American consciousness.

The Train, set in 1943, recollects five days in a soldier's life from the time he boards a troop train in the Ruhr until his death on the Eastern front. Three-fourths of the action takes place in a train making its inexorable journey across North Germany to Poland. Men share sausage and schnaps, recount tall tales and horrors.

A train is its own world. Trains take men away as does destiny. Characters sit and wait, condemned to the confinement and timeless monotony of a moving train—this capsule of the universe. Always the timetable must be met—the rendezvous with death.

As Andreas entered the coach, the word *soon* "entered him like a bullet. . . . Soon is nothing and Soon is a lot. Soon is everything. Soon is death." With *soon* haunting him like the wail of Nemesis, Andreas determines when death will strike: Sunday morning five days hence. His "train" would be on time.

The last quarter of the novel concerns the anti-hero's encounter with Olina, a prostitute, whom he loves only platonically. Ultimately even Olina's arrangements for Andreas's desertion fail to deflect him from his unswerving race to death. Ambushed, Andreas can only groan: "God, God, what have I done with my time, I've done nothing. . . . I'm lying on this bare road, on my breast lies the weight of the world." Death was on time.

In *Adam* the clenched fist of destiny relaxes while Böll delivers a diatribe against punctured eyeballs that see heroics and glory in war. With flinty blows the author reveals stupid accident after idiotic goof-up in a series of episodes each culminating in death. Once, as Russian troops advance, a German soldier walks toward them with a Red Cross flag to surrender the wounded. Unwittingly he steps on a dud which blows him to bits, startling the Russians. After a heavy bombardment that devastates the entire hospital building, all grows deathly peaceful. "It was not until later that they noticed there had not been a single shot from the other side."

In this novel it would be improper to speak of an anti-hero. Corporal Feinhals links disconnected episodes but the real hero-villain is war itself. Though Feinhals appears in most of the nine chapters, he dominates few. Feinhals has a brief love affair with Ilona, a Jewish girl, whereupon he is carted off in a red furniture van, she in a green one to death in a concentration camp. Ordered by a guard to "sing something," Ilona chants the All Saints' Litany, which she had learned while studying to become a nun. Catholic Jews?, thought the storm trooper. "I must be going mad. . . . With trembling fingers he picked up his pistol .... [and] emptied the entire magazine into the woman, who was lying on the floor and in her agony spewing out her fear."

One of the last episodes in the novel shows soldiers quartered in Rumania, doing nothing but stealing time. Feinhals joins the engineer group that is to rebuild a bridge for a scheduled attack. The peasants are thrilled at the thought of having their bridge when the war is over. Ten days after work has begun the bridge is finished, railing in place, roadway down, tools removed. But, as local villagers queue up to cross the bridge, new orders arrive: "The counterattack's been called off."

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Exactly on schedule the bridge blows up.

A disciplined craftsman, Böll was for a while the best-known postwar German writer, but Günter Grass has now outdistanced him in popularity if not in the number of literary prizes. Although Böll owes a debt to Hemingway, he writes more in the tradition of Faulkner, whom he admires greatly, and of J. D. Salinger, whom he translates enthusiastically.

Böll once wrote: "There is nothing more senseless than war and the military," the coagulants in *Adam* and *The Train*. With episode and understatement Böll says what today's generation screams: that war is the credit card to extinction.

La Vern J. Rippley is chairman of the German Department at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn. He is the author of the book "Of German Ways" and scholarly articles.

THE THREE TRIALS OF MANIREMA

by José J. Veiga
translated from the Portuguese
by Pamela G. Bird

Knopf, 154 pp., $4.95

THE MISPLACED MACHINE AND OTHER STORIES

by José J. Veiga
translated from the Portuguese
by Pamela G. Bird

Knopf, 141 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Donald A. Yates

■ José J. Veiga, a fifty-five-year-old Brazilian journalist-turned-author, has remained almost unknown to English-language readers during the full decade his writing career has spanned. Now, surprisingly, we have two Veiga books in translation. *The Three Trials of Manirema* and *The Misplaced Machine and Other Stories* have just been released by the publisher that almost single-handedly has placed some of the best of contemporary Brazilian literature within the reach of millions of readers in the *second* largest nation in the Western Hemisphere.

Clearly, this is a time of curious and unprecedented happenings in the area of Pan-American literary affairs. Publisher Alfred A. Knopf to date has come up with a notable best seller in translation (Jorge Amado's *Gabriela: Cinnamon and Clove*, 1962), and in the past seven or eight years in the U.S. a goodly number of more worthy literary works by other Latin American authors have found their way into print —if not into celebrity and commercial black ink. Nearly all of the writings of Argentina's Jorge Luis Borges are, or soon will be, available in English. The same can be said for the Paris-based Argentine author Julio Cortázar, whose *Hopscotch*, in Gregory Rabassa's superb rendition, won the National Book Award in 1967 for the best translation of a contemporary work. (Michelangelo Antonioni utilized a Cortázar short story for the film script of *Blow-Up*.) In 1960 the Argentine writer Marco Denevi turned out a prizewinning short story that served as the basis for the Joseph Losey film *Secret Ceremony*. And Denevi's even more "filmable" novel *Rosa at Ten O'Clock* (1964) has attracted new motion-picture offers.

Argentina may have drawn off the lion's share of success in this trend, but other Latin American countries are also actively involved: Uruguay (Juan Carlos Onetti); Chile (José Donoso and Enrique Lafourcade); Peru (Mario Vargas Llosa); Colombia (Gabriel García Márquez); Guatemala (Miguel Angel Asturias, who received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1967); Mexico (Carlos Fuentes and Agustín Yáñez); and Cuba (Alejo Carpentier). The rumble that works by these writers have produced in the U.S. echoes the "boom" that Latin American authors in general have enjoyed—for the first time ever—in their own countries over the past decade.

While the acclaim for most of these translations has not been exactly overwhelming, the appearance of Latin American literature in ever-increasing quantity in the U.S. is nonetheless a publishing phenomenon of the 1960s. The prospect today is for even better things. Paperback editions of some translations (of Borges and Cortázar, for example) are spreading awareness of arresting styles and intriguing individual worlds; and fascinating new works like Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (1970) are destined to attract increasingly wide attention.

Within this panorama the two José J. Veiga translations are at once of minor significance and characteristic of a prevalent type of contemporary Brazilian prose fiction. A considerable portion that reaches us from Brazil deals with rural life, depicts the texture of slow-moving events of the backland regions, and is uncomplicated either by experimental prose styles or by philosophical or existential attitudes. It is rather, the magical or mystical flavor that infuses much of the best modern writing of Brazil with a special quality that relieves a generally level, realistic narrative mood.

A typical example would be Autran

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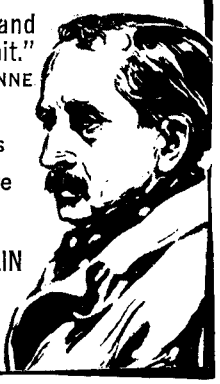

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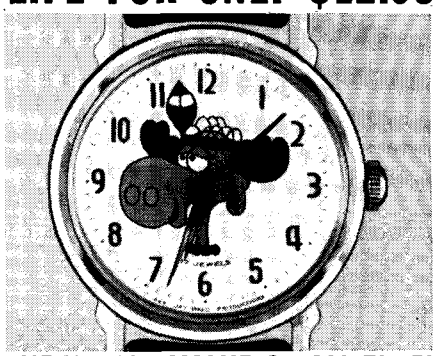

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Dourado's *A Hidden Life* (1968), which seemed to be modeled on a story by Flaubert. Sparkling fantasy and sparse mystical tone, on the other hand, can be noted, respectively, in Jorge Amado's *Doña Flor and Her Two Husbands* (1969) and *The Third Bank of the River and Other Stories* (1968) by the late, immensely gifted João Guimaraes Rosa. All of these qualities are displayed in the two books by José J. Veiga.

Although the individual sections of *The Three Trials of Manirema*—"The Arrival," "The Time of the Dogs," and "The Time of the Oxen"—are interdependent, the narrative does not result in a "novel." In fact, the account of Manirema's tribulations leaves one with the sensation of having read a padded short story.

Manirema is a village in the Brazilian interior, whose inhabitants are simple Negro and white rural characters: shopkeeper Amancio, the black wagon-driver Geminiano, Dr. Nelorio, Father Prudente. The first trial occurs when a band of strange men (Gypsies?) arrive mysteriously and set up a permanent encampment directly across the river from Manirema. No one knows who they are, where they came from, or what their purpose is in establishing their settlement of two straight lines of tents "with a sort of square in the middle." The people of Manirema adopt a friendly attitude toward the newcomers—fed by extreme curiosity—that eventually comes to resemble the tolerance of the human body for an annoying and inexplicable growth. The strangers apparently are more secretive than communicative.

The second trial consists of the invasion of Manirema by the enormous pack of dogs quartered in the strangers' camp. The village accepts, with irritation at first, later with resignation, the presence of the animals, who exercise, quite naturally, an "utter lack of consideration for other people's rights." Eventually the dogs leave as suddenly as they arrived. Then other, more subtle demands of the strangers are felt (and once more accommodated) in Manirema. Finally, the silent men across the river carry off the girl Nazaré and her betrothed, one of the young men of the village.

During Nazaré's absence in the strangers' camp the third trial develops. It is the most serious of all and brings the town's activity to a halt. Manirema nearly expires in its last crisis. But again the threat is removed. Now the strangers suddenly disappear, and the villagers are left to ponder on what has happened, how it happened and what the lesson might have been. Veiga narrates the story in a straightforward manner: no picturesque details, no quaint village types, a minimum of description. It's a good story, and the ingredients are present in the right proportion. But it goes on too long.

The Misplaced Machine and Other Stories contains fourteen tales of very mixed quality. Nearly half deal realistically with a boy's initiation into complicated or harsh aspects of life—the senseless murder of a young Indian, the pathetic dialogue between a widowed father and the son he is taking away to live with grandparents, the love pangs of a schoolboy involved with a soldier's fickle mistress, the dolorous first impact of death on a young mind and the somber insights it provides.

The rest of the stories escape the rigid confines of narrative realism in the same way that *The Three Trials of Manirema* insinuates fantastic happenings through slightly exaggerated facts. However, the philosophical considerations that emerge, for example, from "Dialogue on Relativity" (how big *are* we?) or "Saturday Afternoon and Sunday Morning" (death is only death) or "The Misplaced Machine" (no one knows what it's for, but it must be very important) seem exceptionally simple, if not ingenuous.

Veiga's language, appreciated through Pamela G. Bird's translation, is clear and free of overwriting. It is in its level of sophistication that the collection might seem deficient to American readers. Some may sense in Veiga's novel and stories the influence of Colombia's Gabriel García Márquez in the former and of Argentina's Julio Cortázar and Brazil's own João Guimaraes Rosa in the latter. This, were it indeed accurately perceived, would be a favorable sign. If Latin American writers are beginning to learn from each other, the literature of that part of the world is on its way to maturity in our day.

Donald A. Yates spent the past six months in Argentina as Fulbright visiting lecturer in American literature at the University of Buenos Aires.

GREASED SAMBA AND OTHER STORIES

by John Deck

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 247 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by M. Cronan Minton

■ The twelve stories in this collection by a relative newcomer are flawlessly written. Two of them—"Greased Samba," which won Deck an *Atlantic* "First" in 1967, and "The Rite of Latin Hips"—deserve to be called great. The other ten are well-made, beautifully controlled, terse, clean stories. The most amazing thing about almost every one of them is how consistently professional they are.

In the title story an aging man describes in the most unrelenting terms how his wife of forty-six years finally died. He is writing the director of the retirement village at which the two of them lived, ostensibly to clear up the mystery of her death, and the story is as much about his contempt for the director as it is about his deep affection for his wife. She died, we learn, in an incredibly brutal yet poignant way—dancing the samba with her husband. In all literature no two people have ever danced with quite such eerie vengeance. The tone of the story is all. The old man is so contemptuous of the director it makes one squirm. One thinks of Eldridge Cleaver as one reads. The effect is cruel, honest, and perfectly conveyed.

The other stories in the book are

(*Continued on page 97*)

"Edith and Russ couldn't get tickets. I can see them now, the poor dears, sipping mulled wine before a crackling fire and watching the game on TV."

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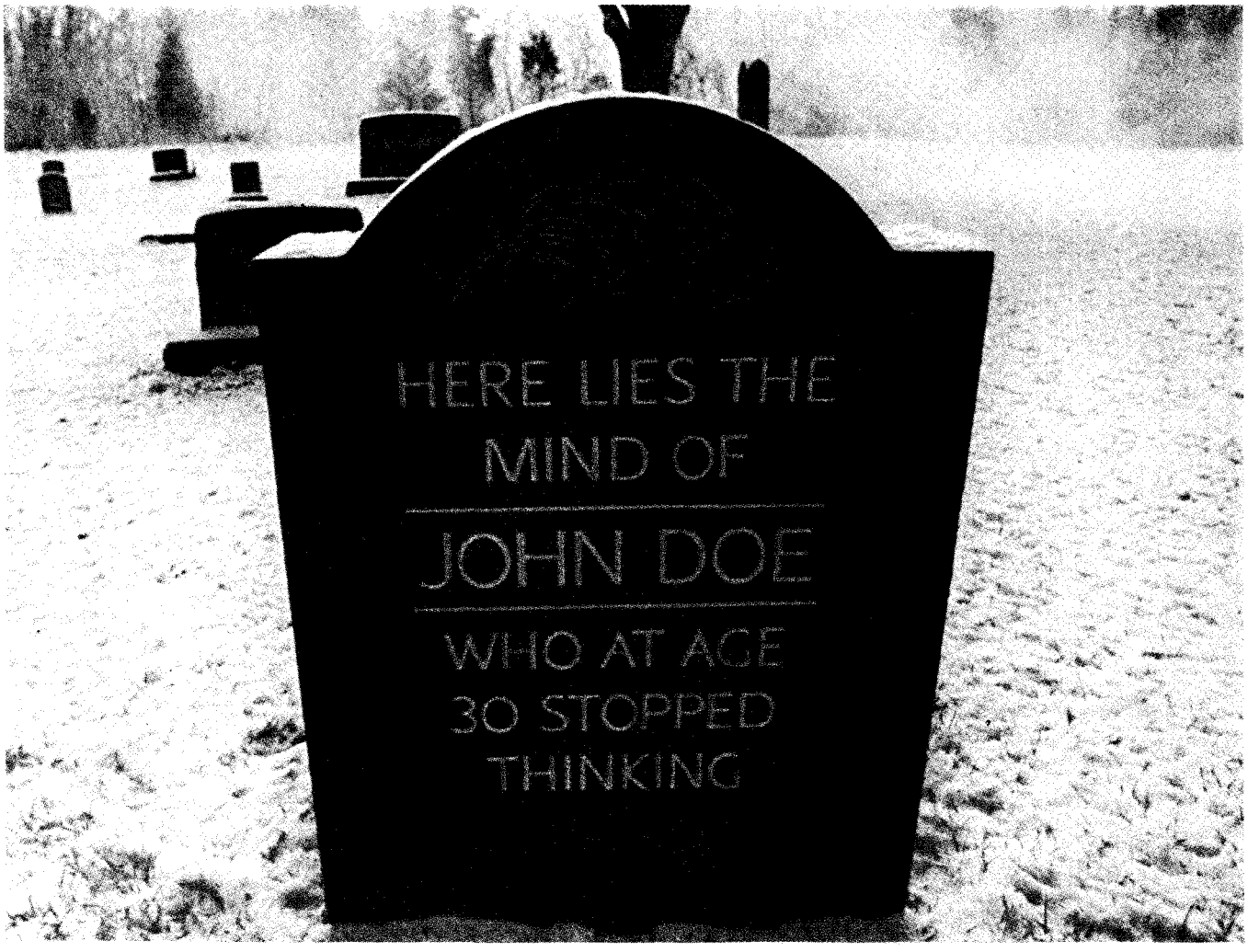

Some people die at 30. But aren't buried until they're 70.

He was going to set the world on fire. Sure.

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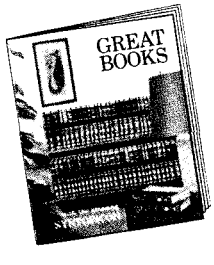

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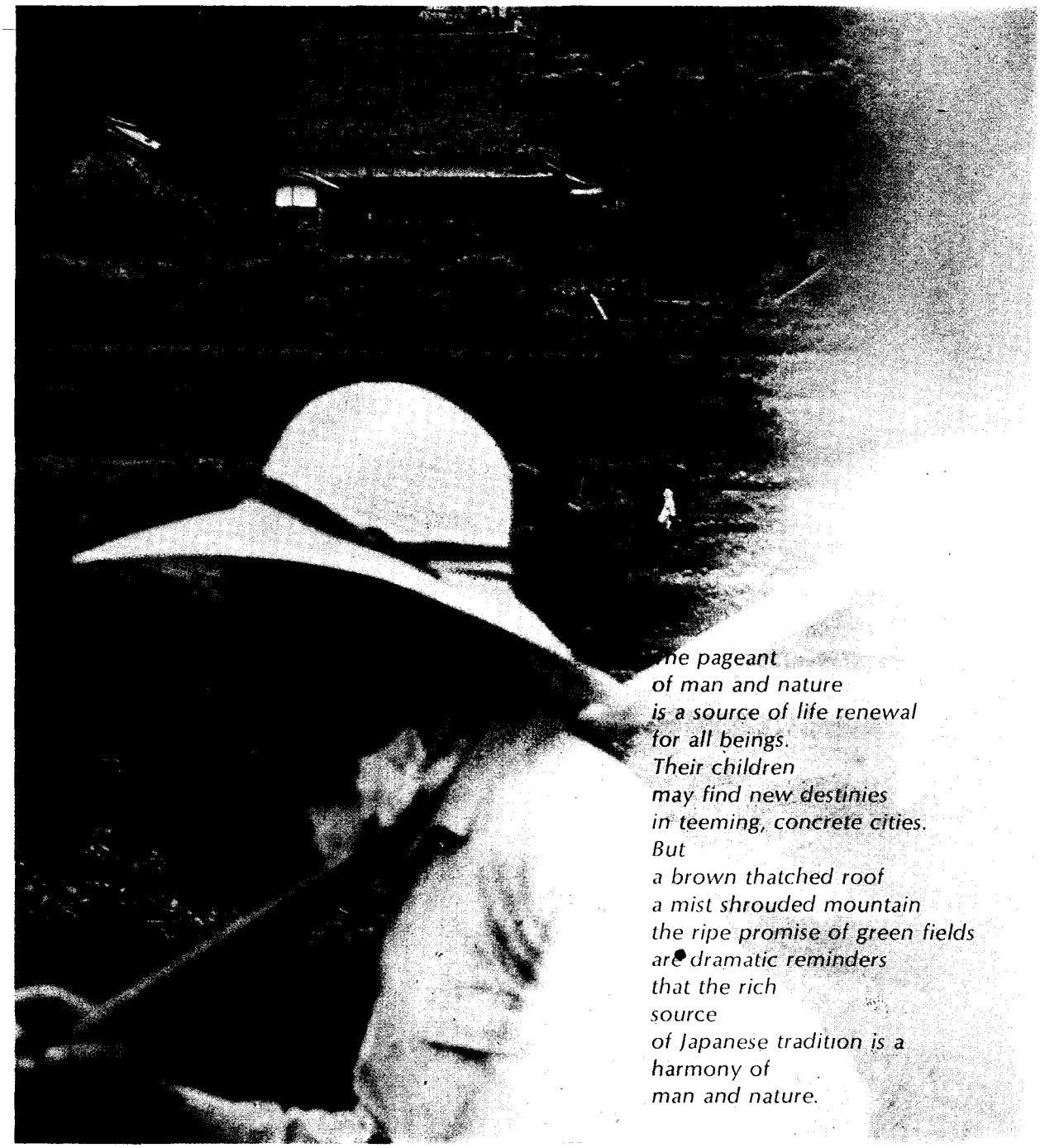

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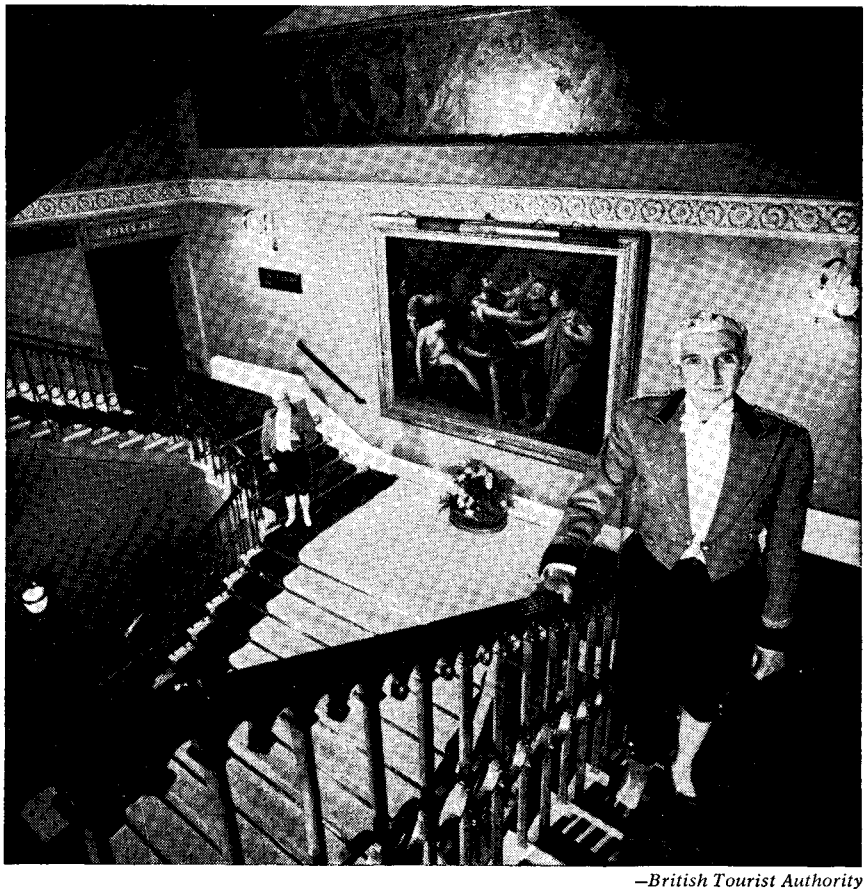

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A Special Section

BY NOW THEY ARE rolling up the beaches in Scheveningen, in S'Agaró, and as far south as Santa Margherita di Pula, the year's fancy resort in Sardinia. The monokini and the Ambre Solaire are packed away, albeit in a minuscule corner, and the auslanders, those migratory birds, have gathered up the flock for the end-of-summer flights back to the motherlands. But as the first chill winds sweep down from the Alps, a new world comes alive, indoors. Sutherland is singing at La Scala, the tweeds and small talk are evident again in the alehouses of Dublin, the fado singers intone their sadnesses in ballads sung in small cafés. The new theater bristles in the London wings, and the fall *couture* awaits acceptance in the boutiques of Paris. Chestnuts perfume the street corners, and *belons* arrive from the coasts of Brittany, a shore only recently deserted by the summer people. The quail are bountiful in Cremona, and the lark and thrush are spit-roasted at La Fontanella in Rome. White truffle dust scents the salad at Savini in Milan. If summer's gone, can the good life be far behind?

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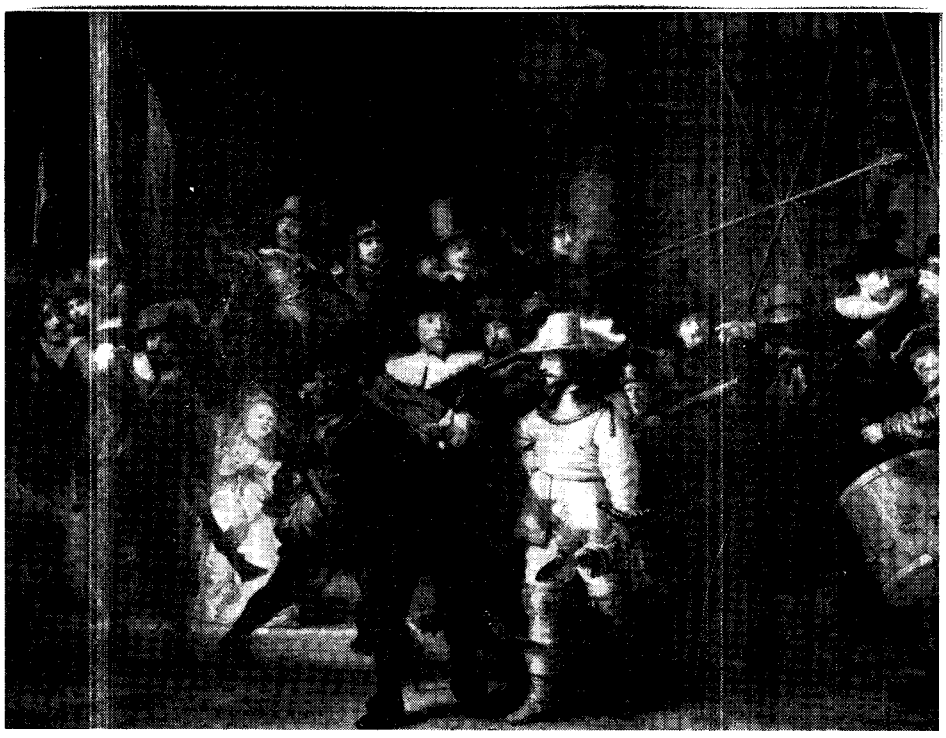

—Bettmann Archive

Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" and painter.

AMSTERDAM WHEN THE WINDOWS STEAM UP

by BURTON ANDERSON

Amsterdam, for all its aging dignity, brims with youthful spirit. In recent summers the city has achieved a level of renown, or notoriety, as a sort of promised land for the young. Their exodus each autumn clears the narrow streets and squares but does not switch off Amsterdam's estival verve. Amsterdammers, in fact, say their city comes into its own after the fogs start to roll in off the North Atlantic in late September, when the leaves turn brown and scatter into the canals, and the damp and chill drive the populace indoors.

The coziest escapes are the pubs, cheery places any time, but especially so when wood fires glow and the windows steam up. The concert and theater seasons get under way in early October. The city's museums and landmarks invite closer scrutiny when free of peak-season crowds.

My last visit to Amsterdam began on a sparkling July morning, cooled by a breeze from what used to be the Zuider Zee before the Dutch dammed it up and renamed it the Ijsselmeer. Yet despite the splendid day, my wife and I ran afoul of a noisy busload of tourists at the Anne Frank House; a mob scene at Our Lord in the Attic, the tiny chapel where Catholics worshipped clandestinely during the Reformation; and a Macy's crush in the supposedly hallowed galleries of Amsterdam's leading museums.

Visitors in a gentler season will have a chance to appreciate the Rijksmuseum's display of prints and engravings, Dutch sculpture, ceramics, and furniture. Its principal attraction is the magnificent collection of Dutch paintings from the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries. Dutch art reached its greatest heights in the seventeenth century, with Rembrandt as its most celebrated master. The artist thrived for a time as wealthy merchants and town officials commissioned their portraits. One of these studies, *The Night Watch*, ironically helped lead to his bankruptcy when the guards he depicted complained about the painting and damaged his reputation. He soon was forced to give up his elegant house on the Jodenbreestraat, which is now used to display several hundred of his etchings. Rembrandt died in 1669, still in debt, twenty-seven years after painting *The Night Watch*.

We managed to get to the Stedelijk Museum after the crowds broke for lunch. The timing enabled us to have a peaceful look at the collection of 200 Van Goghs, which are soon to be transferred to their own museum next door. The move will give the Stedelijk some much-needed room to display living artists. Besides the early twentieth century, the museum focuses on the postwar movements, pop art, new realism, zero, object art, and cobra, and gives prominence to applied arts and design, modern furniture, and ceramics.

Amsterdam has more museums (forty-one) than cinemas (thirty-eight), a statistic that reflects an obsession with history rather than any neglect of popular culture. There are displays of ships and navigational instruments, tropical arts and sciences, zoology, music, the theater, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, as well as the esteemed arts of processing tobacco, producing wine, and distilling gin. The turreted Waaggebouw, or Weighing House, dates to the early fifteenth century and has served as a municipal scale, an orphanage, and more recently as the city's historical museum. It also houses the Jewish historical museum that traces the history of Amsterdam's large Jewish population, all but wiped out by the Nazis in World War II.

Amsterdam itself is a historical monument, its quiet canals and narrow houses, ancient edifices and churches strictly protected against modification. The old city grew into its present form in the seventeenth century, and, except for the constant work of restoration and driving new pilings into the sinking soil under the tilting structures, it has hardly changed. The tall, skinny buildings are the result of a heavy tax on street frontage, which made people build up instead of out. Quite a few of them continue as warehouses; most are

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homes, offices, and even hotels. Some are open to visitors, including the house of Mr. Trip's Coachman, the city's narrowest building and longest standing joke. The coachman once told his master, Trip, that he would be content with a house as wide as Trip's front door, and, to his surprise, he got it.

At the other end of the scale are the Royal Palace and the city's three main churches with the admirably straightforward names of Oudekerk (Old Church), Nieuwekerk (New Church), and Westerkerk (Western Church). The Royal Palace, which dominates the Dam, may be more impressive for what is underneath (13,659 pilings) than for what shows above. The Dutch Royal Family has its permanent quarters at The Hague, but Queen Juliana uses the Amsterdam palace a few times a year, usually for ceremonies. The gothic Nieuwekerk, also on the Dam, is a coronation site for the House of Orange.

The city's most impressive structure is the Concertgebouw, erected in 1888 after the design of A. L. van Gendt, whose sense of acoustics has rarely been equaled before or since. Fittingly, the hall houses and gives its name to one of Europe's finest orchestras, under the direction of Bernard Haitink. The Concertgebouw is also used by touring symphonic groups and for a regular series of Saturday night jazz performances.

The concert schedule in Holland is staggering. Between Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, separated by little more than an hour's train ride, there is a performance scheduled by an orchestra of note almost nightly throughout the season. Supplementing the concerts are opera and ballet. The National Opera Company is based in Amsterdam, as are the two national ballet groups, one for modern and one for classical dance. Although none of these companies has a reputation to equal that of the Concertgebouw, the modern ballet group has drawn critical acclaim for experiment and innovation. Opera and ballet are performed at the Stadsschouwburg, the municipal theater on the Leidseplein.

Most Amsterdam theater is in Dutch, a serious handicap to visitors. But there are occasional performances in English and French. The huge Carré Theater is the home of the Netherlands Revue. Its lusty programs of dance, song, and comedy are also performed in Dutch, but tourists are said to enjoy the shows almost as much as the natives do.

Some people come to Amsterdam just to buy diamonds. The cutting and polishing of these precious stones is a 400-year-old tradition in the city, and the diamond factories have become a tourist attraction. Shop standards are high, and the prices are said to be the lowest in Europe. There are other bargains in pewter, copper, crystal, pottery, and tiles, both new and antique. The shops along the Spiegelstraat and Nieuwe Spiegelstraat have buys in antique furniture of various ages and styles, the best of it from the seventeenth century. Amsterdam has fashioned an *haute couture* industry with some houses (notably Dick Holthaus and Max Heymans) on a par with the best of Paris and Rome and offering clothes at much lower prices.

Amsterdammers, like many of their more southerly neighbors on the Continent, are addicted to café-sitting on a year-around basis. During the colder months, many establishments put up glass walls around the sidewalk sitting areas and heat the enclosure. The American Hotel, on the Leidseplein, is a popular rendezvous for local celebrities, students, teachers, political activists, and artistic types. Coffee and drinks are served on tables draped with Persian carpets, and the good-natured management, which is reputed to put up with almost anything and anybody for any length of time, keeps customers in touch with the outside world through a stream of messages over a loudspeaker.

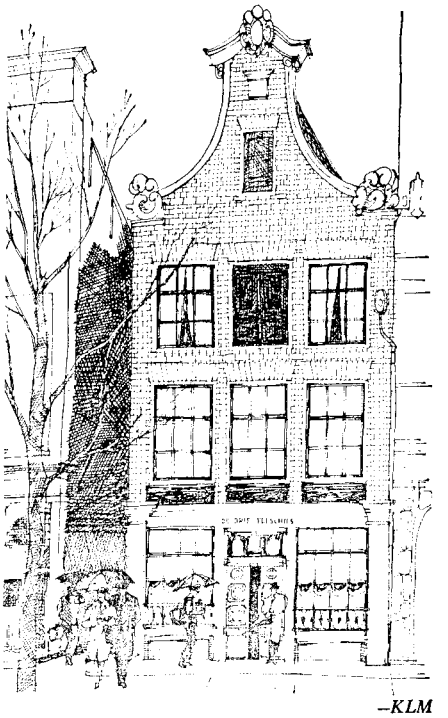
The Netherlands' newest political movement, the Kabouters (for gnomes or dwarfs), makes the Leidseplein a center for its members' antics. Perhaps an outgrowth of the equally shaggy but more violently rebellious Provos, who have declared themselves defunct, the Kabouters recently won five seats on the Amsterdam city council by polling 11 per cent of the vote. They don't regard themselves as politicians, but rather as ambassadors between the people and the government; their rallying cry is "Power to the people." The Kabouters have a rather loosely organized platform for an "Orange Free State" that would ban such sources of pollution as the automobile, rule out crime on the theory that it is a form of mental illness, and set up an economic system based on "need satisfaction."

Clustered around the Leidseplein are discothèques, bistros, restaurants, and nightclubs where the accent is on youth and the action continues summer and winter. Amsterdam's pubs are rarely empty either. They are, in the words of a veteran I encountered along the way, the "Dutchman's domain" (shades of the English pub). There must be well over a thousand bars in Amsterdam: ancient tasting houses, gin mills, and cabarets around the Rembrandtsplein; jukebox-blaring sailors' hangouts near the port; sherry bodegas; wine cellars; and, everywhere, the locals, where light Dutch lager and genever are the mainstays.

The Dutch have something akin to a cocktail hour starting about 5 and sometimes pushing through dinner. The chief beverage is genever, Dutch gin, made from basically the same ingredients as the dryer English gin. But Dutch gin, through a slightly different distilling process, retains more of the flavor of barley, malt, and juniper berries. The recommended places to sample its varieties are the tasting houses, such as the Bols Taverne, across the street from the Bols distillery on the Rosengracht, or Wijnand Fockink, on the narrow Pijlsteeg off the Dam. At Wijnand Fockink, as any guidebook will tell you, glasses are filled to the brim and the first sip is taken from a bending position with hands at sides.

Hoppe, on the Spuistraat, has the antique elegance of the tasting houses with some of the "local" atmosphere, although its clientele is drawn from all over the city and places far beyond. Hoppe is two bars, in fact, one long and narrow on the corner dating to the seventeenth century and an afterthought next door, where it is sometimes possible to find a seat. On the older side crowds are younger. Aproned bartenders, who take orders in three or four languages, while keeping up a steady stream of Dutch with regulars standing at the bar, run to get refills and draw off Heineken's in nonstop sequence, stabbing off the thick froth with plastic spatulas.

(*Continued on page* 74)



–*KLM*

An ancient tasting house—"The first sip is taken from a bending position."

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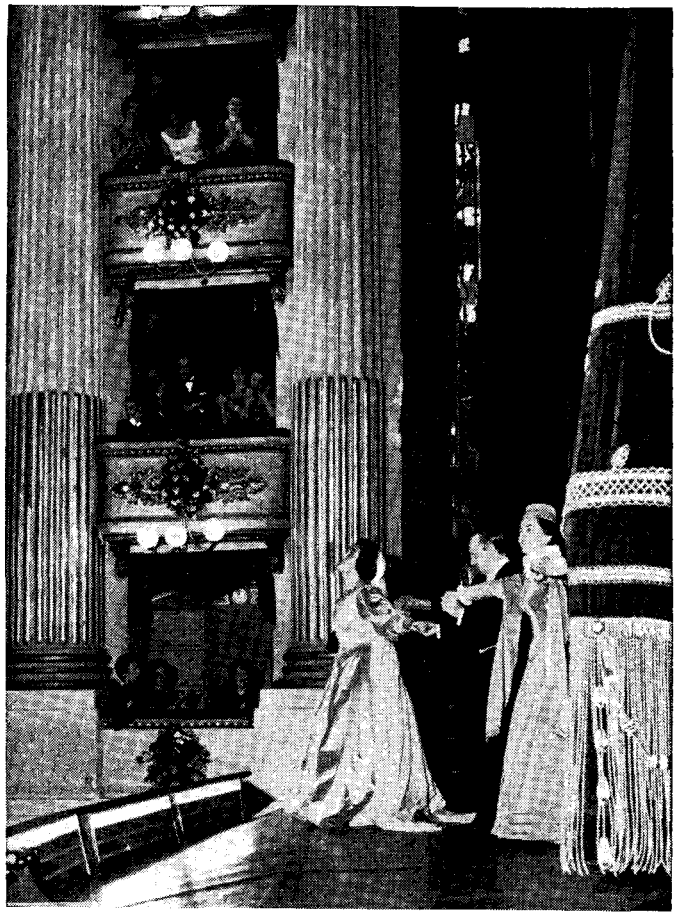

Joan Sutherland in curtain call at La Scala.

THE OPERA IN ITALY

ARIAS AND INTERMISSIONS

by WILLIAM WEAVER

For the traveler in Italy who, alas, does not speak Italian, there are at least two things that need no translation—spaghetti and the opera. There is no seasonal limit on spaghetti, or its many variations, but the regular opera season—fulsome, rich, and indoors—opens in late November and holds a high note right up to the edge of June.

Hearing the opera in Italy is, to be sure, like watching tennis at Wimbledon, eating pâté de foie gras in Strasbourg, or seeing the Kabuki in Kyoto. Once the summer tourists have gone home and the cities are given back to the Italians, opera is in full song in Venice, Rome, Naples, and most importantly at La Scala in Milan.

A first visit to La Scala is always a solemn occasion. Stepping into the pillared marble foyer, you are greeted by the statues of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, the household gods of opera. In the orchestra—assuming you've paid the hefty price of a seat there—is a bust of Stendhal, who used to frequent La Scala.

In Stendhal's day, admission was easy: A customer bought a ticket at the door and then chose which friend's box to grace with his presence. Today the procedure is more difficult but rarely impossible. Those with foresight arrange it all by mail, enclosing a check as deposit. Late-comers who find the box office has been sold out may turn unabashed to the friendly scalpers lurking outside the box-office door. They may look sinister, but their mark-up is reasonable.

Scalpers don't haunt other Italian theaters, but La Scala is, after all, the hardest ticket. Opera houses in Italy place tickets on sale only two days before the performance, and if the production looks like a sell-out, most of the hotels send an agile bellboy to join in the box-office scrimmage. Early risers with educated elbows can have a go on their own. This struggle precedes only big all-star nights; for contemporary works or a little-known revival, seats are plentiful.

Part of the opera-going ritual is dining, and the question is before or after. At La Scala, performances generally begin at 9 (longer works such as *Meistersinger* or *Don Carlo* may start half an hour earlier), and the curtain is punctual. The chic course is to eat afterward: at Savini's, in the Galleria if money is no object (and grand eating is), or at the almost equally expensive Biffi, housed in La Scala itself, to the left of the portico. Biffi's *risotto al salto* is something to eat only in Milan, accompanied by the pinkish *chiaretto* from Lake Garda. For a quick snack before the opera, try the little *quiches* at Motta's, to the right of La Scala's portico, on the corner of Via Verdi.

Italian intermissions are leisurely, affording plenty of time to visit La Scala's fascinating museum, just off the upstairs foyer to the right (it is also open during the day). This is a memento-lover's paradise: locks of hair, inscribed fans and fading photographs, souvenir programs. There also are composer's manuscripts and splen-

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did portraits of legendary artists such as Malibran and Pasta, and—in some rooms at the end—the Gemito busts of Verdi and his wife, Verdi's death mask, his instruments, and his desk from the Grand Hotel de Milan, where he died.

La Scala is Italy's most impressive opera house, but not its most beautiful. Most people would reserve that superlative for the Teatro la Fenice in Venice (though Naples's San Carlo is another contender). La Fenice has one undeniable distinction: You can arrive by water. Floating in a gondola along the Riva del Teatro and being assisted ashore by a liveried attendant lend a nineteenth-century aura to operagoing in Venice. And then the theater's white and gold foyer, its delicate green and rose-plush hall complete the magic.

Here an interval can be spent exploring the handsome neoclassical rooms on the upper floor, the Sale Apollinee with their Venetian glass chandeliers and Empire furniture. Or you can slip out of the theater's front entrance, cross the square, and have a quick glass of wine in the humble, friendly bar Ai Coristi. The chorus members, for whom it is named, will be backstage during these working hours, but there is usually a warm, noisy crowd of gondoliers and local patrons chatting in thick dialect like characters in a Goldoni comedy.

After-opera restaurants range from the simple but good pizzeria on the left of the front portico to the grand and good Antico Martini on the right. Around the theater's left flank is the dark, cozy Taverna Fenice (also a good little hotel), or, past the Coristi, the Colomba, where exotic seafood dishes include salad of *grancella*, a variety of crab from the Venetian lagoon, or plates of tasty, inky-black squid, as well as more conventional but no less interesting dishes, all suited to the delicate white wines of nearby Verona.

The Fenice was the scene of many important premieres (Rossini's *Tancredi* and *Semiramide*, Bellini's *I Capuleti ed i Montecchi*, and, above all, Verdi's *Ernani*, *Simon Boccanegra*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Traviata*); but it is not the only historical theater in Venice. The Cinema Rossini was once the Teatro San Benedetto, where *Traviata* had its famous successful second production, triumphant after the first-night fiasco. And the Cinema Malibran (no opera there now; I once witnessed a wrestling bout in that legendary hall) used to be the Teatro San Giovanni Crisostomo, where Gluck's *Ipermnestra* was first given in 1744.

Florence saves its best stuff for the spring festival, the Maggio Musicale, but it also has a good winter opera season at the modern, comfortable, but antiseptic Teatro Comunale. There are occasional performances, however, in the old Teatro della Pergola, where Verdi's *Macbeth* was first heard in 1847. A theater has stood on this same site since 1656 (the present building is the third), and the present Pergola—an 1857 remodeling—is worthy of its great tradition.

Like Venice, Rome is full of former opera houses. Against the parapet over the Tiber, more or less opposite Castel Sant'Angelo (scene of *Tosca*'s Act III), a troughlike fountain and a simple plaque commemorate the once glorious, now vanished Teatro Apollo, scene of *Il Trovatore*'s first night, as well as Verdi's much-censored *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The Teatro Valle is still standing (now used for plays), where Rossini's *Cenerentola* made its bow, and so is the Teatro Argentina—currently being restored—where his *Barber of Seville* received a fierce booing on its opening night.

Opera in Rome is now given at the Teatro dell'Opera, once called the Teatro Costanzi, after the enterprising, music-loving contractor who built it in 1880. Signore Costanzi also built the adjacent Hotel Quirinale, which has housed operatic luminaries from Verdi to Callas and is convenient for pre-opera dining because a private corridor links the hotel with the interior of the opera house (not accessible to gallery seats, however).

Restored and renamed since Costanzi's day, the Rome Opera is not especially beautiful, but it has left its mark on opera history. One May evening in 1890, Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* was performed there to wild acclaim; the penniless bandmaster became famous overnight, and, with him, the *verismo* movement in opera was launched. A little museum off the upper foyer of the house includes various souvenirs of the theater's brief but notable history.

In Milan, opera begins on time; in Rome, it begins exactly ten minutes late (a form of punctuality, after all); in Naples, it is usually announced to begin at 8:45, and you can count on at least half an hour's grace. An early arrival can be justified by an inspection of the elegant early-nineteenth-century décor with its gold friezes, red velvets, and stucco, or by a stroll in the long bar (excellently stocked and including—perhaps in deference to Naples's large American population, thanks to NATO—such hard-to-find libations as ginger ale).

Guests at the grand waterfront hotels of Naples may walk to the San Carlo Opera House, passing one of Italy's most grandiose nonoperatic spectacles: the bay with the black hulk of Vesuvius looming in the distance, the sea alight with ships, and Capri in the other direction. After-opera eating may be reserved for Ciro's across the street and through the Galleria. Neapolitan cooking can be uneven, but the meal is always saved if you wash it down with full-bodied red Gragnano or the subtle white wine of Ischia.

Opera can be found everywhere in Italy. Palermo has a long season in the colossal Teatro Massimo, a Sicilian version of the Paris Opéra. The Teatro Bellini in Catania, that composer's birthplace, is also delightful. Even the smallest cities offer scratch seasons with special and pleasurable qualities. There is something endearing about a *Bohème* or a *Butterfly* with wrinkled and flapping sets, nervous young singers whose voices have to fight understandable nerves, and the most unlikely accidents (I once saw a stately white cat follow Tosca out of Scarpia's room after the murder). Performances can be good or bad in Italy, as elsewhere, but they have a unique quality, a participation that cannot be found anywhere else. After all, opera was invented in Italy, and the visitor—mingling with an Italian audience, unruly at times, boisterous, patronizing, but alert—shares in that peculiar feeling of ownership.

Pagliacci Partout

OPERA doesn't end in Italy. Germany has more than sixty theaters where opera is performed regularly; the best are in Munich, Hamburg, Berlin, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, and Cologne. The best Swiss productions are in Geneva. The Grand Opéra in Paris is unmatched in France, but high-quality performances can be heard in Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Lyons.

Londoners choose between Covent Garden, for spectacle and names, and the Coliseum—now home of Sadler's Wells Opera—for oddities well performed. Vienna's high season comes with the May Festwochen, but the State Opera and Volks Opera give nightly performances from September through June. Scandinavian opera also hits a high note in festival weeks, but good opera is performed capably all season in Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Helsinki.

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—Irish Tourist Board

THE DUBLIN BARFLY'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

by CONOR O'BRIEN

There is a favorite illusion about Dublin, never seriously refuted by its denizens, that it is generously endowed with pubs exclusively patronized by bright-eyed men whose nonstop conversation is so devastatingly witty that no outsider dare ope his lips in their company. Invariably, they wear no neckties, their hair is black and tousled, their faces ruddy, and their voices increase in volume as they strive to outdo each other in brilliant repartee. All have the manuscripts of unfinished plays in their inside pockets.

Once, some of us Dubliners did our best to put the record right, to emphasize the bleaker reality. We were getting the message across as gently as we could when along came the incomparable Brendan Behan. Invariably, he wore no necktie, his hair was black and tousled, his face ruddy, and his voice increased in volume. His arrival set us truth-propagators back a full generation. Not only was Brendan available to visitors at all times in every Dublin pub simultaneously, he also went on tour, scattering his wit and exuberance around the drinking houses of New York, London, and Paris. The myth got new currency among those anxious to believe it; they passed the stories on with extravagant embellishments; and so reality went back to square one.

What, then, is the truth about Dublin pubs and their inhabitants? In a vast area of uncertainty the only absolute is that nobody has replaced Behan. You may find some posturing minnows in a few of the haunts I shall mention later, but those are the fakes, the professional Irishmen in search of wide-eyed tourists who buy them drinks in return for a bout of verbal chicanery. Give them a whiskey if they amuse you, but make it a small one. Buy them a second and you have either made a discovery or are too drunk to drive back to your hotel.

Even these impostors are rare enough. More often than not the Dublin drinker is predictable—solemn, silent, and sometimes solitary in the afternoon, garrulous and declamatory in the evening as he surrounds himself with a constantly increasing circle of friends. Is it so different in bars anywhere else in the world? My experience in this context is obviously limited, but it is a fact that we Dubliners talk far more than, say, New York bar lizards. Our improvidence with words usually varies proportionately with the consumption of fuel. For the outsider, the challenge is to select with precise accuracy the optimum moment for joining one of these highly charged groups; too soon (before two pints of

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stout have settled into the blood stream) and one runs the risk of being treated merely as an outsider; too late (after the square root of two pints to the power of four) and one is certain to be overwhelmed by a tide of amicable near incoherence.

Sophisticated Americans are well aware of the Irish (and British) system of buying "rounds." Four men and four women walk into the pub, and at once there is much agitation among the men for the honor of buying the first round. The winner of this joust will buy drinks for all eight in the party, but the "round" system decrees that each of the other men will cough up his round at appropriate later stages. It is a heinous practice that invariably results in moderate drinkers taking more than they want or is good for them. But it is the law of the Dublin pub. The solitary American who establishes contact with such a group is advised to contribute his round and get just as jarred as they are. But where there are two or more, it is quite in order to establish firmly and politely that, although they are glad to be admitted to the general company, they prefer to buy their own drinks.

The staple drink in most Dublin pubs is either Irish whiskey (we insist on the "e" in the spelling) or Guinness stout. Both are acquired habits—some might say too habitually acquired. Take your whiskey with not too much water and sip it slowly. If you want to try stout, order only a half pint to start. The uninitiated palate will find it strange and heavy and malty, but it has an impressive pedigree, and patient application will finally produce

(*Continued on page 77*)

Dublin pub—Solemn in the afternoon, garrulous and declamatory at night.

TRADITIONAL PUBS

RYAN'S OF PARKGATE STREET (near Heuston railway terminus). If you want to see what a Dublin pub looked like more than a century ago, this is the place. Most of the furnishing is sparse, but genuine, Victoriana. The rest, such as the wood panels and seats, are honest, modern attempts to re-create the times. In general, the rule is men only, but there are four splendid "snugs," small areas partitioned off from the rest of the bar, any of which a lady may enter with complete propriety. Not all that long ago a woman seen in a pub had as good as surrendered her virtue; so the private snug was introduced to satisfy husbands who were insane enough to want a quiet drink with their wives. Most other traditional pubs have these snugs, but I believe Ryan's is unique in preserving the old system whereby nobody can get in until the barman has released a central locking device on each of the snug doors. It's not exactly Houston Control, but it works admirably. Remarkably, in terms of Dublin pubs, the toilets are spotless.

THE LONG HALL (O'Brien's of South Great George's Street). The long hall is, in fact, a very narrow passage behind the right-hand entrance and will probably prove to be much too confining for normal drinkers. At the far end is a lounge full of interesting prints, but also full of silent patrons less interested in chat than in the blaring television set. Turn left, enter the main bar, and take a deep breath. You have stepped into the nineteenth century, and the décor has all the trimmings of a flamboyant era that gave genuine craftsmen their heads in the decoration of public places. There is a superb bar of ancient dark oak, highly polished brass fittings, some lovely glass and mirrors, all lit by splendid candelabra. Note the magnificent plates along the walls, also the clocks. The Long Hall should be in Dublin's list of museums. Despite the grandeur, plain folk drink here and ladies are welcome. A tip: A very tolerable brandy is served for about 50 cents, appreciably lower than current Dublin prices.

CHATTY PUBS

NEARY'S (Chatham Street, which is just off Grafton Street). Theater people, business executives, and Bright Young Things. Good plain food available, such as salads and plates of meat.

Two pubs favored by journalists and writers are the SILVER SWAN (George's Quay, on the River Liffey near the railway bridge) and the PEARL BAR in Fleet Street. The best talk in both of these starts at about 9 p.m. when the journalists are taking their half-hour supper break.

In term time the universities have their nests. University College students (all 11,000 of them) talk their heads off in KIRWAN HOUSE (bottom of Leeson Street, near St. Stephen's Green), while Trinity College gravitates toward the LINCOLN INN (near the back entrance to the college) or MOONEY'S (of College Street, near the central police station!). These are all pleasant spots, but distinguished by their inhabitants rather than by the pubs themselves.

CURIOSITY PUBS

THE BRAZEN HEAD (Bridge Street). Right in the heart of medieval Dublin and under the magisterial shadow of Christ Church Cathedral. The Brazen Head claims, and justifiably so, to be the city's oldest pub. It got a formal license to serve drink in 1666, but it existed as an inn in the 1100s when the Town of the Black Pool was under the influence of Norman land-grabbers. The present building, of course, is nothing so ancient as this, but its age is undeniably formidable. It is full of historical bric-a-brac which Mr. Cooney will be glad to explain. The murky atmosphere and an uncompromising reverence for the past don't exactly add up to the most comfortable pub in Dublin, but it can't fail to impress you. Sometimes in the evening a spontaneous sing-song adds an incongruous, but thoroughly enjoyable, new dimension to the surroundings. Best at weekends.

SINGING PUBS

The unwary tourist has to enter this difficult and largely uncharted alcoholic area with very great caution. "Here Be Wilde Beasts." In theory there are several Dublin pubs that provide organized entertainment while you drink. Usually some singing by a professional is the

(*Continued on page 77*)

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AT HOME WITH THE BARONS AND EARLS

—*Elliott Erwitt, Magnum*

by BEATA BISHOP

The decline of Britain's imperial grandeur and huge fortunes has been a boon to none other than the American tripper. Private owners of the many historic houses and landmarks have been forced by enormous death duties and dizzily rising postwar maintenance costs to turn over their properties to the government or at least to open them to the turnstile-clicking public. Once-inviolable gates and doors now swing open to Everyman.

This dawning "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness"—normally warm, gentle, and attractively melancholy—shows the British countryside at its best. Autumn suits the place. Before winter arrives to close down many of Britain's assorted castles, abbeys, towers, priories, gardens, and mills, visitors will find themselves welcome in 380 historic places in England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. The price of a single $3.50 ticket will open all those doors over a three-week period. The British Tourist Authority provides the list.

A maddening thing about this scheme is that a person enters by one gate, leaves by another, and never does much more than fill his eyes. A visitor wonders in vain what it would be like to live in the place, to wake up in an Elizabethan bedroom overlooking a walled herb garden, or to dine by candlelight in a fifteenth-century Scottish castle. Actually it's all possible, thanks to a thirty-nine-year-old banker named David Morse, who launched a program with the low-key title of "Country Homes and Castles in Great Britain" (CHC) three years ago. Morse comes from an old Suffolk family and was born and brought up in the best English country-house belt. His idea is to make gracious living available to American visitors who want to see more than just the surface. CHC has a pool of 300 hospitable and historic homes all over England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. Twenty of them are castles, the others ranging from grand mansions to small, ancient cottages. Properties are classified as one-, two-, and three-star residences, according to size, amenities, and domestic staff.

About one-third of the hosts have some sort of title. They include one duke, six countesses, one marquess, fifteen to twenty lords, some thirty knights, a sprinkling of baronets, and a fair share of honourables, i.e., young-

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er sons of earls and of peers below the rank of marquess.

Visitors' geographical and historical wishes are fulfilled whenever possible. Only those who specify a real Old World castle near London are turned down. With the exception of Windsor Castle, occupied by the Royal Family, there is no such thing. Castles, as Morse points out, invariably meant a threat to royal power, and, therefore, those near London were methodically demolished over the centuries by the Kings of England. But plenty are left in Scotland and Wales.

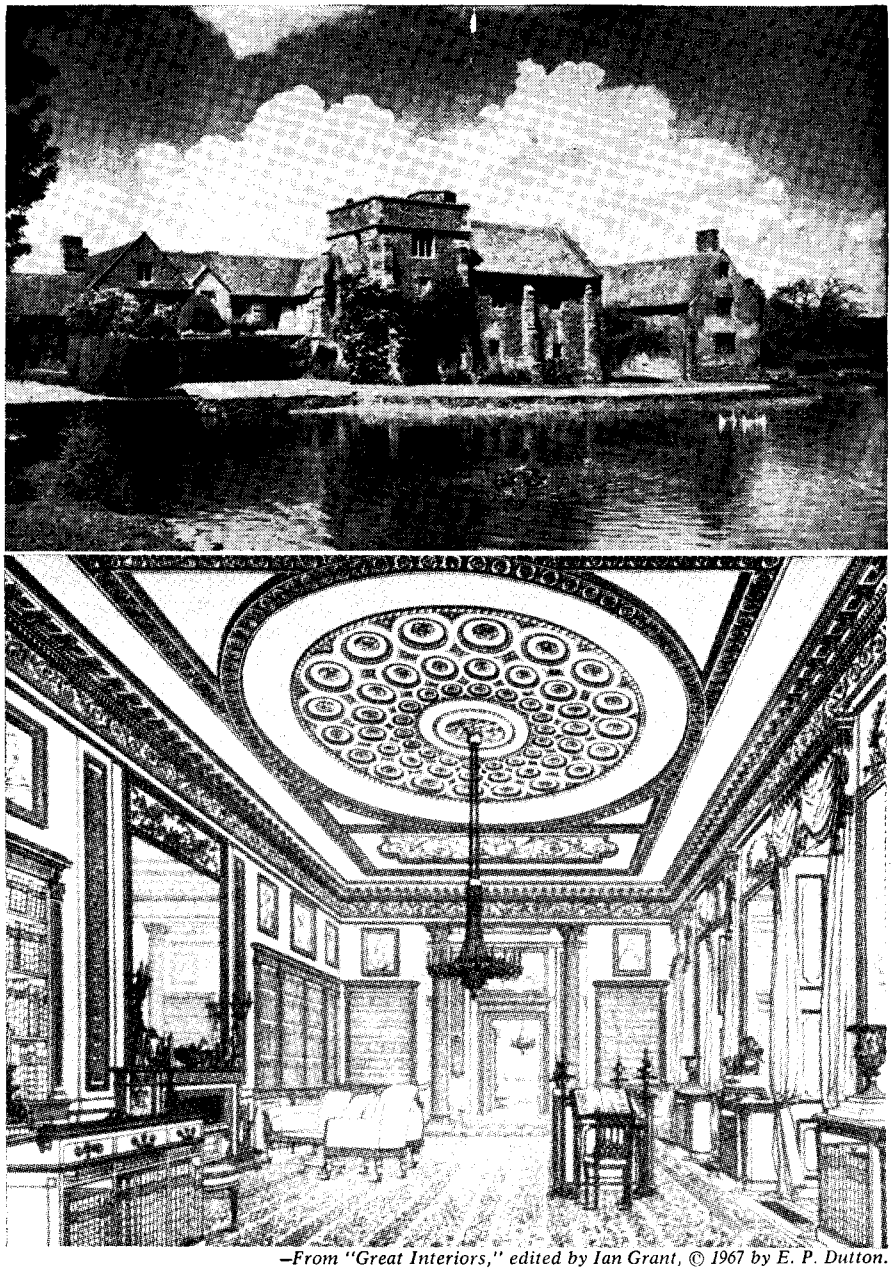
"I inspect every property myself," says Morse. "Atmosphere is all-important. If it's wrong, I refuse the offer, however charming the owners or the house may be. How do I define atmosphere? I don't. It's either there or it isn't, and I simply back my own judgment. The first thing I tell intending hosts is that they mustn't expect to make a lot of money. The scheme isn't based on exploiting tourists. Unless an owner feels that it's going to be fun to meet people from abroad, and unless he's content to recover his expenses and maybe earn a little extra, he's not the right person for us."

Charges for two per night (including accommodation, drinks, dinner, and breakfast) are $38 in a one-star, $58 in a two-star, and $78 in a three-star home. Etiquette is strictly observed. Visitors settle in advance with the firm; no money changes hands between host and guest. Arrangements are normally for one, two, or three nights, although some people specify six homes with four nights in each.

"Most visitors want to see a lot in a short time," says Morse. "Also, if the personal chemistry isn't right, which doesn't happen often, a short stay won't harm either side. If hosts and guests get on very well, which is normally the case, they can agree on a longer stay. We've already had American visitors returning mainly to meet again their hosts of an earlier visit. What's more, some English hosts have been invited to the States by their delighted guests."

CHC asks enquirers what kind of people they wish to meet. Discretion is absolute. Attractive information sheets are sent along containing the picture and description of the property, plus neighborhood attractions, but neither address nor the owner's name. Strangely enough, the operation is totally unknown in Britain. CHC doesn't cater to locals, anyway. It wouldn't be suitable by British reckoning if the local butcher and his lady turned up to stay with Lord and Lady Higginbottom.

Guests, who must have their own transport, arrive between 5 and 7 p.m., tidy up in their room (which probably contains a four-poster bed), have a drink with their hosts, perhaps a stroll in the park, and then sit down to a meal with all the gracious trimmings. The next day, after a substantial English breakfast, they either leave for their next destination or explore the neighborhood. Many properties are near first-class golf courses. Sometimes river fishing or shooting is available. But, on the whole, you're expected to look after yourself in the daytime, unless you choose an extension of the scheme, known as "Insiders' Britain," wherein hosts also act as drivers and guides. Their memories and asides can make a whole region come to life. What a pleasure to spend a simple relaxed evening in a beautiful sitting room full of knickknacks, flowers, burnished silver, and gleaming mahogany, lovingly tended by successive generations under the same roof.



—From "Great Interiors," edited by Ian Grant, © 1967 by E. P. Dutton.

Fifteenth-century English manor house (top) and library of Woburn Abbey—"gorgeous anachronisms, demanding unlimited funds and armies of staff."

Hundreds of other homes, castles, and various landmarks may be ogled in the course of a day, an afternoon, or merely an hour. Britain's privately owned stately homes are the grandest, richest, most splendid houses in the country, the habitat of the superaristocracy. They're gorgeous anachronisms, demanding unlimited funds and armies of staff. Without paying visitors—and occasional government repair grants—they'd be sentenced to quick decay and ruin. It costs £120,000 a year to maintain the twelve lakes that decorate the grounds of Woburn Abbey. Every year some six million

(*Continued on page* 107)

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HIGH-STRUNG IN IBERIA

FLAMENCO IN SPAIN

by MARIANO BÁGUENA

Most people—even a few fellow Spaniards—have a vague mental picture of flamenco. They see flashing-eyed Spanish or Latin American women, the image of Carmen Miranda, whirling and clapping their hands with much foot stamping and castanet rattling, while a lone guitar player strums in the shadows. Flamenco, to them, is the essence of Spanish culture, a national song and dance routine.

Hollywood and show business being what they are, this misconception has received a worldwide airing. To set things straight, flamenco is not a *national* phenomenon. In fact it is totally a product of the gypsies of Andalusia, the southern coastal region of Spain, and is really concentrated in only two provinces, Seville and Cádiz. And the heart of the art of flamenco is in the communication of intense emotions through singing; the dancing is peripheral and a relatively recent addition.

Flamenco, like jazz, has its roots in hardship and persecution. There are other parallels. Jazz and flamenco both are minority arts, performed by the minority for minority audiences. In a way, they are both products of segregation, since, like the Negroes, the Spanish gypsies lived very much unto themselves, although they were pure anarchists who chose a life apart. And the voices of both black singers and the Spanish gypsies convey unique and powerful emotions. The late Niña de los Peines (The Girl with the Combs), possibly Spain's greatest flamenco singer of this century, was frequently compared to Billie Holliday.

Flamenco was a product not only of the gypsies but of a peculiarly Spanish amalgam of persecuted and hounded underground groups with whom the gypsies mixed and intermarried when they came to Spain around the fifteenth century: the Moriscos (Arabs who remained after the expulsion of the Moors and were baptized as Christians), the converted Jews, and the native Spanish underground—thieves, prostitutes, and others of society's natural anarchists. Each had bits and pieces of a musical tradition.

It was from this fertile sediment that flamenco sprang, yet the mystery is that there is no hint or record of anything like flamenco outside of Andalusia. If the gypsies brought flamenco to Andalusia, one would expect gypsies in other parts of Spain or in other countries to sing flamenco, but they don't. Cervantes, writing in the sixteenth century, tells of gypsy entertainers learning and singing Castilian songs, but no mention of flamenco. It was not until 1783, with the abolition of the discriminatory laws against the gypsies, Moriscos, and other minorities by Charles III, that they were allowed to settle in Andalusia.

Prior to the mid-1800s, flamenco was almost a guarded secret in Andalusia—the gypsies of course tend to be secretive and distrustful of outsiders. In the 1850s, however, curiosity arose about this interesting song style and led to the creation of the *café cantantes* (the music halls), where eventually dancing was added to the songs for theatrical effect. Around 1910, flamenco fell into disrepute, after some writers of the "Generation of '98," in a puritanic mood following the Spanish-American War, tended to associate flamenco with the low life. In 1922, however, García Lorca and Falla organized the first flamenco contest in this century in Granada. From that time on a gradual revival of interest has taken place, and today a full-scale renaissance is in progress.

Flamenco does not depend so much upon vocal perfection as on the ability of the singer to convey an intense emotion—and on the receptivity of the listener as well. The flamenco performer expresses in his tone, in the harsh quality of his voice, all the suffering of his life and of his people. It is not *bel canto*, and an old man may deliver

(*Continued on page 74*)

—*Spanish National Tourist Office*

Flamenco, Madrid-style—"tender, angry, bawdy, cynical, or joyful."

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FADO IN PORTUGAL

by MARVINE HOWE

People who believe that fado is merely a case of extreme musical melancholia are wrong. Fado is a style of life mingling the excruciating anxiety of a good bullfight, the hushed loneliness of cobblestoned alleys after midnight, the mellow companionship of dim, crowded taverns, the relentless search for love lost in a willow grove.

Fado comes from the Latin word for fate and is a poignant complaint against the cruelties of destiny. Some people trace fado back to the troubadour poetry of the Middle Ages; others to the Arab occupation of Iberia. But the fado as an independent musical form was born along the Lisbon waterfront at the turn of the nineteenth century. Portuguese sailors, returning home from long journeys to Brazil, Africa, and India, brought with them strange rhythms blended with their own nostalgia for the homeland. In Lisbon's rough seamen's quarters of Alfama, Mouraria, Bairro Alto, and Alcantara, sailors taught their bittersweet songs to prostitutes, fishwives, fruit vendors, and Bohemians, who became the first *fadistas*.

In this age of commercialization and conformity true *fadistas* with their irreverent, passionate gypsy souls are hard to find. They no longer sing for love in simple cafés and taverns but generally appear in fado houses for a fixed salary, belong to the National Artists' Union, and repeat tired songs for tourists.

Fado is currently suffering growing pains. Fado houses are bigger and brighter and prices higher than ever. They are in danger of becoming tourist reserves because the average Portuguese cannot pay 600 escudos ($21) for a bottle of whisky plus 35 per cent tax, which is the average fee. Fado lovers are deserting the old fado houses. They prefer to go to *retiros*, or retreats, where amateur *fadistas* hang out, or to organize their own fado sessions at home or in small restaurants.

But for the foreign passerby, who is condemned to the commercial houses, a few words of warning are in order. The big and well-publicized fado house Adega Machado and the smaller Marcia Condessa are tourist snares and best avoided. Lar Portugues and Solar do Minho recently have earned bad publicity and fines for overcharging clients. Parreirinha de Alfama provides good guitarists but often makes mistakes in the bill. Timpanas is becoming a place for men to find mates rather than music. O Forcado and Viela offer mediocre music at first-class prices.

Almost everywhere it has become necessary to defend yourself when the bill appears. A Severa is generally straightforward with prices. The folklore is pretty terrible, but the food and fado are very good.

It is respectable to go to a fado house after 10 p.m., but the best time is after midnight. Artists don't like to sing with dinner clatter and cannot give full vent to their art while their listeners are struggling with beefsteak. The most they'll put up with happily is the typical fado fare of grilled sausage and red wine.

When the show goes on, most of the lights are turned off and a religious hush falls over the place. The *fadista* appears, aloof and uninterested in the audience. A male *fadista* will wear a plain business suit, while a woman generally wears a simple black dress and clutches a black shawl. The *fadista* traditionally has two accompanying guitars: the Portuguese lute with twelve strings and the regular six-string Spanish guitar.

A good *fadista* is like a high priest delivering an incantation. She will throw back her head, shut her eyes, and lose herself in the sorrow of man's eternal solitude. Fado lyrics are tragic, but the real suffering is in the *fadista*'s

(*Continued on page* 108)

—*Fritz Henle, Monkmeyer*

Fado, Lisbon-style—"tragic, lost, unrequited, sinful, divine."

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WEST END STORY

by CLIVE BARNES

Everyone knows the sad stories of passionate American theatergoers who hate the American theater. Once a year, turning their backs on the dimmed lights of old Broadway, they jumbo-jet over to swinging London and indulge in a swinish orgy of British theater. This, they will assure you on returning, cost them virtually nothing, and they saw a standard of theater unknown to New York. Rubbish!

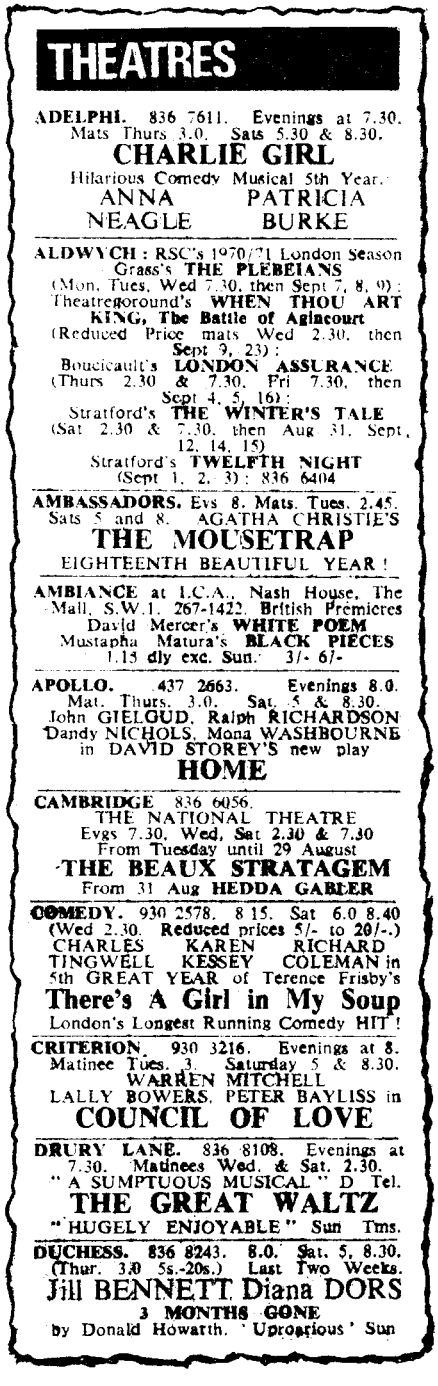
Then there is the earnest British play-lover. He arrives in Manhattan, spends a day trying to get into *Applause,* gives up, and discovers the Cafe La Mama and the off Off-Broadway scene. He becomes so switched on that it is difficult to get him back on the plane. Eventually he is assisted on by two stewardesses, and he fumes all the way across the Atlantic about Laurence Olivier, Britain's National Theater, and the London theater's total lack of engagement. What is the truth?

Max Beerbohm once said that the theater was a clever mixture of "myths, mysteries, and mistresses." Myths predominate. Let us examine several of them in this amiable Anglo-American thespian contrast.

First: The English theater is much cheaper than the American theater. True or false? In fact, false. To be sure, an American visitor counting out his dollars at $2.40 to the pound will find theater seats remarkably cheap. Even in the best theaters you will rarely pay more than $5, and you can still often get into the cheapest unreserved seats for less than 50 cents. It sounds wonderful. But please remember that any Londoner earning $5,000 a year considers himself well off. A top-flight secretary will not earn much above $2,500, and men are bringing up families, quite successfully, on markedly less. Indeed, there is very little relation between the cost of living in London and the cost of living in New York. What appear to be cheap seats to people on New York salaries are quite expensive to Londoners.

Second: The English theater is much superior to the American theater. True or false? In fact, this is an extraordinarily difficult question to provide an honest answer to. Later this entire discussion will be centered around this question.

Third: The London theater is far easier to get into than the New York theater. True or false? In fact, true.



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3 MONTHS GONE
by Donald Howarth. 'Uproarious' Sun

And I have no idea why this should be so. In New York, to see a hit, people book months and months ahead. In London they don't. It is probably as simple as that.

Alexander H. Cohen, who is a producer in both New York and London and, as such, probably knows more on this question than anyone, told me the other day that in New York he can almost precisely evaluate the length of a play's run from the critical reception of the first night. In London, he freely admits, he has no idea how long a show will run. In New York you have party bookings, benefits, and advances from here until the show's doomsday. In London you live from one month until the next. A show that appears to be a smash hit may unexpectedly fall off and close within a few weeks.

Fourth: In the New York theater the critics are all-powerful, while in the London theater they do not count. True or false? In fact, false, but with a glimmer of truth to it. In the first place, the power of the New York critics is greatly overemphasized by producers anxious to find a lame whipping boy for their own grandiloquent failures. New York critics are blamed for everything in the theater—including the weather, which is inevitably either too hot or too cold to attract paying customers. Yet there is no doubt that the New York critics, both in print and vision (for Europe is yet to discover the TV drama critic), do exert more sheer box-office power than their European opposite numbers. It is a pity, but Americans do tend to want to be told what to think—you can see the tendency in Presidential elections as much as in playgoing.

In London people view critics with the interested skepticism they deserve. In London a critic—of drama or even horse racing—is read more for his style than opinions. Indeed, one of London's justifiably most revered critics is demonstrably an ass when it comes to offering an opinion on a play. Yet, reasonably enough, he is much admired, even loved. He writes brilliantly, and therefore must be read, and then ignored. This, I think, is healthy.

Fifth and last of our myths and mysteries: Whether you are in New

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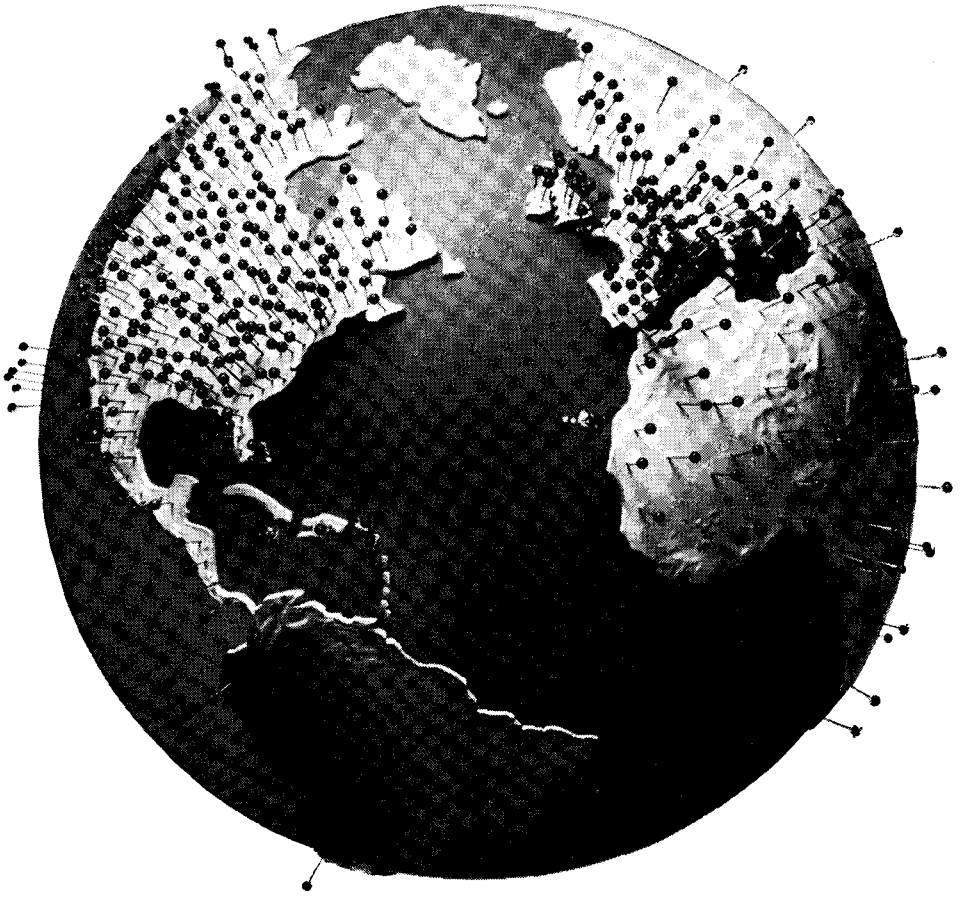

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York or London, if you have the right connections you can always get into a theater at a moment's notice. True or false? Neither, but a terribly difficult question. Let me immediately explain that if you go up to an English box office and they say they are sold out, they mean that every single ticket for that performance has been contracted for. They have sold—and this is very difficult for Americans to understand—every reserved ticket in the house. (Most theaters have unreserved seats—the cheapest and at the top of the theater—which can only be sold on the day of performance.) On the other hand, if you go up to an American box office, ask for a seat, and they say they are sold out, they are lying in their teeth. They still have the house tickets, and if you know the right people you can buy them.

In London there is no such cushion. If, say, Princess Margaret suddenly decides she would like to see a play, there are times when seats will actually have to be bought back from paying customers. And for people less exalted than Princess Margaret the theaters can do nothing. Let me make one point. When *The New York Times*'s drama critic makes his annual assessment of the London theater season, he in fact pays hard cash for about half of his tickets. And the theater in question is doing him a favor—usually by letting him have the first returned ticket to the box office.

In New York, if you know the right people, or friends of the right people, you will always gain admission to the theater of your choice. It is also easier to bribe your way into theaters in New York than it is in London. Scalpers in Manhattan are so much better organized.

A few words about theatrical amenities: Admittedly, there are fewer London theaters (if you count Off-Broadway, as you must, London has less than half, nearer a third, of the theaters to be found in New York), but you can ask a London cab driver to take you to any of them, and he will know, without asking, the shortest route. Just try asking a New York hack for a lesser-known Off-Broadway theater without having the route engraved on your heart. You'll never make it by curtain time.

London theaters have bars. They should be avoided. They are crowded, nasty, and, at least on first nights, insincere. Leave the theater and go to the nearest pub. Drinks are cheaper, the atmosphere is quieter, and even the worst play seems rosier.

Very few London theaters are air-conditioned, and those few that are often disguise the fact with startling success. On hot days you sweat. Fortunately, London has comparatively few hot days.

Well, then, to return to the second question: Is the English theater markedly superior to the American? The British theater is better subsidized than the American. The average American theater tourist arrives in London, eyes, ears, nostrils ready for everything that is good in the London theater. Frantically he covers the scene. He has a great week or so and tells his friends about it. Yet, summed up, he probably never strays away from Britain's national theaters. He sees performances by the National Theater at either the Old Vic or the Cambridge, performances by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych. He also sees a couple of new plays at the Royal Court Theater. And for opera and ballet there are always the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the London Coliseum, and the Sadler's Wells Theater.

My point is a simple one. The American tourist comes to London, sees half a dozen or so performances, thinks that they are magnificent (and he is right), and compares them, unfairly, with Broadway. The vital difference between the London and New York theaters is that fundamentally, deep down where it matters, in its institutions, London is comparatively rich and New York is comparatively poor.

To the European it is amazing that a city such as New York, with its great theatrical traditions and enormous theatrical public, does not have a classic repertory theater of the stature of those in London, Paris, or Vienna. And this is strange. Shakespeare, for example, is as much America's heritage as Britain's, for it is the language that counts. Elizabethan England is no more remote to a little boy growing in the Bronx than it is to a little boy growing up in a London suburb. And yet Shakespeare is left to visiting companies and the summer festival in Central Park.

Restoration comedy and Elizabethan and Jacobean drama are all quite rare to theatergoers in New York. European classics are just as uncommon, and very often we do not get the best of the contemporary European theater. For example, Günter Grass's *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* is not a great play, but it is one that New York should be able to see. Because it could not possibly be commercially viable on Broadway and would not be suitable for an Off-Broadway house, I can see little possibility of an American production.

Nor do the American theater economics allow us to see all that is best in the modern English theater. For example, we can be given plays such as *Conduct Unbecoming* and *Sleuth,* which are clearly marketable products, but New York has yet to see a play by Edward Bond or David Storey, Britain's two most interesting young playwrights.

There is also the matter of acting. The level of acting tends to be better in London than in New York. There is good cause for this. In London actors can make a living from the film and television studios, which is difficult, if not impossible, in New York; most American studios are in Los Angeles. As a result good actors tend to go where the work is, rather than hang around New York waiting for the possibility of a play that may close overnight when it finally arrives.

New York does, however, have advantages over London theatrically. The Broadway musical is passing through a poor phase, but even at its worst it is more professional, has more expertise and spirit than the run-of-the-mill West End musical.

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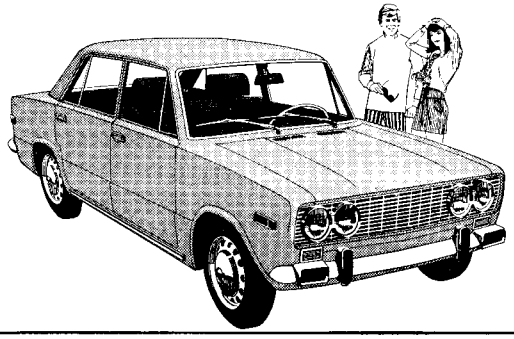

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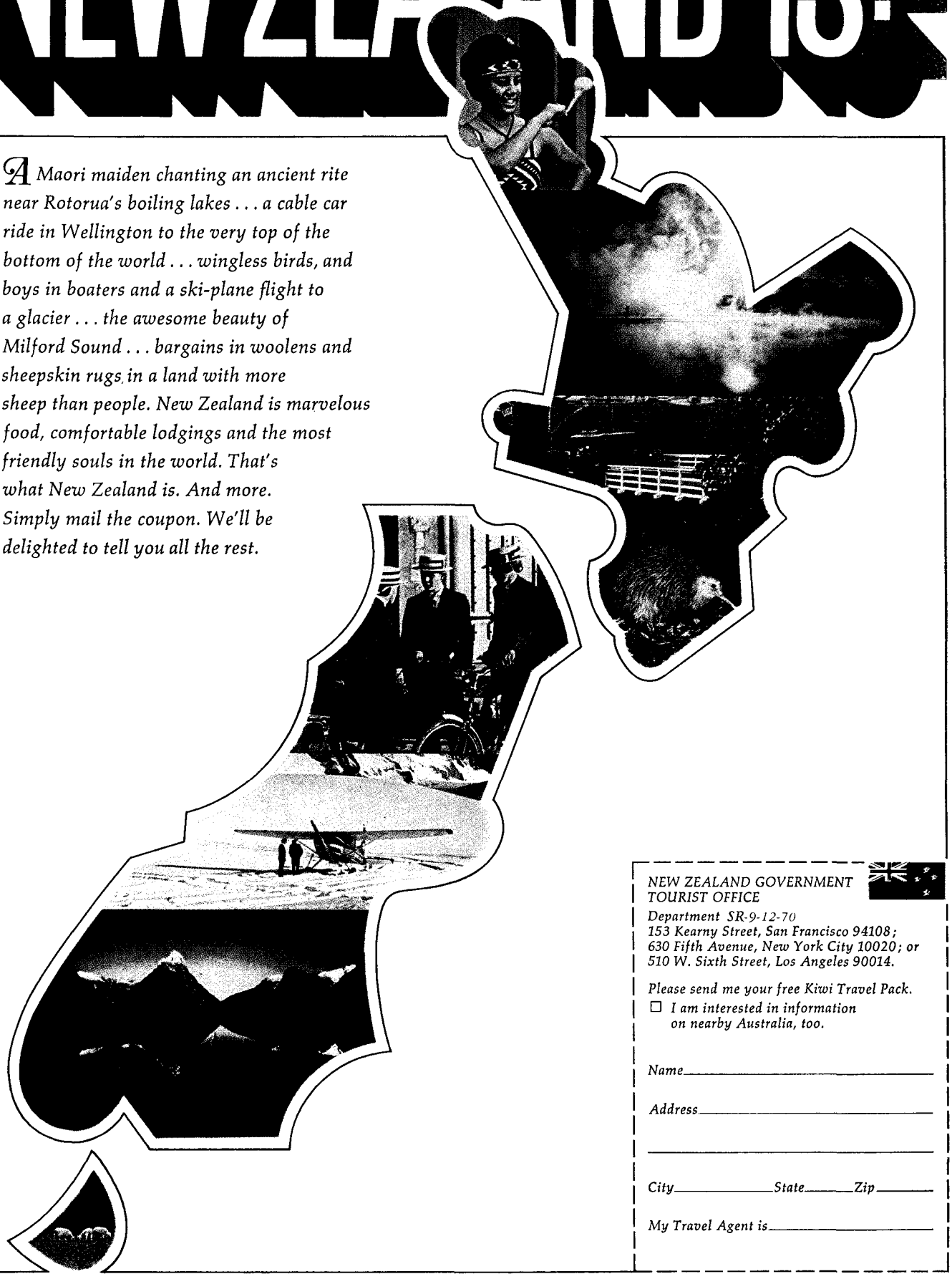

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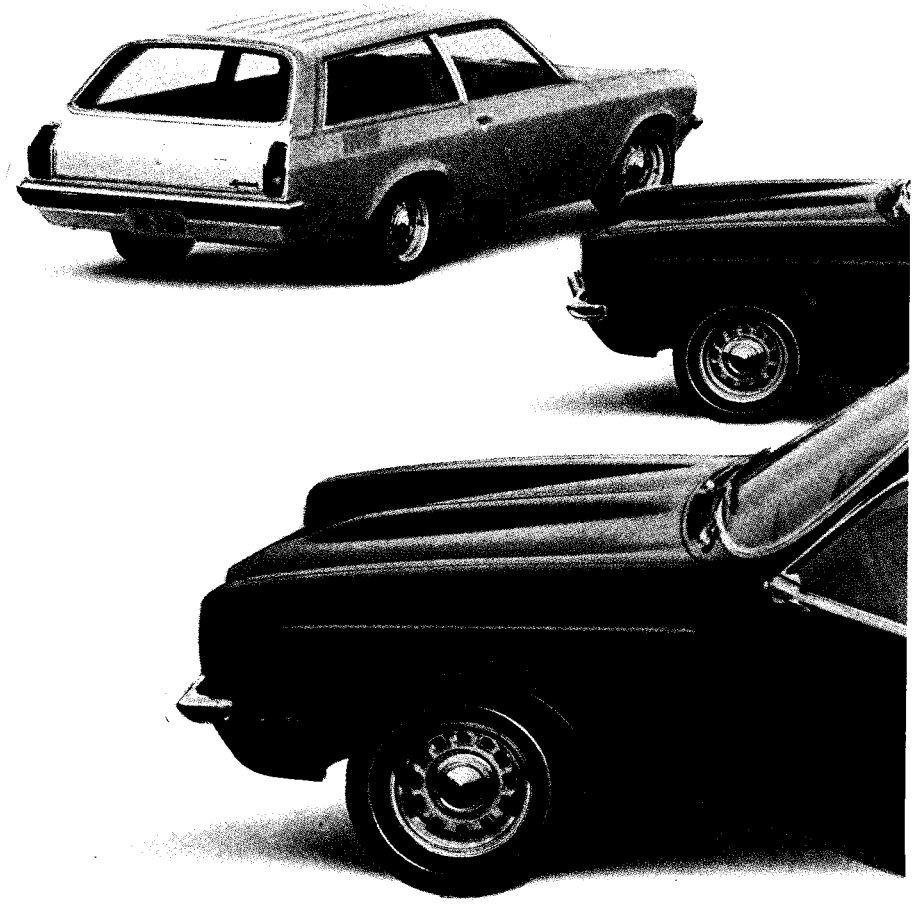

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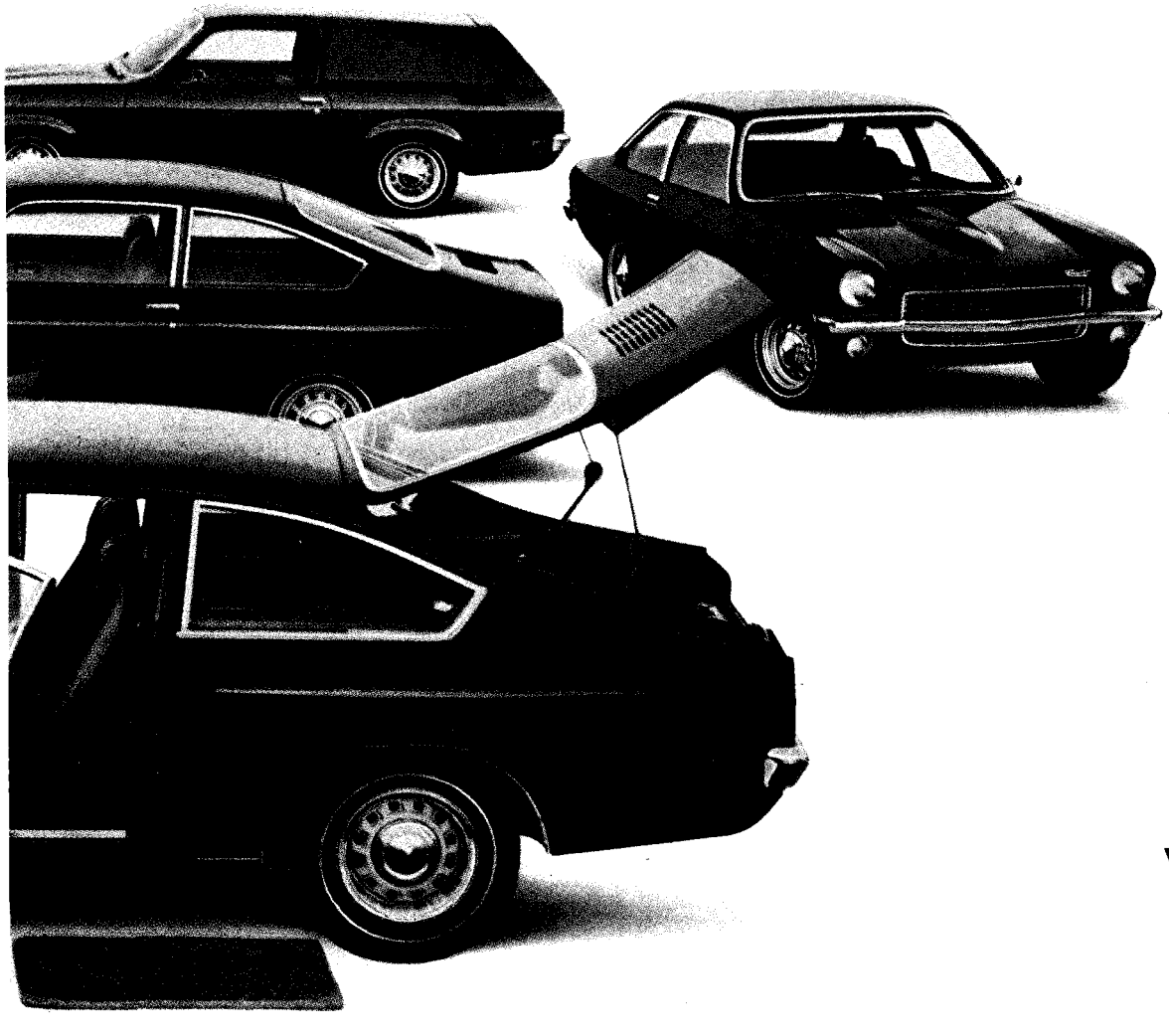

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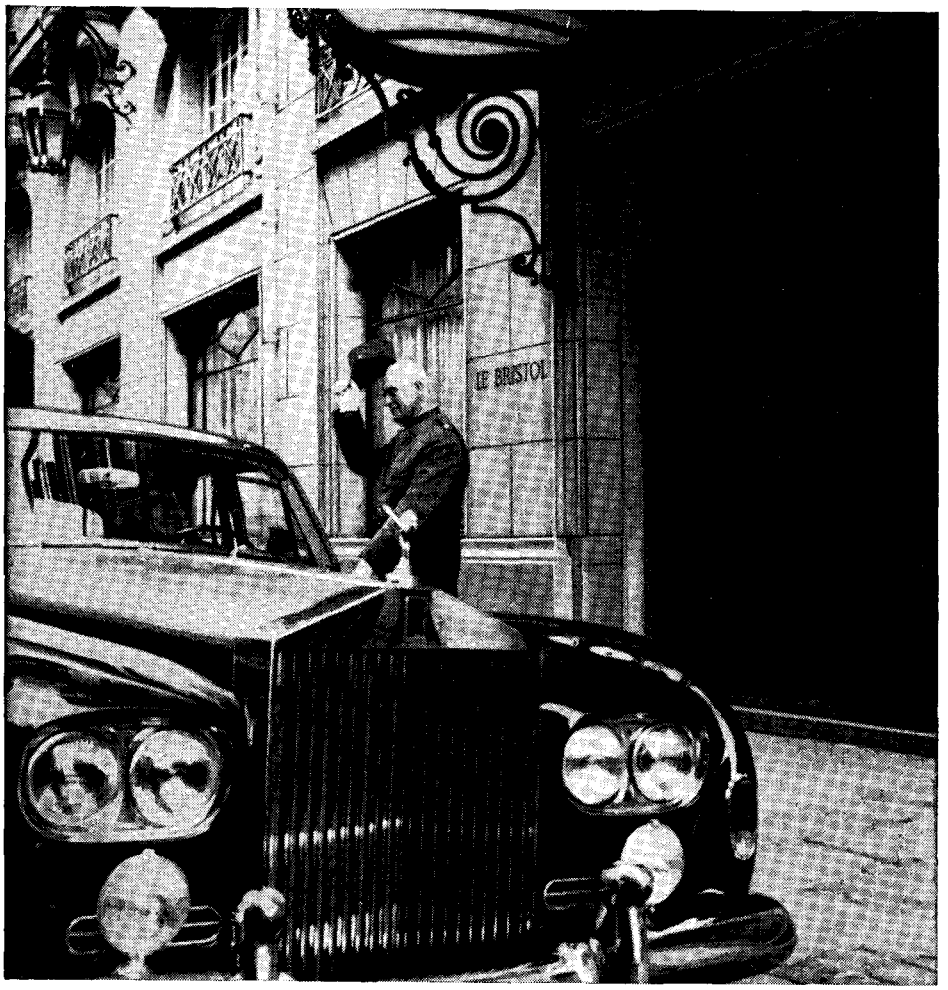

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THE MOST GLAMOROUS HALF MILE IN THE WORLD

by JOSEPH BARRY

"What does the Faubourg St. Honoré mean to you," I dutifully asked an elegant Frenchwoman, who, like all others, has inherited more than a touch of Madame de Pompadour. "It means going to the Faubourg in the morning," she replied, "not too early, to Alexandre's or Carita's to have your hair set and your face relaxed for the evening. It means dropping in on several couturiers or their boutiques—Castillo, Lanvin, Courrèges, Feraud, St. Laurent—to know what you will be wearing. Dior, *hélas*, is elsewhere. Very inconvenient. For presents at the end of the year, for the little *agenda* for a lady, for instance, you go to the Faubourg. No Frenchwoman would dare note a rendezvous on anything but an Hermès *agenda*. And all year long you drop by in the afternoon for a bit of *lèche-vitrine*—'window licking'—with a friend or a foreign guest to see and show what is going on."

The east end of the Faubourg St. Honoré, narrow and unassuming as French boulevards go, may be the most glamorous half mile in the world. Its ten-block stretch is rich as Lasserre's pastry cart with the great names of French couture, with the quiet elegance of the city's most fashionable if oppressively serene hotels. Add the British Embassy and the ultimate, the Presidential Palace itself. Behind its gray walls lived the Marquise de Pompadour, mistress of that man born bored, Louis XV. Taught early to dance, sing, act, and play musical instruments, she did everything she could to divert him. And what she could not do for him she arranged to have done. She had taste and intelligence, and as Voltaire said, "She was one of us." She also had an unlimited expense account, and on her death in 1764 it took two lawyers more than a year to make an inventory of what she left.

Madame de Pompadour left a more enduring mark on the Faubourg than her successor, two centuries later, Mme. de Gaulle. In the de Gaulle time the winds blew icy in the neighborhood, and there were problems with Cardin, whose diverse emporiums are spread about the Faubourg like *zincs* in Montparnasse. Cardin's brass-and-black-marble shop for men is opposite the walled and guarded Presidential Palace. Up the street is his boutique for fashionable babies and preteens, and directly across, at No. 118, are his two boutiques for women. On the seventh floor of his men's shop, Cardin designs his Stick Line, or Twiggy Look, for men (about $500 a custom-tailored suit). While they waited their turn, not long ago at twilight, his mannequins looked out the mansard windows and pointed for my benefit to the lights in de Gaulle's sanctum. Nervously, Car-

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din's assistant waved us back, remarking, "*They* don't like it."

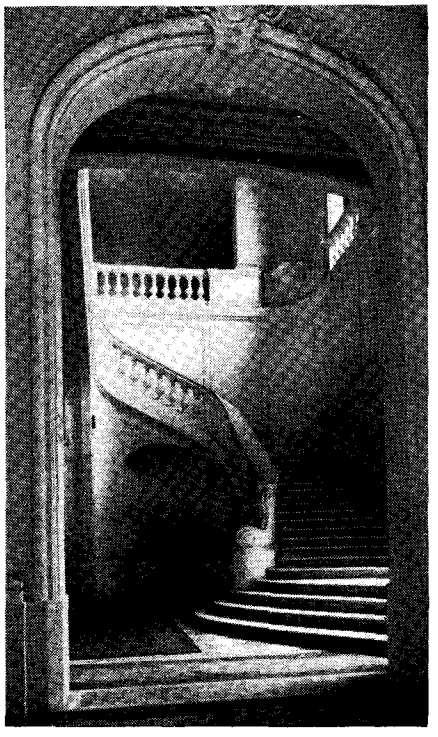
In the more affable administration of President Pompidou there is an air of détente between the palace and its neighbors, but, unlike the White House, its precincts are forbidding and unvisitable. Still, it adds a certain cachet to the street, rather like putting 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue at 57th Street and Fifth. With or without the palace, the Faubourg, as Baedeker would put it, is well worth a detour.

Few enter the Frenchman's salon, fewer the Frenchwoman's boudoir, but there *are* the windows and shops on the Faubourg St. Honoré, which American women might, at the least, look upon as the living museum of French taste that is so much part of French life. In this small stretch, at last quick count, are fifty-one fashion houses, thirty-three hairdressers and *instituts de beauté*, and fourteen art galleries. I might add, for men, that there is nothing more harrowing, or haremlike, than running the gantlet of bold, hungry eyes of the women having their hair done at Carita, No. 11 on the Faubourg, should they enter the door for Madame instead of Monsieur. The men—"more prudish," says one of the Carita sisters—have their own private cubicles for a trim, facial, and touch-up.

Once, at Christmastime, an antique dealer at No. 20 with the euphonious, aristocratic name of Yvonne de Brémond d'Ars—her tears stained the first secretary she sold—decorated her window as the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour, faithful to the last rococo detail. A French collector chanced along, savoring the Faubourg's windows, entered, and insisted on buying the entire display and having it installed in his Paris town house by Christmas Eve. Mademoiselle d'Ars, herself a period piece, obliged.

"It was almost midnight," she says, "by the time I had finished. Then suddenly a servant brought in a table for two, candles, cakes, and champagne, and my client appeared in an elegant, brocaded costume of Louis XV. 'Thank you, Mademoiselle,' he said. 'You see, I have just offered myself a gift for Christmas. Tonight I am supping with the Marquise de Pompadour.' I tiptoed away, leaving them to themselves."

On the other hand, there is an American friend, frequently abroad, who trips nostalgically to his own past at Au Nain Bleu, the toyshop slightly beyond the Rue Royale, where the Faubourg St. Honoré becomes the older, more prosaic street, Saint Honoré, of an earlier, smaller Paris. The city once ended at this point; beyond the gate and wall was the *faubourg* or suburb. A path, now Faubourg St. Honoré,



American Embassy Building "C"— "Tokyo - London - Washington axis."

picked up at the gate and led to the village of Roule, best known for its goose market. And now all is happily part of today's Paris.

At the Nain Bleu (Blue Dwarf) there are few revolvers or pistols (I spotted *none*), and the toy soldiers are for adult collectors. The dolls are classically French and Italian; there is no audible cry for those that walk, talk, sing, or wee-wee. The young director talks bravely of the new technical toys —electronic and *téléguidé*—but his

Hermès fourth floor museum — "bags, scarves, Maximilian trappings."

heart is only half with them. Not because they are German, but because he is French. Like the children. Can you imagine three floors of tantalizing playthings and children behaving as decorously as in a French park, where they never, *never* walk on the grass?

Retracing the few steps back to the Faubourg, it is not difficult, it is *impossible*, to imagine a time when the entire quarter was pastoral. And the Presidential Palace at No. 55 was the country house or *hôtel* of the Comte d'Evreux, rising grandly and quite alone in the greenery of 1718. It was built, incidentally, with the money of the Comte's lowly born wife, whom he, consequently, despised and whom his mother, with cool French clarity, called "my little gold bar." The *hôtel* passed on to La Pompadour, who left it handsomely to one of Louis XV's grandsons. There were several more peregrinations of proprietorship before it became the residence of the seventeen Presidents of the last three French republics.

Great *hôtels* began to spring up, some frankly speculative, throughout the eighteenth century, most of them on the southern (sunny) odd-numbered side of today's Faubourg St. Honoré, with great gardens that still exist extending to the Champs Elysées. Nobles and the newly rich hired the same architects, achieved the same splendor, and would be surprised at their successors. At No. 39, the Hôtel de Charost was bought in 1815 from Pauline Bonaparte, Napoleon's younger sister, by—shades of Waterloo!—the Duke of Wellington to become the British Embassy. Adjacent is the British ambassador's residence, where garden parties are invariably held in what the Parisian calls British weather—Paris rain. To the east, at No. 31, is the Japanese ambassador's residence; to the west, at No. 41, will soon be the American ambassador's (formerly Rothschild's). That makes quite a Tokyo-London-Washington axis for the most French of Paris's chic streets. But in 1776, when a coiffure was named "Aux Insurgents," in honor of the popular American rebels, the Faubourg St. Honoré barely escaped the name of "New America" as the future address of President de Gaulle.

The British garden party is by invitation only. Failing that, however, there is always the Bristol Hotel further up the Faubourg at No. 112. Tapestried, marble-halled, it is the Ritz of the quarter, and a stay there is rather like a visit with Queen Victoria. Indeed, it reminds one of that fastidious time when ladies traveled with linen bath covers so they might not touch what had been so intimately touched by

(*Continued on page* 100)

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—Henri Cartier-Bresson, Magnum

BACCHANAL IN BAVARIA

by PAUL MOOR

Bavaria has been called the Texas of Germany, and I suppose it is a fair comparison. Both states consider themselves independent entities, and neither will let you forget it. Other Germans tend to regard Bavarians as hicks. In the countryside beyond Munich, a wanderer can scarcely avoid the omnipresent, florid-faced Bavarians in Lederhosen or dirndls, seemingly planted there by the National Tourist Association. Munich itself has a certain rustic flavor, but it also has a sophistication and an elegance seldom appreciated by outlanders.

Munich's musical scene can hold its own with any city in the world except possibly London. Musica Viva, a superb concert series, has changed since the death of Karl Amadeus Hartmann, the bluff, folksy Bavarian (an internationally recognized composer in his own right). Hartmann put postwar Munich endlessly in his debt by founding and directing Musica Viva. Today it offers fewer concerts with more selective programs and bigger-name performers. The Bavarian State Opera ranks among the best in Europe, its adventurous repertoire guaranteed by a brilliant, relatively young triumvirate: Günther Rennert as administrator and chief stage director, Wolfgang Sawallisch as *Generalmusikdirektor*, and Rudolf Heinrich functioning as probably the greatest theatrical designer in the world today. During the entire winter season, Munich's concert halls offer most of the greatest names in music today. *Most*, but not all: Some still refuse to forget the Nuremberg racial laws and Auschwitz; so today's Germans try to fill that lacuna by buying more of those musicians' recordings than any other nation in Europe. As a final fillip, Munich annually has full seasons by *four* symphony orchestras, the best of them being the Bavarian Radio Orchestra with Rafael Kubelik as its regular conductor.

Munich's crowning artistic glory is a huge museum called the Alte Pinakothek, equaled in size by only six other galleries in the world: Paris's Louvre, Florence's Uffizi, London's National, Madrid's Prado, Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum, and Berlin's Kaiser Friedrich Museum. Its collection includes some of the great masterpieces of Altdorfer, Dürer, Grünewald, Rubens, Titian, Raphael, Tiepolo, the elder Cranach, both Holbeins, Rembrandt, Leonardo, and Van Dyck. The Neue Pinakothek, located in the Haus der Kunst, concentrates on eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German art, but the Neue Staatsgalerie, in another wing of the Haus der Kunst, boasts a sumptuous collection including Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Renoir, Monet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Kandinsky, and Nolde. All year long the Haus der Kunst organizes its own big art exhibitions, which rank with the most important in the world. The great rococo architect François Cuvilliés left two of his greatest works in Munich, the Amalienburg and probably the most beautiful little rococo opera house in the world. The Schatzkammer, the museum housing the jeweled treasures once belonging to Bavaria's rulers, has some of the most breathtaking examples of the goldsmith's and jeweler's art ever produced.

There is an earthier side to Munich, and it blares forth each year with the

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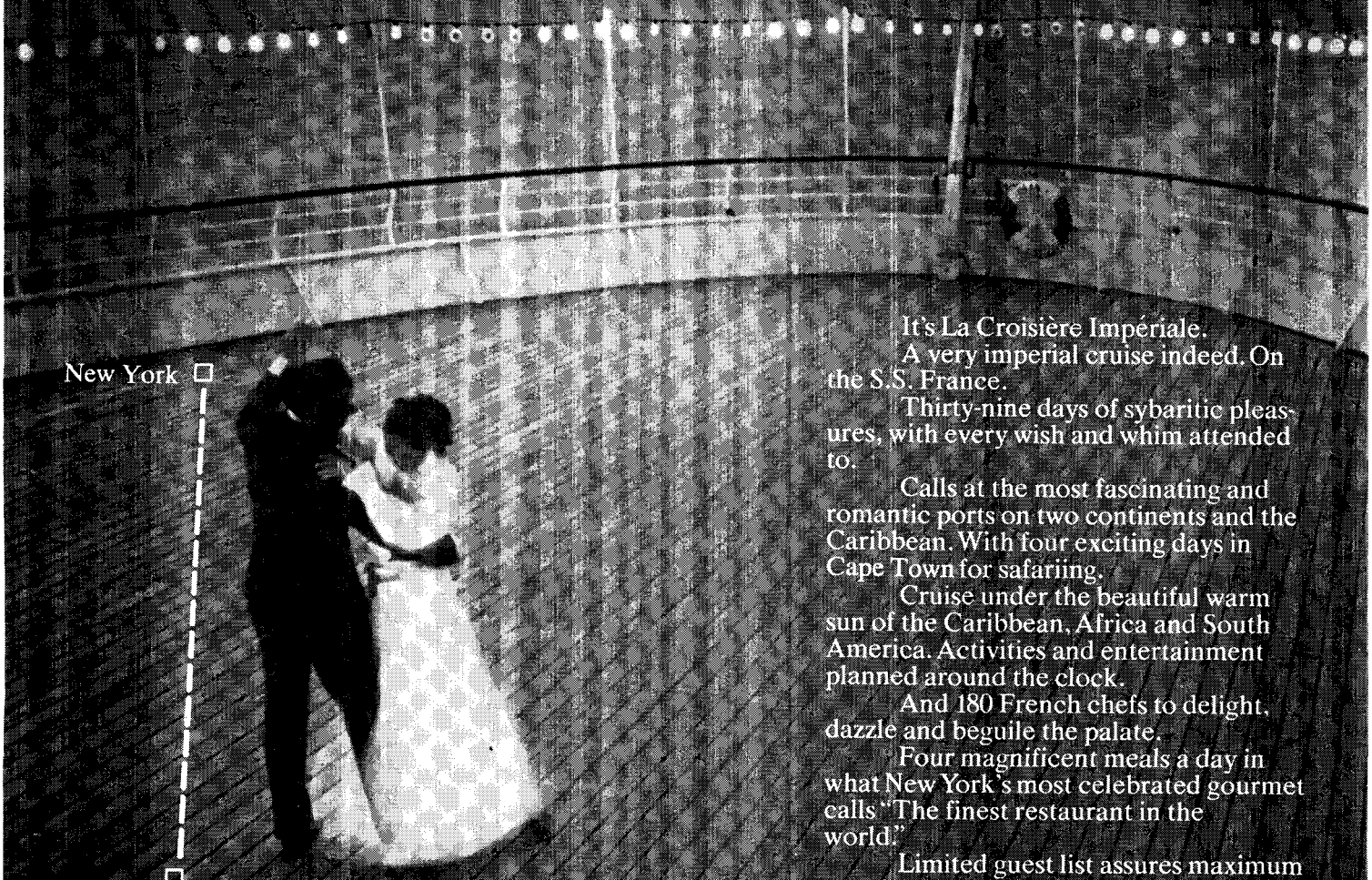

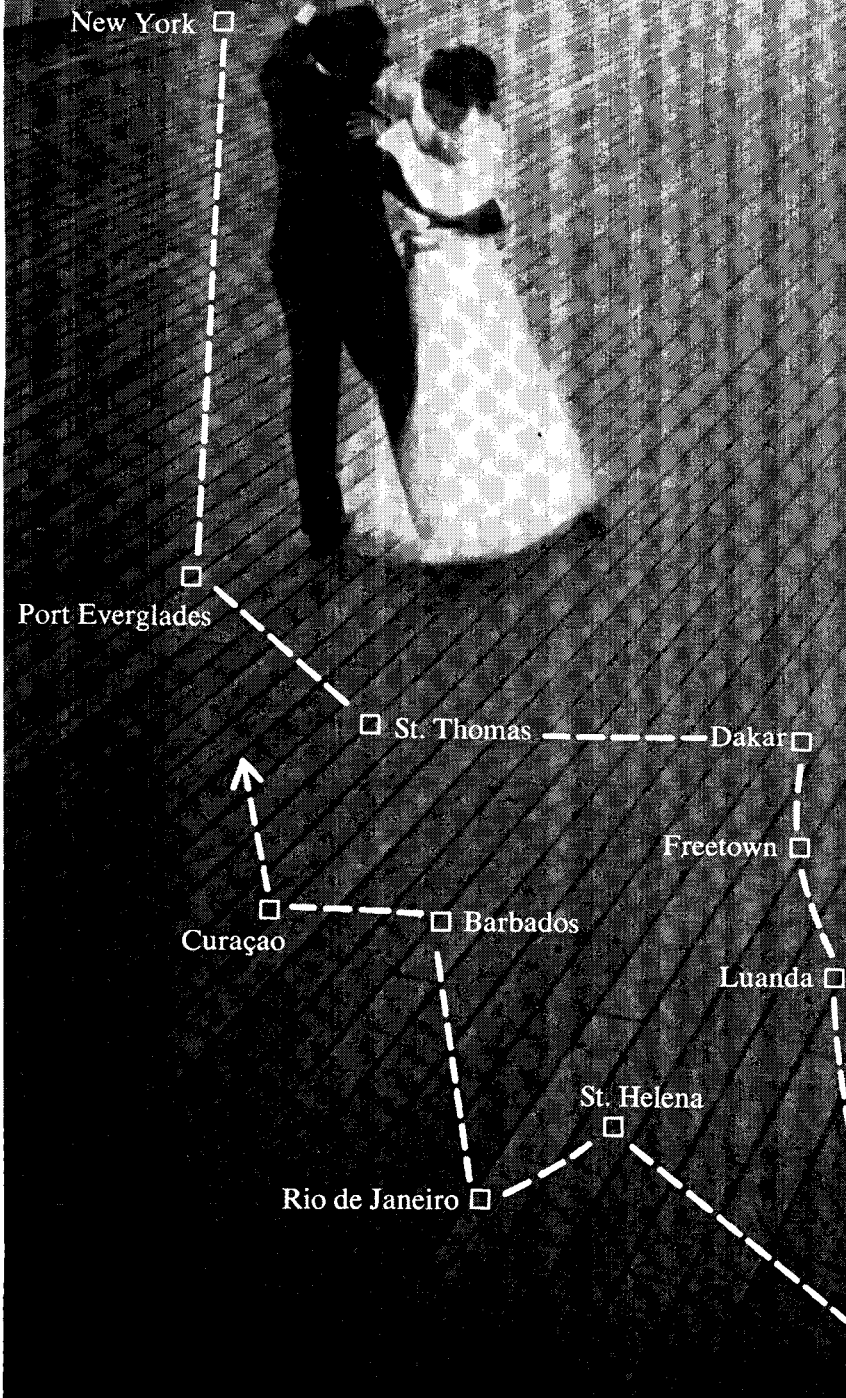

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celebration of two traditional Bavarian bacchanals, the Oktoberfest and Fasching. The Oktoberfest begins with a huge parade (September 19 this year) that draws revelers from all over Germany and the rest of Europe. Dressed in their regional costumes, they parade through the city to the exposition grounds called the Theresienwies'n, marching along with groups of husky men who wave flags and bullwhips in generations-old exhibitions. When the Oktoberfest became an annual event, not long after its debut in 1810, the dates were set back to September in the interest of fairer weather.

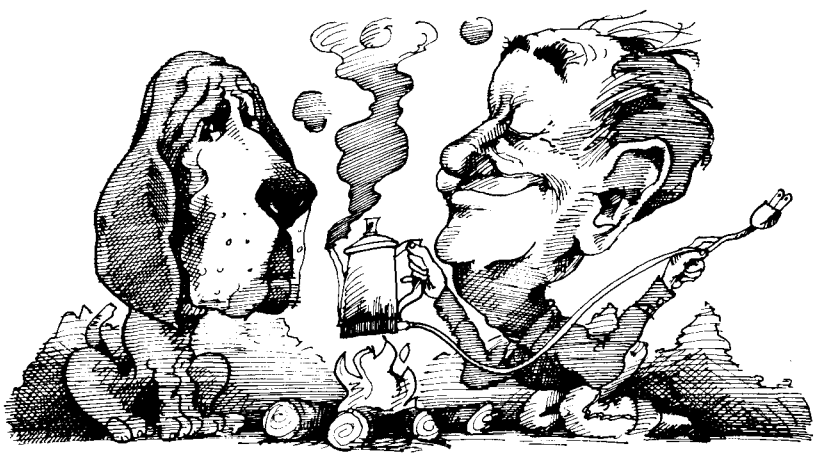
Munich's seven big breweries (the oldest dates from the fifteenth century) put up huge tents on the exposition grounds, and for two weeks and three weekends thirsty visitors down more than three million mugs of powerful new beer, each mug holding more than a quart. The Oktoberfest also offers side shows, rides, and such culinary specialties as grilled fish, chicken, pork sausages, and whole sides of beef. Like Bavarian humor in general, the Oktoberfest inclines more toward the robust than the delicate or fanciful.

Fasching shows a more elegant aspect of Munich's personality. It was imported from Tyrol in the thirteenth century, and today in Europe Venice, Nice, Cologne, and Mainz celebrate the pre-Lenten carnival with comparable gusto. Fasching starts soon after New Year's Day and holds Munich in its thrall until Ash Wednesday, when by ancient tradition the still surviving celebrants dance with the broad-bosomed market women in the open-air *Viktualienmarkt*, try to sober up on their first Lenten meal of fish, and wash out their empty purses in the Marienplatz fountain in front of the City Hall. Fasching features a big parade with floats that comment satirically on political topics or simply present samples of Bavarian humor, usually focusing on the functions of the alimentary canal.

In the waning days, most Munich offices slow down their working pace. *Hausfasching*, the Bavarian equivalent of the American office Christmas party, is the one occasion each year when Germans use one another's first names and say *Du* instead of the formal *Sie*. The following day, crippled by hangovers and lack of sleep and in some instances nagged by connubial guilt, everyone returns to the square-toed routine of Fräulein Müller, Herr Direktor, and *Sie*.

At night, small and exclusive parties bring together what Gregor von Rezzori calls the *Schickeria*, from the German variant of the word chic. People with lesser rank go to the bigger and gayer parties held in enormous banquet halls. Anyone who acts early and fast may buy a ticket. It helps to wear a costume. Back in the early Fifties I attended my first Fasching party wearing a brand-new pair of Lederhosen. What I didn't know was that only Prussians wear Lederhosen to Fasching in Munich, and Prussians enjoy little popularity in the region. I was nearly hooted out of the hall. The firms of Beck and Finziger do a big trade renting costumes to all comers during Fasching. A true sport will rotate his costume several times during the season, particularly when he finds it necessary to change his identity.

Whereas the Oktoberfest bubbles over with beer, Fasching makes it with wine. This results in different qualities of gaiety but often leads to the same sort of mishaps. At one Fasching crush I attended—rather on the respectable side in fact—the scion of one of Bavaria's most aristocratic families came costumed as a cowboy. His holster contained a squirt gun. He obviously pulled the trigger too often, for when he raised his glass to take a drink a hostile hand rammed it into his mouth. There were screams, police, and an ambulance. Fasching rarely gets that melodramatic, but anyone with a taste for adventure can find it.



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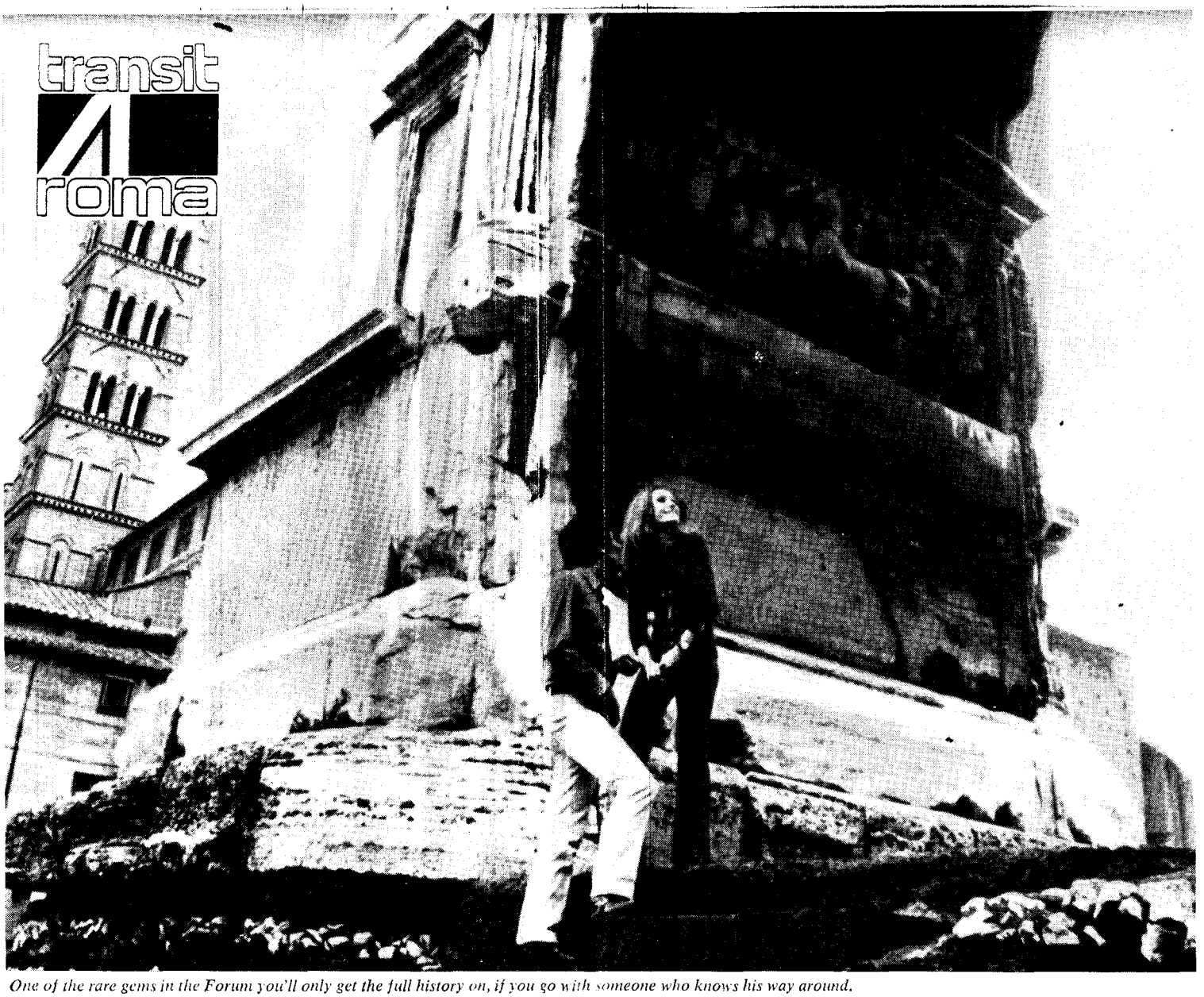

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EUROPE'S AUTUMN KITCHEN

TRAPPING THE TRUFFLE, JUGGING THE HARE

by WILLIAM CLIFFORD

Casseroles of *cassoulet*, sausages, and tureens of thick hot soup; truffles foraged out of the forests of France and Italy; grapes auctioned in the cobbled square of the Hospice de Beaune while the nuns in their white coifs flutter by; rabbits hanging in the flowered windows of the *boucheries* of France; the pheasants with *Weinkraut* in the cellars of Frankfurt; snipe and woodcock, teal and widgeon in a country inn in Yorkshire—all of them call to me as compellingly as the Lorelei lured the sailors who plied the Rhine.

It is the season of *gibier à plume et à poil*, as the French so logically classify their game, by their feathers and their fur. Every good restaurant in France adjusts with the season, plunging into its bountiful bequests with such a zest it seems sometimes as if they couldn't wait for the last one to slip over the horizon. In Alsace, a particular autumnal paradise, one may essay the venison St. Hubert at the Auberge de l'Ill. Hubert, whose saintly day is November 3, is patron of the hunt, and the deer in his name is served with a purée of autumn chestnuts. In Alsace one must look, too, for fresh plum tarts, both *quetsche* and *mirabelle*, followed by apple tarts made from the brown-skinned *renette*, with currant jelly. I do not overlook *clafoutis* of *quetsche*—a sort of rich, fruit-filled baked pudding-cake—as well as the usual *clafoutis* with cherries.

All the grapes, pears, and apples aside, the barrows of autumn are also piled with persimmons, pomegranates, and latest of all, tangerines and oranges. This is the season for dishes made with fresh grapes—such as *foie de canard aux raisins* at either of Bordeaux's excellent restaurants, Château la Trompette or Dubern. Fresh goose liver, served in Madeira sauce with a lavish handful of chopped truffles, will arrive in December at Lucas-Carton and other elegant restaurants of Paris.

The fall brings long-ripening vegetables such as pumpkins (certainly qualified for nobler employment than pie—try *potage au potiron*), beets, cabbages and Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and broccoli. It seems as if the bite of the first frost intensifies the flavor of broccoli. And chestnuts, freshly roasted, divinely scenting the street corners where vendors keep them aroast, or boiled and puréed and sweetened and fussed with to become one of the truly great rich desserts, Mont Blanc. There's a new crop of walnuts to enjoy with porto, or with pears and very cold sauternes. Almonds and hazelnuts, too. Keats caught the essence when he wrote of conspiring with the sun "to load and bless with

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fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run; to bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, and fill all fruit with ripeness to the core; to swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells with a sweet kernel."

Best of all, perhaps, are the mushrooms: orange *chanterelles*, fat earthy *cèpes* or *bolets*, and many lesser varieties, bearing the cool damp scent of the woods, the mysterious excitement of a twilight world, subtle, fragile, and irresistible. The cool rain of November also brings out the snails that sensibly retired to estivate. And cheese returns in prime condition, particularly the many goat cheeses and the Brie that suffer most in summer heat.

Oysters are not strictly seasonal in France, as I vividly remember from a summer breakfast of them, with a glass of muscadet in Brittany. But it is in the fall that the great restaurants begin again to receive important shipments of treasured *belons* from the bustling *chantiers* of Brittany. These Brittany beds supply seed of the *belon* for elevation to adult oysterhood all over northern Europe, with such terminal pedigrees as Pied de Cheval, Zeeland, Colchester, and Whitstable.

The dates for vintages and vintage festivals vary by several weeks from year to year, the farther north the later the grape harvest. The wanderer abroad will do well to consult with local officials in all wine-growing regions from September through November. The annual auction of Burgundy at the Hospice de Beaune will be held this year, *Deo volente*, on Sunday, November 15. Few vineyards are picked later than that, though if there are still grapes on the vines in the Rhineland on St. Nicholas Day, December 6, they'll be crushed for a special St. Nikolauswein.

This year's Dijon Fair, October 30 through November 11, features wine and dairy products. The great Paris Salon International de l'Alimentation is scheduled for November 9 to 15.

Truffle fanciers dispute the merits of the black fungus of Périgord and the white truffle of Piedmont, but they agree unanimously that all truffles are far better fresh than canned. October to December is the season for the fresh white truffles of Piedmont; a fine place to enjoy them is the Ristorante Belvedere at La Morra in the heart of the Barolo wine country. Of course, they also may be found at major restaurants in nearby Turin and Milan, and even at Barbetta in New York. Among numerous dishes to enjoy with white truffles—at La Morra I had them with every course, appetizer of *carne cruda*, *tagliatelle*, sweetbreads *finanziera*, salad—is the Piedmont's masterful *fonduta* of Fontina cheese, egg yolks, butter, milk, and truffles. Another Piedmont specialty is *bagna cauda*, the "hot bath" of oil and butter, anchovy, garlic, and white truffle kept bubbling on individual charcoal braziers, for dipping cold fresh vegetables including the late-ripening fennel, endive, and cardoon. The cardoon, an edible thistle, has a large celery-like stalk. Italian *endivia* is larger than Belgian endive, has a frilly edge, and is excellent cooked in just enough water to evaporate, seasoned with onions and butter. A variety of new fall onion called *cippolini* is often stewed with tomatoes.

—British Tourist Authority

At Dr. Johnson's Cheshire Cheese—Autumn brings the pudding season.

The *cacciagione* of Italy includes partridge, pheasant, quail, dove, snipe, lark, and thrush, as well as venison and the ubiquitous rabbit or hare, *coniglio* or *lepre*, seasoned with rosemary, stewed hunter-style with oil and garlic, tomatoes, and herbs. Jugged hare is done in white wine and olive oil, with onions, garlic, and strong seasonings including ginger. Sardinia is especially rich in game, including wild boar. Guinea hen baked in a sealed cake of clay is an old Lombardy dish, while Italians everywhere are so fond of turkey (a transplant from America) that if you are in Italy on Thanksgiving Day, and if you remember the date, you can probably order a solemnly stuffed bird. Look on the menu for *tacchino*. Passetto in Rome offers *tacchino* in two or three styles, though turkey is missing from their English menu "because for Americans it's such a common dish."

All serious European restaurants such as Passetto and the great Sabatini in Florence serve a wide variety of game and other seasonal dishes. A Roman restaurant noted especially for the owner's interest in game is La Fontanella, whose offerings include vermicelli with a sauce based on hare, pheasant with oranges, and spit-roasted lark and thrush. Romans have eaten small birds since ancient times, as have the Northerners who often serve them with *polenta*, Italy's cornmeal

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mush. A bite of *polenta* and a bite of crunchy thrush make a good mouthful.

Autumn brings Italy's new supply of snails and of young sweetbreads. The tasty November broccoli is sautéed in oil and garlic, or dipped in a batter made with wine, perhaps to join the sweetbreads in a special *fritto misto*. Giant chestnut-colored mushrooms called *porcini*—a Boletus variety—appear in the market. Also the Caesar's Amanita, a different species from the deadly Amanitas — phalloides, verna, and muscaria.

Fresh figs of summer give way to semidried baked figs stuffed with almonds. Dried fruits are at their best —new raisins, apricots, figs, prunes, peaches, and pears. Fresh grapes make way in December for the first Sicilian oranges. In Piedmont and Lombardy they have harvested the Nebbiolo grapes (a variety named because it ripens late in the autumnal *nebbia*, or mist) and begun to make the great red wines of Barolo, Barbaresco, Gattinara, and the Valtellina.

Madrid's Sobrino de Botín and Barcelona's Reno serve suckling pig and baby lamb, hare, partridge, and quail in season. *Palomas* (pigeons or doves) migrating from France to Spain in the fall frequently come down on the border to become *salmis de palombe*, a dish that can be found anywhere in the Basque country; one may try it with success at the Café de Paris in Biarritz, which is also celebrated for its fresh duck liver.

The menus of Barcelona will list the meaty wild mushrooms called *rovelló*. Here the popular roast partridge of Spain may be accompanied by *timbales* of sliced carrot and young cabbage, a two-part version of the classic French *chartreuse de perdrix*. And the fall catch continues with most of the seas' summer bounty, including the many Spanish lobster and shrimp cousins: the *bogavante* (Maine lobster with claws), *langosta* (large rock lobster), *cigala* (large crawfish with baby claws), *langostino* (giant prawn or shrimp), *gamba* (medium-sized shrimp), and *camarón* (small shrimpy shrimp). In cold weather, these all seem more attractive broiled than in summer's fish soup.

In the Rhineland, September is the month for wine festivals, even though the grapes won't be harvested until October or November. At the end of September and in October come the beer festivals, notably Munich's Oktoberfest, when the beer brewed the previous March is ready to drink. It is quaffed by the tankard and tub, accompanied by snacks of grilled chicken and fish, and by Germany's never-stale variety of sausages, particularly

(*Continued on page* 107)

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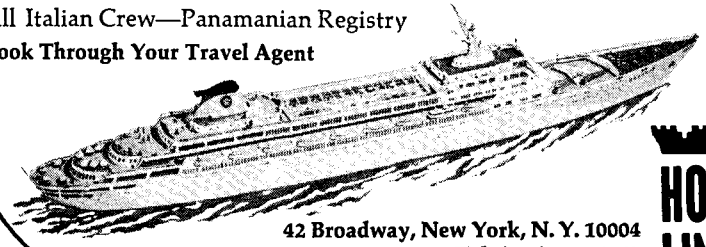

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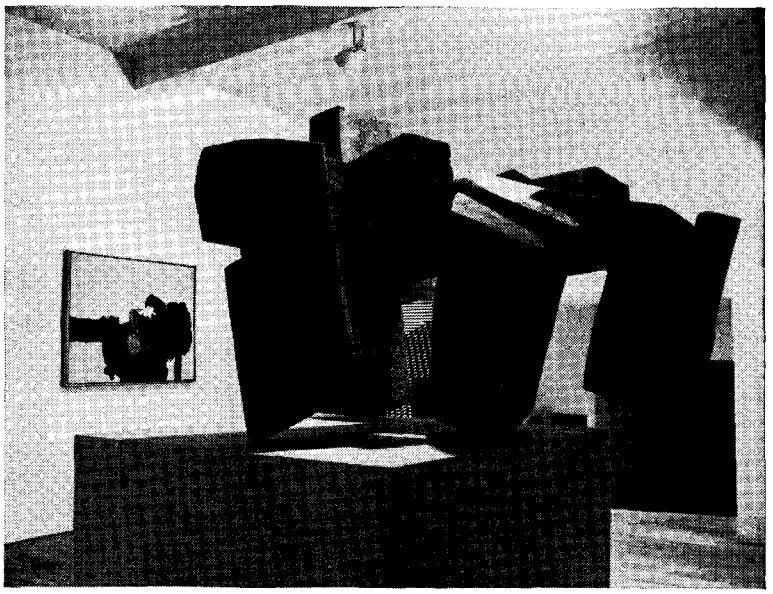

—*Spanish National Tourist Office*

Chillida sculpture in Cuenca's Abstract Museum—More than the Prado.

CANVASSING THE SPANISH GALLERIES

by PATRICIA BROOKS

Until the mid-Fifties, Spain shared with Russia the distinction of being the laughingstock of the Venice Biennale. Their entries in that key international painting and sculpture competition reflected the mood of totalitarian cultures. Then a forward-looking government official, Luis Gonzales Robles, aware that many Spanish artists were doing original and creative work, persuaded France to get behind the movement on the grounds that good art would be good propaganda.

Since 1958, Spanish artists have been winning top prizes at Venice, São Paolo, and Carnegie. A new post-Picasso-Miró wave has swept across the Spanish art scene. Tapies, Millares, Saura, Rivera, Chillida, and others have shored up solid international reputations. Younger artists have followed. Their work has made Madrid and the rest of Spain treasure chests for art-minded *turistas*. More than merely viewing, astute collectors and foreign dealers are buying. Although the big names command peak prices, there are numerous first-rate painters whose works go for modest sums.

Whether buying or just looking, a visitor would wisely put aside a foray into the contemporary scene until he has paid homage to the Prado. This splendid classical museum has been called the world's largest provincial museum, for the major part of its collection is Spanish. (Some Spaniards even claim "Pedro Pablo" Rubens as their own, because of Spain's long-time domination of Flanders, Rubens's home.) There is certainly no collection of Spanish art in the world to equal the Prado's works by El Greco, Goya, Velázquez, Murillo, Zurbarán. But the world's finest Titians are here as well, along with numerous Italian masterpieces by Raphael, Correggio, Veronese, and others.

Madrid is justly proud of its modern galleries, as well as the Museum of Contemporary Art, whose 300 works, though somewhat uneven, give a wide panorama of Spanish art today. There are several galleries of consequence that offer during the season (anytime but summer, when Madrileños surrender their city to tourists) a steady schedule of worthwhile shows. To do as the Spanish do, one should go in the early evening, a time when American visitors often languish with boredom, waiting for the late Spanish dinner bell to sound. Stores, museums, and palaces are closed, but the galleries are open and lively. Galería Juana Mordó is Madrid's most prestigious one. Its current exhibition is a group show, but often the gallery stages a one-man show by a Spanish

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regular or one of the promising newcomers Juana is constantly developing. Chances are, you'll encounter the exhibiting artist himself, for Spanish painters are a sociable lot and drop by their galleries regularly. Galerías Iolas-Velasco and Kreisler also merit a visit, and the new Galería Egam has some fine graphics. It specializes in drawings, etchings, and lithographs by many of the painters in the Mordó repertory.

Not all of Spanish art is found in Madrid. Catalonians are jealous of their role in the contemporary art movement, and the place to see much of their work is Galería Parés in Barcelona. The quality of the shows varies, but Tapies and others still exhibit there from time to time. Barcelona's Catalonian Museum of Fine Art displays some of the most beautiful Romanesque art I have seen. There are frescoes transferred intact from nearby churches. The color, decorative quality, and freshness must have inspired Picasso and Miró in their youth.

Less worthwhile is the Museum of Modern Art in Barcelona. "Modern" in Spain usually means 1800 to 1920. The few Picassos in Barcelona's Modern Art Museum are from around 1900, when he was still in the formative stage of copying Cézanne. Most of the other so-called modern works are 1880 renderings of jolly gypsies and romantic fishermen.

Barcelona's new contemporary museum, being built in the hopes of luring Picasso's famed masterpiece *Guernica* back to Spain, will be finished in late 1971. Meanwhile, the much-publicized Picasso gift of some 900 works to the city is housed in a handsome old palace. The gift is somewhat disappointing. There are a few fairly good early paintings, but the bulk of the collection consists of drawings and etchings.

Barcelona has several classical attractions. Many of Gaudí's buildings are here, including the Cathedral of the Sacred Family, his unfinished masterpiece. The cathedral reveals his pioneering spirit, his new treatment of space and form. His lesser buildings, spread throughout the city, seem almost camp.

The Museum of Federico Mares has been installed in new surroundings. I rather miss the upper floor of the old museum, which displayed an exhaustive collection of cigar bands from around the world. As I recall the story, Señor Mares's donation of a superb medieval sculpture collection was contingent upon acceptance of his prized band collection as well.

Some art lovers find Cuenca, 100 miles southeast of Madrid, worth the

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trip to Spain. Perched at the top of jagged, textured mountains, Cuenca is like a massive sculpture in itself. Its main attraction is the Museum of Spanish Abstract Art, which contains the finest collection of painting and sculpture by Spain's leading abstract artists. Fernando Zobel, director of the museum and a painter of great taste and elegance, was responsible for the selection. The works are a distillation of the best in the contemporary scene. The museum itself is a treasure, consisting of three fifteenth-century attached houses, which cling to a 600-foot-high cliff. When Zobel modernized the interiors, he uncovered a gothic painting and curved staircase, which he left intact. They provide an intriguing contrast to the stark simplicity of the white walls and travertine floors. Part of the third house has been turned into a first-rate restaurant, with dramatic dining on the balcony overhanging the cliffs. Etchings by major Spanish artists may be purchased at modest prices. Some of the young artists on the museum staff have opened a gallery nearby. Because so many Spanish artists now have summer houses in Cuenca, the gallery has a steady supply of high-quality work.

North of Madrid, on the Basque coast, is Santillana-del-Mar, a sleepy medieval village that is a magnet for art-minded tourists because of the Altamira Caves just outside town. The walls of the caves are covered with paintings of deer, bison, and wild boars, painted by Cro-Magnon men some 13,000 years ago. Santillana is at its sedentary best in fall or spring. It is a joy to wander down the cobbled streets and inspect the gothic doors and huge stone, carved coats of arms on the facades of the many palaces. For centuries this hamlet was the favorite watering place of the aristocracy—until the sea moved back two miles. Most of the palaces are still inhabited by the original owners.

One palace, now the Parador de Gil Blas, has been converted into a charming government inn with twenty-four guest rooms. Another ancient building, a Romanesque tower, has been turned into an attractive art gallery by its owner, the Marquesa de Torralba, and contains many fine examples of the current Madrid school. The most spectacular building in Santillana is the Colegiata, one of Spain's most treasured Romanesque churches. The eleventh-century sculptures in the cloisters are fresh, well preserved, and irreverent delights.

Just twenty miles north of Santillana on the coast is Santander, which revels in summer as a beach resort for Spaniards who couldn't be paid to go near the foreigner-populated southern

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coast. The rest of the year this amusing old town with its Victorian resort hotels and old-fashioned glass-enclosed balconies offers modern art fare. There are several galleries, and their special shows attract artists from all over Spain.

One of the pleasures of a stopover in Santander is dining at the Bodega del Riojano, known locally as the "Museum-in-the-Round." Some years ago, the owner, Victor Merino, invited a few artists to paint pictures on the barrel ends that are part of the *taverna*'s décor. The custom caught on, and as each artist visiting town for a one-man show dropped by the Riojano he painted a barrel end.

Spain is likewise full of unexploited classical treasures. Every art pilgrim makes the trek to Toledo to view the almost indecent wealth of El Greco paintings, on display in numerous museums, churches, and convents, but not everyone makes it to the Hospital de la Santa Cruz, a marvelous fifteenth-century building designed in the shape of a Greek cross, with massive vaulted ceilings. It is a perfect setting for frequently changing art exhibits.

Spain somehow continues to offer surprises at every turn of the road. Some years ago, for example, I stumbled onto stacks of beautiful Roman mosaics, leaning against a museum wall in Zaragoza. Another country might have built a museum around those tiles alone.

About the Authors

SEVEN OF ELEVEN contributors to *SR*'s fall travel section live and work in Europe. Burton Anderson, an American in Paris, is with the *Herald-Tribune*. Another Parisian, Joseph Barry, wrote *The People of Paris*. William Weaver writes of music and other things Italian from his hideaway in Tuscany. Paul Moor, a past contributor to *SR* and a correspondent for CBS radio, has been based in Berlin for fifteen years. Marvine Howe, a *New York Times* stringer, lives in Lisbon. Beata Bishop, a frequent contributor to these travel columns, resides in London, while across the Irish Sea Conor O'Brien, our pub sampler, edits the Dublin *Evening Press*. Stateside contributors, all well-traveled souls, are Patricia Brooks, a free-lance writer living in Connecticut; Clive Barnes, *New York Times* drama critic; Mariano Báguena, Spanish-born aficionado of flamenco; and William Clifford, a New York free-lance writer who specializes in food and wine.

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Flamenco

Continued from page 48

his message better than a young one.

Flamenco is also a body of songs. They concern all aspects of life and may be tender or angry or bawdy or cynical or joyful. The language is rich and colorful, forming a poetry of extraordinary power. The songs express sorrow over unrequited love, domestic bliss or lack of it, anger, frustration, or resignation to the hardness of life. Many are wry or sly glimpses or stories of ordinary life, such as one quoted by Paul Hecht in his excellent and lyrical book on flamenco, *The Wind Cried*:

> El gallo en su gallinero
> se sacude y luego canta
> él que duerme en cama ajena
> de "madrugá" le levantan.
>
> The cock in his henhouse
> Shakes himself then sings
> He who sleeps in another's bed
> Has to get up at dawn.

The best way to hear the real flamenco songs probably is in a *juerga* or *fiesta*, a private meeting in a small room with wine, an intimate gathering. But for the tourist this is tricky, because if you don't know flamenco and haven't gained the confidence of the singer, he won't bother to sing well for you, no matter how much you pay.

But if you have a gift for establishing rapport—and if you know your flamenco—you may succeed in participating in what is almost a religious rite. The listener's encouragement and support —his *olés*—are vital. It is not easy to make this contact. I, for example, am from northern Spain and, along with everyone else born north of the Despeñaperros, a cliff northeast of Córdoba, am a "foreigner" and thus inherently untrustworthy.

Occasionally an American manages to penetrate the world of flamenco and becomes accepted as a more or less equal partner in the singer-listener relationship. Paul Hecht is one; of course it took an almost native fluency in Spanish and total devotion to the art of flamenco for ten consecutive years. Another devotee who gained an amazing degree of acceptance was an American woman from Brooklyn who called herself Maria Marrura (after a famous singer named Marruro) and now lives in Seville and is even allowed to sing at flamenco festivals.

One of the hallowed temples of flamenco is the Peña Juan Breva in Málaga. This is a club of some 300 members who hold regular Saturday night *juergas*—which might be compared to jam sessions. Admission to the club is based not at all upon eminence or wealth—in fact, the eminent and wealthy can and have been turned down—but upon the degree of one's knowledge and appreciation of flamenco determined in sessions with prospective members.

The more adventurous flamenco-seekers will prefer going to the contests and festivals, beginning in May and running into December. With few hotels near the festivals, visitors are limited to pensions, largely without running water. But the singers are Spain's best, and only a few of them can be heard anywhere else. The sensitive audience knows exactly the critical moment at which to say *olé*. In the aftermath of the festival, local amateur singers gather to sing and drink the night away.

In any season, there are the *tablaos flamencos*. Although they are now everywhere in Spain, the best ones are in Madrid and Seville. Madrid's most notable *tablaos* are: Zambra, Los Canasteros, Cuevas de Nemesio, Las Brujas, El Corral de la Morería, Torres Bermejas, and El Duende. A couple of Seville's best are La Cochera and Los Gallos. The oldest is Zambra, which in 1954 as a school for flamenco "to afford Spaniards a place to watch and listen to the old Andalusian songs and dances that were slowly being lost, performed again in all their purity." The latest addition to the list of *tablaos*, only two months old, is Madrid's Café de Chinitas, whose owner also runs the Spanish Pavilion in New York.

Thanks partly to the demands of tourists, flamenco is undergoing a renaissance. More and more Spanish people are turning to the Andalusian tradition. But the advent of rock music and the transformation of Andalusia into a giant resort make it hard to foretell the future of an art that depends on the intimate communication of emotion.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 86: Tangier, tearing, ingrate, granite.

Amsterdam

Continued from page 41

Drinks are cheap in Amsterdam, and, though the temptation may be there, it is not advisable to try to match a Dutchman genever for genever through a day's drinking. It may be even less wise to try to match one through a day's eating. The opener is Dutch breakfast, a very un-Continental repast: rolls, butter and jam, a soft-boiled egg, ham, cheese, and coffee.

Lunch can be hearty—soup, meat or fish, potatoes, a fresh vegetable, and dessert, for instance. For lighter fare or an afternoon snack there are sandwich shops all over town (Dobbe is a good one) offering meats, cheeses, fish, and tasty concoctions to be spread open-faced on a bun. A sumptuous snack is smoked eel or the herring fresh from the North Sea, rolled in raw onions and either chomped down whole or sliced into chunks and eaten with toothpicks. Dinner is the day's main meal, sometimes exceeding lunch by a course or two.

It has been said that the Dutch are so well fed on a wealth of fresh products that they have never felt the compulsion to develop the sauces and other touches of an *haute cuisine* of their own. One might dispute this by pointing out that hollandaise, that stalwart of French sauces, was devised here. Still, although Dutch food is served at many restaurants (Dorrius is a good one), the city's most reputed eating houses offer the specialties of France and the Orient.

Michelin, the French guide that recently began rating in Benelux, has found only one Amsterdam restaurant worthy of a star: Excelsior at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Recommended there are *truite fourrée au Chablis, tournedos Excelsior*, and *ris de veau marchand de vin*.

Rijsttafel, an Indonesian feast discovered in Dutch colonial days in the Spice Islands, has been adopted as the most exotic feature of the nation's diet. The Lotus, on the Binnen Bantammerstraat, serves twenty-two plates, each with a unique tang and texture. Among the scores of places serving rijsttafel, the Bali is best known, but every Amsterdammer seems to have his own favorite.

Chinese restaurants abound, and, as everywhere in the Western world, Italian food is available in trattorias and pizza parlors. There are Swiss, Spanish, German, and English restaurants, too. American cuisine is represented by a Howard Johnson, which some homesick natives might find substandard: It reportedly offers only twelve flavors of ice cream.

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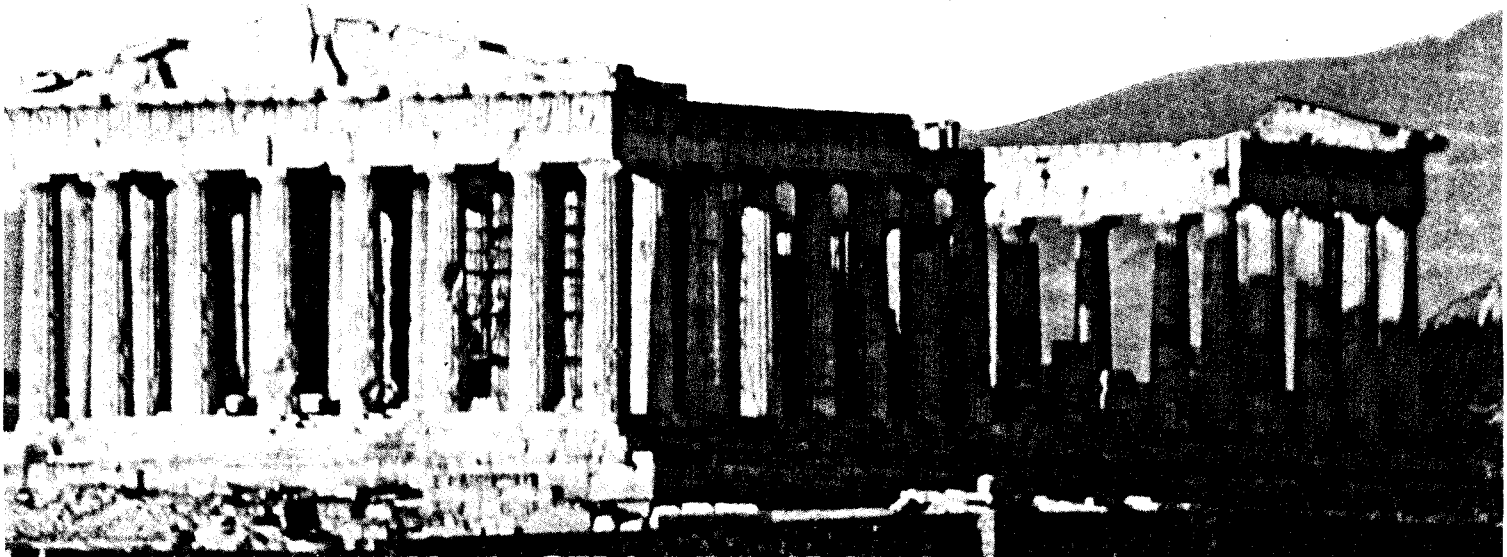

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Dublin Barfly's Book

Continued from page 45

that consummation devoutly wished by all true imbibers.

What is a Dublin pub? It is, above all, a place of rest and release, but in that it is no different from drinking houses the world over. The Dublin Thing is that the stranger can slip so very easily into instant companionship. If he is full of himself and tries to monopolize the general conversation, his chances of being accepted are slim. But if he has something of interest to say, or if he wants advice, he will have a warmly sympathetic group around him in no time. A Dublin pub is a place where you do *not* talk about women, sex, or marital difficulties, not because of any moral fastidiousness, but because these subjects are boring. Above all, a Dublin pub is as discreet as a convent. Phone a well-run alehouse and the barmen will rarely give away the fact that this is so-and-so's pub. Some patron may have left a note for his boss that he was doing a bit of business but that he could be contacted at a certain number. Ask for somebody by name and the really expert barman will reply with a baffled "Who?" as if he had never heard of him. He knows, and the caller knows, that the man is never out of the pub, but first-degree torture wouldn't drag admission from the barman.

This discretion is neatly stated in a framed cartoon in one Dublin pub. A barman leans across the counter and whispers into the ear of a customer: "Mr. G. was in, Mr. O., but he said nothing about the other thing."

Singing Pubs

Continued from page 45

centerpiece, the rest of the evening being filled by the customers. The lady from Liverpool will make a shrill declamation about the Biggest Aspidistra in the World; the American will persuade you with enormous vigor that a Yankee named Doodle Dandy was the nonpareil of the free world; and at least half a dozen locals will bawl out the sorrows of Ireland in nasal decibels that render all conversation impossible. All good clean fun. In practice, however, it is wise to be selective.

Your indomitable correspondent, purely in the interest of up-to-the-minute accuracy, has crawled from each of the pubs mentioned in this article to others that are not. Suffering reached its highest point in some of the singing pubs. Nearly all depended on electronic overamplification; most of them encouraged music that was on the way out ten years ago. This appeals to the Ancient Britons, who are the mainstay of Irish tourism, and sometimes like to feel they are joining the young scene, man. Invariably, however, the American visitor wants what he calls a "real Irish night."

He will certainly find it at Howth, a wee hump of land that sticks out into the north side of Dublin Bay. Expensive houses are separated by great banks of wild heather and rough, reddish stone. If you are a sturdy walker, climb the lush, winding roads to the top of the hill; if you are not, drive there. In either case, time it so that you arrive at the summit for sunset. Given a fine evening, you will never forget its still and scarlet peace.

The point of this outdoor exercise is to give you an appetite for a fish supper in the ABBEY TAVERN, which is tucked away in Howth village at the bottom of the hill. Don't be put off by the gloomy light, the sparse, bare wooden beams. The food is good, and the entertainment afterward upstairs in the barn is uncompromisingly Irish. Ballads, booze, and infectiously gay. But the word has got around, and it is imperative that you book well in advance.

Less sophisticated, but more genuinely traditional, are the fun and games at SLATTERY'S, of Capel Street, tucked away in an unfashionable area off the River Liffey. There are two pubs of the same name in this street; the one you are looking for is farther away from the river, on the corner of Mary's Abbey. There is an informal simplicity about this place that is endearing. Climb the stairs and pay the 50-cent cover charge. Grope through the dim lighting, find a seat, and try to let your ear get accustomed to the whimpering beat of the music. This strange melody has so many centuries behind it that it defies description. As do Dublin pubs.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Fair Fare

IT BEGINS TO LOOK as if the Federal Communications Commission's fairness doctrine is unfair to the principle of fairness itself—in the absence of specific rules stipulating precisely who gets what time and how much on the air for what purposes, and at what price. Such specific rules today exist only in cases that involve the right to reply to personal attacks, and when a station endorses one political candidate in preference to others. A one-time declaratory ruling by the commission that allowed anti-smoking commercial spot announcements is the only other case where specificity was involved. Otherwise, the general principle, as enunciated by the Supreme Court—that the right of the public to be informed by TV-radio on controversial public issues is paramount to the rights of all individuals or groups to access to the air—has been put into the hands of the individual station licensee, to be interpreted at his personal, "fiduciary" discretion.

If, in the licensee's judgment, he is presenting on the whole a balanced treatment of controversial issues, he may turn down a request for air time from someone who wishes to make a purely political, social, or esthetic statement to the public. Only the President appears to be exempt from this discretionary exercise: Congress, according to a recent FCC decision, is not exempt; nor are pro- or anti-Vietnam War groups, anti-pollution groups, or people who wish to balance controversial Army, Navy, or Marine Corps recruiting commercials with spot announcements of their own, explaining the disadvantages of enlistment in these branches of the military. The curious aspect of the licensee's turning down such requests is that he may do so even if the petitioners are willing to buy time at prevailing commercial rates. The broadcasters are quite content to huckster sponsors' goods at a profit, but they are unwilling to huckster political ideas (presumably vital to the survival of the republic) at a comparable profit.

The commercial huckstering is preferable to the political because it involves fewer headaches and is less calculated to diminish audiences allergic to the realities of vigorous debate over issues that affect their lives and not their fantasies. There is no question but that the broadcasters—if they were a bit less greedy, and not too much so—could master the admitted complexities of public conflict of ideas and still make a handsome profit. The fact is they are not willing.

It is also true that the FCC will avoid, as long as it can, the unpopular task of making specific rules. Especially in any conflict between the White House and members of the Congress, it will be reluctant to judge between the rights of the President (who appoints its members) and the Congress (which gives it money to operate with).

Certain Senators and Congressmen have recently grasped the lesson they had for so long ignored: Unless specific rules are made, the broadcasters and the FCC will play the discretionary game to the sacrifice of public debate over important issues. But the Congress is many men, of clashing views. The free play of partisan party advantage, along with the general philosophy of the less regulation the better, seems always to result in leaving things as they are—to the clear advantage only of the broadcasters themselves and the man who happens to be in the White House during a particular administration. As for the Courts, they can proclaim bold principles, as they did in the *Red Lion* case (loud cheers), but they can't focus them in specific rules unless they are willing to risk the usurpation of legislative prerogatives as in the messy one-man, one-vote question.

The upshot is that anybody can step up to a broadcaster's window and buy time, on a first-come, first-served, cash-on-the-barrelhead basis, for the sale of any gidgit or gadget, no questions asked. But your money is simply no good if you wish to talk about the death of our young men on the battlefield or poison in the air that we breathe.

The Supreme Court has repeatedly held that the First Amendment protects political or social speech, and that it does not protect commercial speech to a comparable degree. Yet, when people, including United States Senators, come to the broadcasters and the FCC, they are told that political and social speech definitely plays an inferior role. The role that it plays, it would seem, is directly a function of the rule that governs access to the people's air. At the moment there is no such rule, merely hot air. Until there is a rule, the fairness doctrine will remain generally unfair to fairness.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Scraping the Barrel

THE PEOPLE in *The People Next Door* live in a suburb near New York, and if they seem overly familiar it is probably because they have been seen before on television. There is some kind of hex that hangs over material transplanted from TV to the movie medium; J. P. Miller's television drama was deemed a success when it appeared, for it tackled with relative boldness the subject of teen-age drug use in a "typical" suburban setting, the worrisome effects on the parents when their daughter freaks out, the tragic consequences of generational alienation. But what is bold on television seems merely a dreary, stale rehash in its filmed emergence. There is also, apparently, a divisive gap between the two media.

Earnestly, the film proceeds to break down the pleasant facade of family togetherness. The father (Eli Wallach) finds his sixteen-year-old daughter, Maxie (Deborah Winters), crouched in a closet, hallucinating wildly. She's on an LSD trip, of course, and only his long-haired son, an aspiring rock musician, knows how to handle her. Upon which, the outraged father throws him out of the house. The mother (Julie Harris) urges more sympathy and understanding and wonders what they have done wrong. They gave Maxie love, didn't they? On it goes in its by now trite pattern. We learn about drugs, how they are peddled by bright young high school kids. We're shown the results of a student riot in the local high school, and there is much head-shaking by elders, scoffing and scorn by the youngsters. And, somehow, we don't care.

The problem is real enough, and genuinely scary. But the unfortunate fact is that the story seems made up out of headlines, solemn elucidations on television news programs, PTA meetings devoted to "what shall we do about it?" The characters are hardly more substantial than those met on afternoon soap operas, and the lines they speak have a way of making the teeth grit. So, the film seems curiously out of date, already old-hat before it was made. A year or so from now we'll likely be seeing it again, minus a nude scene or two and a few of the nastier speeches, on evening television. A curious cycle, and a futile one.

And, meanwhile, the sex cycle continues and with it the search for what might be termed acceptable erotica. Reaching fairly far down in the barrel, a Danish film-maker, Jens Thorsen, clutched Henry Miller's *Quiet Days in Clichy*, a short novel that reads something like an addendum to *Tropic of Cancer*. The scene is again Paris, and the method used is similar to that employed by Joseph Strick for his Miller opus—which is to say that contemporary Paris is used for background, while the situations remain in the period of the writing, roughly the early Thirties. Naturally, the sexual encounters predominate.

With Thorsen flinging aside all logicality of time and place, the two writers of *Quiet Days in Clichy* concentrate, with cackling bawdiness, on finding bed partners. They don't have much choice: a nymphomaniac surrealist, a few whores, an idiot fifteen-year-old runaway. Their attitude toward this emale flotsam is so self-congratulatory it might be assumed that they have managed to seduce Lola Montez, the early Mae West, and a nubile Elizabeth Taylor. Thorsen makes sure that his camera lingers long on their "love-making," accompanied by a suggestive musical sound-track composed, strummed, and sung by Country Joe McDonald. Further weirdness results from the dubbed-in voices of the two protagonists and their decided lack of acting ability.

In France, the film was banned; here a court case released the film from its bondage at Customs. The judge ruled that "the film appeals to the normal interests in sex and nudity that the average person has in such matters." Thus, we have a new guideline. Overlooked was any normal interest we might have in good film-making.

Borsalino, a wild success in France, does at least attempt to remain true to its period, the 1930s, when Marseilles was the Gallic equivalent of our own Chicago. Two likable thugs, played by Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo, emerge from the underworld to dominate the port city's rackets, spraying bullets and leaving dead rivals in their wake. Details, such as cars, furniture, and clothing, add some color to the goings-on, which are fast for awhile but which eventually dwindle into repetitiveness, while the suspicion grows that this is not a film about the Thirties, but rather a pastiche made from old movies of the Thirties. And no parody intended. Will they never get to the bottom of that barrel?

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NEW LIGHT ON FESTIVAL OPERA

SALZBURG, AUSTRIA.

With the cost of staging opera forever skyrocketing (particularly in America), one thing is becoming more and more obvious: Directors and designers must find a means of creating a stage atmosphere other than age-old realistic (or even nonrealistic) painted scenery. In Europe—at least to judge by various recent productions in Bayreuth, Munich, and Salzburg—a whole new generation of designers has been returning to man's eternal power source: light. In this case it is the power not merely to illuminate a nineteenth-century style of theater but to create instead a new kind of lyric theater infinitely more viable for a new age tuned into the "total" experience, the fusion of sound and light. Such men as Svoboda, Schneider-Siemssen, Heinrich, Damiani, and Ponnelle are exploring for new techniques to keep old opera alive.

Bayreuth is where much of this all began. When Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner reopened the doors of the Wagner festival in 1951, they proclaimed a bold new contemporary style for the works of their grandfather. But even before, during the period of Cosima and Siegfried, new ideas were proposed. Adolphe Appia, in the first quarter of this century, saw the symbolic power of color and light in a stylized space, writing that the most effective means of expression is "light, without which there can be no depth," for "the drama . . . is all shadow and light, violent contrasts and infinite shades of meaning."

Although such advanced thinking was beyond the aims of Wagner's widow and son, Appia's effects were finally felt in the 1950s when Wieland and Wolfgang expressed their indebtedness to him in their "new Bayreuth style." With Wieland Wagner particularly, opera was freed from old-fashioned naturalism. His *Parsifal*, which underwent a steady evolution of thinking from its premiere in 1951 until Wieland's death in 1966, is still on view at Bayreuth, and nineteen years later one can still concur with Ernest Newman: "This was not only the best *Parsifal* that I have ever seen or heard, but one of the three or four most moving spiritual experiences of my life." Now under Peter Lehmann's devout direction, it remains the ultimate *Parsifal* experience: a hypnotic ritual maintained with almost a religious fervor and, certainly, a total realization of the music in light.

If Act II is more problematic it is because Wieland himself never could solve the long "Flower Maidens Scene" or the Kundry-Parsifal seduction, which this year was particularly weak because young Gwyneth Jones is in treacherously deep waters vocally as Kundry and James King (Parsifal) was having an off night. On the other hand, Thomas Stewart gives an eloquent, agonizingly felt performance as Amfortas and Franz Crass sings nobly as Gurnemanz. While Pierre Boulez exposes all the texture, color, and light of the score with grace and strength, his tempos are frequently too hurried for the drama and his singers.

Wolfgang Wagner has now assumed full artistic and administrative control over Bayreuth, but as a director-designer he has doggedly clung to an uneasy compromise between the old and the new, giving his work a decidedly dated feeling. The new inconsistent and unfocused *Götterdämmerung* (as part of his new *Ring*) utilizes the basic broken-saucer concept and effective lighting of his 1960 staging, but all this is for naught with figures who indulge in stock operatic gestures of little majesty, force, or inner conviction. Only Karl Ridderbusch's Hagen and Janis Martin's Gutrune have more than this; but the Brünnhilde of Berit Lindholm, the Siegfried of Jean Cox, Gunther of Norman Bailey, and Waltraute of Anna Reynolds do not.

On the other hand, *The Flying Dutchman*, a production from two outsiders, points a new direction for Bayreuth's future. August Everding (director) and Josef Svoboda (designer) have conceived a *Dutchman* of tremendous theatrical excitement that illuminates the score by blending Wieland-style symbolism with a personal brand of realism. The three acts are played continuously on a large ship's prow (Daland's ship and Senta's house), but here again the significant factor is light—billowing sea projections are graphically thrown onto two great sails to mirror the emotional states, while evocative lighting pours through great swags of seamen's netting in the house. The Dutchman's ship rises high over Daland's, casting an ominous shadow below. The two principals move in trance-like stillness, while the crew is rollicking with life, rolling and tumbling with the sea, dancing and drinking. With Leonie Rysanek's possessed Senta, Donald McIntyre's virile Dutchman, Martti Talvela's superb Daland, and Silvio Varviso's vital conducting, it was a *Dutchman* to kindle the imagination.

In Munich, Svoboda, a busy man from Prague (where the theater and opera have long been experimenting with lights and projections), was also responsible for a new *Magic Flute* at Munich's National Theater, fascinating, despite Gunther Rennert's traditional direction. His inner proscenium unfolds to form various circular and angular shapes, the action is set on a slanted half circle, and fanciful light patterns of the real world are contrasted with the dark mysteries of the Queen of the Night on a background scrim. Svoboda's best moments come in striking pools and curtains of light in the Sarastro temple scenes and the dazzling use of strobe lights and laser beams in the fire/water tests. In essence, it is light vs. dark, good vs. evil, but with no fairy tale clap-trap. The impressive cast included Hermann Prey as the Papageno in excelsis, Edith Mathis as a radiant Pamina, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as the Speaker, and Claire Watson as the First Lady.

In Salzburg, there was no Svoboda, but there was director Giorgio Strehler's and designer Luciano Damiani's production of *The Abduction from the Seraglio*, cleverly making use of brightness and shadow—a stylish affair with deft handling of lights to create silhouettes of the characters (during their private thoughts and inner moments) and bright commedia dell'arte lighting for the action. The sets are decorative Turkish-motif panels that merrily whisk by on tracks for scene changes; the direction is lucid and natural (full of felicitous tricks); and the result is pure enchantment, especially with the cast of Anneliese Rothenberger, Reri Grist, Werner Hollweg, and Gerhard

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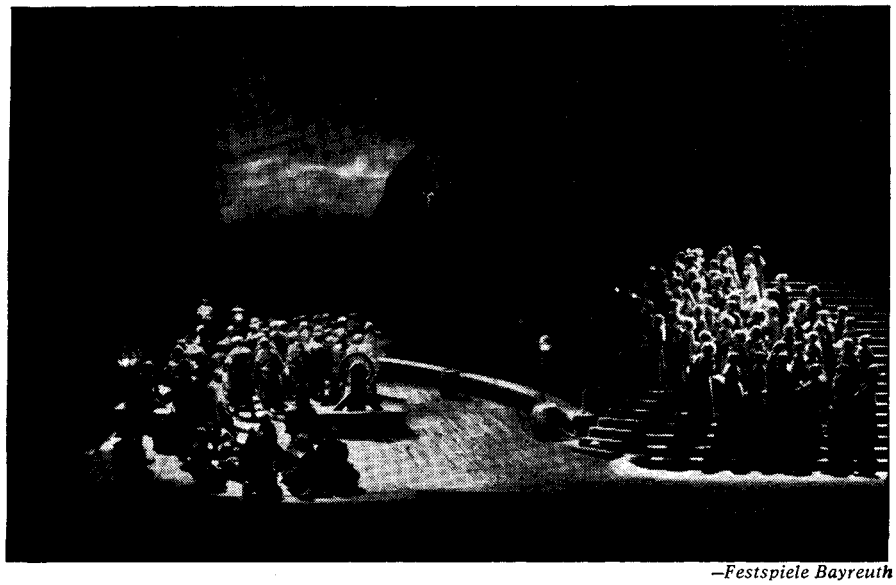
Unger responding to Zubin Mehta's lively and often brilliant reading of the music.

Light served as the sole means of creating time, place, and atmosphere in Rudolf Heinrich's compelling production of *Fidelio*, played on bare steps and platforms against the gray stone arcade of the Felsenreitschule (simply and meaningfully directed by Rennert). Most moving was the Prisoners' Chorus, in which the men moved from the dark bowels of the stage toward a green tree streaming with sunlight and the shaft of light from the rock signaling Fernando's arrival. Musically, the performance was dominated by Karl Boehm's unequaled mastery of the score, but not all the principals were of highest festival caliber.

In both Heinrich's production of *The Marriage of Figaro* and Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's *Così fan tutte* there is a permeating wash of warm, sunny southern light that conveys not only place (Seville, Naples) but also a hint of a new Mozart style. Director-designer Ponnelle's *Così* is a gem, a warmly human comedy of susceptibility and mortal foibles played in a setting conceived with the detailed sensitivity of a silverpoint etching bathed in Italianate light; his cast is honed to ensemble perfection. Heinrich's sun-drenched stone castle gives Rennert sufficient doorways and stairs so that the action of *Figaro* is never less than fluid and psychologically at one with the music.

Gunther Schneider-Siemssen, on the surface, has created a realistic panorama for Herbert von Karajan's new *Otello* on the cineramic Festspielhaus stage. But he, too, has turned to light to give deeper meaning to his grand, opulent production. The gloomy, cavernous, Gothic-arched rooms seem almost to suggest the chasm of doubt being built inside Otello by Iago. Light, which fills the sky and sea of the First-Act storm and moonlit duet, diminishes in Act II until it is totally absent in Act III's council room. In this epic, almost Wagnerian world, Karajan's characters act with a potent simplicity and fill their roles superbly, with Jon Vickers giving a performance of magnificent psychological insight, Peter Glossop coloring his voice with remarkable subtlety as Iago, and Mirella Freni providing a Desdemona of childlike tremulousness through a voice of purity and ease. The light and dark of the score are evoked equally by Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic, who serve as musical narrators of Shakespearean dimension. Karajan, whose productions of Wagner have so often been accused of darkness and obscurity, has obviously seen the light with Verdi.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.



—Festspiele Bayreuth

Bayreuth—"a 'Dutchman' of tremendous theatrical excitement."

—Opera News

Munich—"Hermann Prey as the Papageno in excelsis; Edith Mathis as a radiant Pamina."

—Salzburger Festspiele

Salzburg—"Luciano Damiani's production of 'The Abduction from the Seraglio' cleverly [makes] use of brightness and shadow."

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Baby Dodds, Art Hodes, and Edmond Hall: *Classics, Vol. I.* Dodds, drums; Hodes, piano; Hall, clarinet; in quartets, quintets, sextets, and septets. Blue Note stereo, B-6509, $5.98.	The way sessions and groups are jumbled up in Blue Note's reissue series is indefensible, but good music inevitably continues to emerge, for the label recorded so much. The major high spots are reached not by the principals mentioned alongside, but by the Port of Harlem Six, a group in which Frank Newton, J. C. Higginbotham, Albert Ammons, Jimmy Shirley, and Sid Catlett are heard to advantage. Albert Nicholas plays gracefully on two tracks with Baby Dodds, and the seldom-heard Bujie Centobie blows a liquid, typical New Orleans clarinet chorus on "I Never Knew What a Gal Could Do." Edmond Hall's "Night Shift Blues" is nearly worthy of the all-star cast that performs it, Sidney De Paris and Vic Dickenson being responsible for some intriguing backgrounds. Guitarists Teddy Bunn and Jimmy Shirley are also among the album's stronger soloistic assets.
Benny Green: *The Best of Benny Green.* Green, trombone; Art Farmer, trumpet; Charlie Rouse or Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone; Cliff Smalls or Lloyd Mayers, piano; Addison Farmer, Paul Chambers, or Sonny Wellesley, bass; Philly Joe Jones, Osie Johnson, or Bill English, drums; Candido, conga. Prestige stereo, 7776, $4.98.	An interesting transitional figure, Green was reputedly inspired, like most trombonists of the early Forties, by Trummy Young. Later, he was exposed to the influence of J. J. Johnson, the bopper who succeeded in taking the slide out of the slide trombone. Green executes fast, boppish phrases easily enough, but in his use of the slide and feeling for the beat he more often resembles Dicky Wells. On most tracks he is accompanied at the piano by Cliff Smalls, a fellow member of the trombone section in Earl Hines's 1946 big band. They work well together, and most of the performances are refreshingly crisp and buoyant.
James P. Johnson: *Father of the Stride Piano.* Johnson, piano. Sounds compatible stereo, 1204, $5.00. (Postpaid from Sounds Records, 415 East Broadway, Glendale, Calif. 91205.)	This contains fourteen translations from piano rolls and should not be confused with the Columbia album of the same title by the same artist (CL-1780). What lends the set special interest is that so many pianists, including Duke Ellington, were influenced by Johnson's rolls before they ever heard him in person. His technique, "tricks," and effective glissandos and tremolos, are well represented here, but the unavoidably mechanical sound robs the music of the sensitive dynamics we know from his recordings.
Freddy Keppard and Tommy Ladnier: *New Orleans Horns.* Keppard, cornet; with quartet and quintet. Ladnier, cornet; with quartet and octet. Milestone mono, MLP-2014, $4.98.	Keppard and Ladnier were established, expert, New Orleans cornetists before Louis Armstrong's influence became all-pervasive. Keppard was reputedly in tubercular decline when the records on the first side were made in 1926-27, but there is evidence enough of a fine talent. In "It Must Be the Blues" there are, indeed, admiring references to Armstrong, his junior by some seventeen years. Ladnier was a splendid, direct player whose inspiration was primarily drawn from King Oliver. Note the strength of his work over stop-time on "Steppin' on the Blues." The first five titles on the second side, added to those on Milestone 2002 and 2011 (by Johnny Dodds), comprise all but two of those recorded under the name of Lovie Austin, a pianist and important Chicago catalyst. The side ends with two takes of the marvelous "Play That Thing," on which Jimmie Noone's clarinet is also heard.
Preston Love: *Omaha Bar-B-Q.* Love, alto saxophone and flute; Clifford Solomon, tenor saxophone; Johnny Otis, piano and vibes; Shuggie Otis, guitar; unidentified bass and drums. Kent stereo, KST-540, $4.98.	Obviously made to touch several markets, the album reintroduces Preston Love, a first-class lead saxophonist who played at one time with the Count Basie and Lucky Millinder bands. Opportunities for him to improvise are infrequent, but on "Cream Dream," an exotic mood piece, his ability is well displayed. Shuggie Otis, fourteen when the record was made, is the real star; he plays excellent blues guitar on "Neck Bones" and "Hoe Cakes," as well as on what is the set's longest and most satisfying performance, the slow "Shuggie's Chittlin' Blues." The vibes chorus by Otis, Sr., on "Chili Mac" also merits attention.
Don Patterson: *Brothers Four.* Patterson, organ; Sonny Stitt, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Billy James, drums. Prestige stereo, 7738, $4.98.	Stitt was one of the first to use the amplified "Varitone" saxophone. On earlier records, it resulted in a ghostly octave duplication, but here it gives the tenor a smooth, rounded sound, modified in the direction of the alto, which blends admirably with that of the Hammond organ. Stitt is as voluble and technically assured as ever, and Patterson is happily one of the less predictable organists, but the honors for freshness of conception go to Green. The quartet does well by "Alexander's Ragtime Band," a decidedly unexpected choice of material.
Claude Thornhill: *At Glen Island Casino, 1941.* Thornhill, piano; with big band. Monmouth-Evergreen simulated stereo, MES-7024, $4.98. *On Stage, 1946-47.* Thornhill, piano; with big band. Monmouth-Evergreen simulated stereo, MES-7025, $4.98.	World War II undoubtedly restricted the international recognition Thornhill normally would have received. Many lovers of the big-band sound still are not sure what all the excitement was about. These two albums, with the label's earlier "Snowfall" collection, should do something to rectify that situation. While the instrumentation often resulted in unusual and attractive colors, it also accounted for a good deal of pretentiousness, and the band did not swing. The six arrangements by Gil Evans in the second set significantly herald what was to come. Some of that can be heard in *Big Stuff!*, a repackaged Prestige set (7756) made in 1957 when Evans headed a ten-piece group including, on the somber "Remember," drummer Jo Jones.
Big Joe Turner: *Turns on the Blues.* Turner, vocal; with unidentified accompaniment by harmonica, piano, guitar, bass, and drums. Kent stereo, KST-542, $4.98.	For more than twenty years, Turner has generally been subjected to unworthy accompaniments on records, but here he is at last returned to an honorable blues context with starkly adequate instrumental backing. Rhythmically, the support is none too inspiring and, so far as the pianist is concerned, it is vain to sigh for Pete Johnson, but everything is in one idiom and nothing—for a change—in bad taste. The harmonica player is impressive; seldom at a loss, he completes phrases, takes solos, and paints lonely, atmospheric backgrounds when required. Turner is well recorded, and he sings with his customary bold masculinity and bouncing drive. The selections, mostly old favorites of his, are not of aborted, juke-box length, seven of them averaging more than four minutes each. —Stanley Dance.

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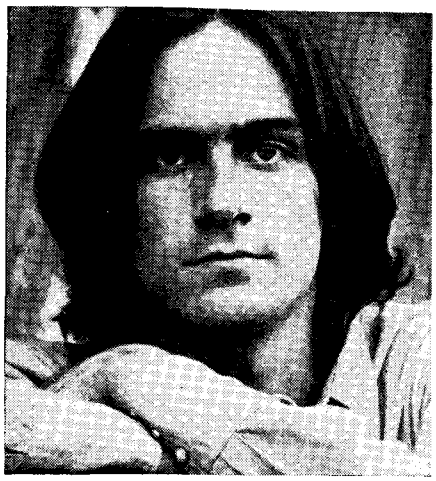
James Taylor: Sunshine and...



James Taylor—"makes decisive in-person contact"

The pop music business has many aspects of a high-pressure con game. Almost constant saturation bombardment of hyperbolic claims, concerning a seemingly endless number of faceless artists, progressively suspends one's capacity for belief. Every now and then, however, reality and publicity are consonant with one another. A surprising experience, it provides reassurance that, indeed, there *is* real talent out there.

James Taylor is the genuine article. The young songsmith-singer-guitarist brings to bear a substantial gift and admirable artfulness in the creation and performance of songs. Endearingly musical, he pairs memorable melodic lines with words that fit their contours tightly and well and document a singularity of vision. A fund of feelings, buoyantly lyrical and light on the one hand and darkly reflective on the other, mingle in his monologues. One cannot remain indifferent for long. His songs, though highly personal in content and delivery, are relevant to a large sampling of people on both sides of the invisible, yet almost tangible, age-thirty dividing line.

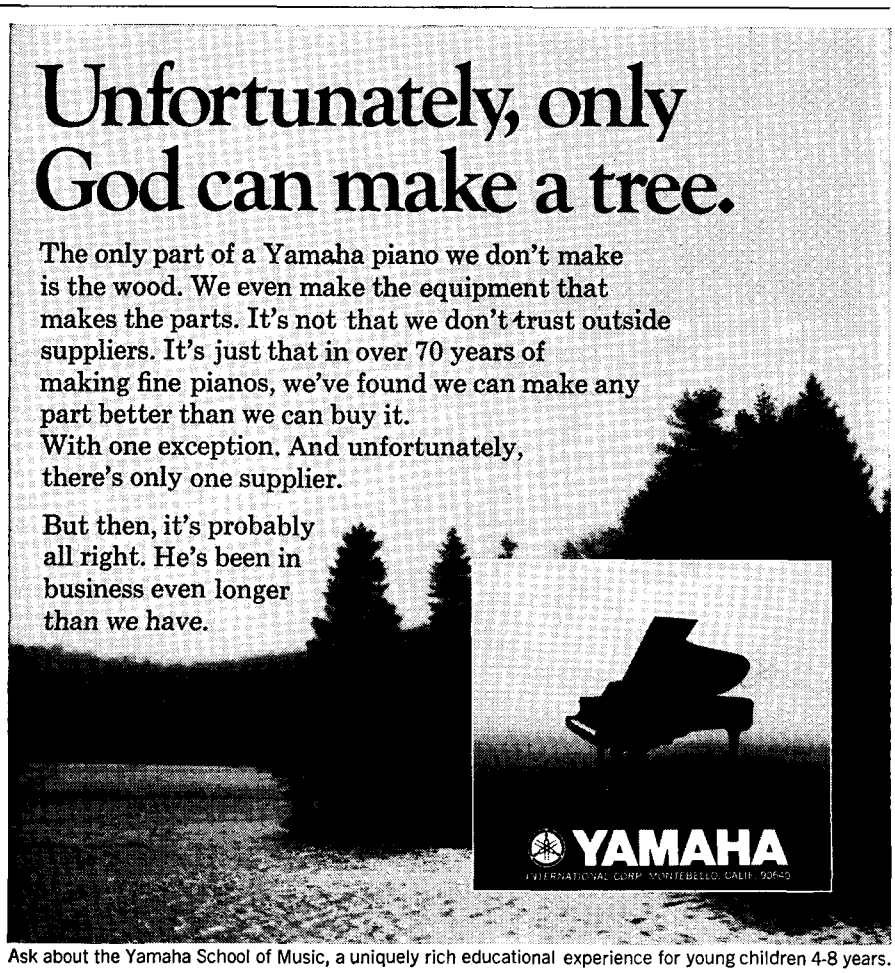
A product of his time, Taylor has much on his mind. Songs, it would seem, are a form of therapy, a way of getting feelings out where he can look at them. Like a number of his contemporaries, he avails himself of a variety of musical sources and means, both as a performer and songwriter. Taylor juggles and blends blues and folk, jazz inflection, and the open, almost naïve flavor of country music. What emerges is simultaneously literate and formal and relaxed and unpretentious. The thrust is rather direct, yet each one of Taylor's stories of love, loneliness, anguish, and puzzlement is open to interpretation. He always leaves the listener that option.

Tall, angular, with longish locks and an interesting face, James Taylor makes decisive in-person contact. His essentially young audience immediately links up with him. Inner turbulence and the searching quality expressed in his songs provide common ground. In a homespun yet persuasive manner he reaches out, and his auditors respond to his warmth. Like Dylan, Taylor has all the trappings of a central figure who can speak for the young constituency, allay fears, and, through music, temporarily terminate connection with arbitrary, distasteful surroundings. The only difference: Taylor is not political. His central concern is living life—and feeling.

As in times past, youngsters today seek artists who personify themselves, performers who can serve the dual function of leader and tranquilizer. The old-time security sources—family and country, church and school—don't seem to work as well. So, the fast-maturing, alienated, sometimes self-indulgent postwar spawn turn to music makers. Dylan, the Beatles, the Stones, Joan Baez, for example—figures who either have something to say or spew on the so-called Establishment from a great height, with admirable disdain.

What about James Taylor? He has the look: the piercing blue eyes, high cheekbones, imposing height. He has the credentials: the crucial combining of vulnerability and underlying strength, the suggestion of mysticism and inner agitation. Most important, he possesses talent in abundance. He could very well fill the bill. It has taken Taylor two years to make his breakthrough. His first recording, made in London under the kind auspices of the Beatles, was released here well over a year ago. It set aflame the jaded senses of many a musical insider, but had comparatively little impact on the mass market. Certainly there was artistic justification for widespread interest. Taylor opened himself up; he probed his experiences

(*Continued on page* 102)


Unfortunately, only
God can make a tree.
The only part of a Yamaha piano we don't make is the wood. We even make the equipment that makes the parts. It's not that we don't trust outside suppliers. It's just that in over 70 years of making fine pianos, we've found we can make any part better than we can buy it.
With one exception. And unfortunately, there's only one supplier.
But then, it's probably all right. He's been in business even longer than we have.
YAMAHA
Ask about the Yamaha School of Music, a uniquely rich educational experience for young children 4-8 years.

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Europe on a Nikkormat FTN and two lenses

You want to buy a good 35mm camera for your trip, and you've been told the "normal" lens is just right for all the pictures you'll be taking. It isn't.

You'll discover that you can't get close enough to the action in the Plaza de Toros for a frame-filling shot of the toreador. Or far enough away to get as much of that quaint Montmartre street as you'd like into the picture.

We offer a solution. A complete travel photo outfit by Nikon. The Nikkormat FTN single lens reflex with two famous Nikkor lenses; a wide angle 35mm f2.8 for close quarters as well as sweeping panoramas. Plus, a compact 105mm f2.5 telephoto for bringing distant sights within arm's length, and for candid shots without offending the natives.

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Take a tip from the pros who stake their reputations on this same equipment. Ask your Nikon/Nikkormat dealer to show you the Nikkormat FTN and the Auto-Nikkor 35mm f2.8 and 105mm f2.5 lenses. Or write for details.
Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.
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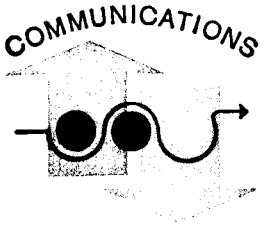

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

SR Communications

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Baseball, Umpires, and the Official Scorer

Of all the major sports played in this sports-minded land, major league baseball is easily the most complex rulewise, as they say on Madison Avenue. Football, ice hockey, and soccer are by comparison relatively simple games, and basketball, though it has its subtleties, is basically a shuttle from one end of the floor to the other with comparatively simple if arbitrary rules, usually involving a foul. Baseball, however, is as highly complex to play as it is a fertile field for the clubhouse lawyers. No two games are precisely alike, and after a lifetime in what probably still is "the national pastime," veteran umpires and managers can and will argue vehemently over nuances and interpretation and the dependent clauses in the rule book that make the game so fascinating to watch as well as play.

Baseball has umpires, usually three or four to a regular game, sometimes six at World Series time, and what they say goes—except in the press box. Up there, for each game, an official scorer chosen from the sports writers decides whether a batsman should be awarded a hit or the fielder an error on each controversial play, whether this man or that shall get a run batted in, an assist, a passed ball, or a wild pitch, and who shall be the winning and losing pitchers, among other heady items in the scorebook. The usual rule is that no one shall be allowed to be the official scorer in a regularly scheduled major league contest without having covered at least one hundred games for the past three years—on the theory that in that length of service he will have seen just about every possible play. He remains, however, an unofficial member of the baseball fraternity, not being attached to any single club and not officially attached to the league, either, as an umpire is. In other words, the all-important task of scoring is regarded pretty haphazardly by the rulers of baseball, who, at the same time, take very seriously indeed the selection of umpires and equipment.

In the first place, as any baseball writer will tell you (and we used to cover the New York Giants for the *Herald Tribune* back in the dark ages), scoring rules are much too inflexible and should be liberalized to let common sense prevail. As it now stands, the official scorer is bound by some pretty ridiculous rules, and since he is not an official of the league, like an umpire, he has absolutely no authority to change a rule when in a certain circumstance it makes no sense. The other day the Mets were playing Atlanta and a line drive was somehow caught by the Mets' second baseman, who promptly dropped the ball. One umpire signaled out, but the Atlanta base runner on first thought the ball hadn't been caught and went sailing into second, while the runner on third, thinking it had been caught, tagged up and started for home. In the controversy that followed, the runner who had been on first was eventually called out when a Met stepped on first base with the ball. But by that time the runner on third had already scored. Question: Should the man who hit the ball toward second get credit for a run batted in, or should he not? The rules state that there is no credit for an RBI on a double-play ball—a silly rule in itself since the batsman could have struck out and nobody would have scored. Anyway, the official scorer ended up giving the batsman an RBI on a "sacrifice fly" (and no time at bat). Had the scorer been an official of the National League with authority to make common sense judgments in odd cases, he would not have had to come to such a ridiculous conclusion scoringwise.

What we are saying here is that both major leagues should hire regular official scorers and pay them league salaries, moving them about as umpires

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are shifted from town to town and series to series. In that way no hint of favoritism could creep into the scoring of baseball, and, as with umpires, what the official scorer said would go in any given situation, subject only to appeal. If the league's official scorers had real control over the scoring rules, the totally absurd winning pitcher/losing pitcher controversy would seldom arise. As it is now, Tom Seaver of the Mets can pitch ten innings of scoreless ball and not get credit for a win when taken out for a relief hurler who may throw half a dozen pitches and end up with the victory. The ridiculous scoring rules on winning and losing pitcher would be eliminated if there were an official league scorer who could give the game to the man who deserved it. Any chance of playing favorites, a factor now where there's a local writer and a local club, would dissolve as it dissolves under the league umpire system, and a pitcher who had gone seven or eight innings only to give way to a pinch hitter would not be penalized as he so frequently is now.

In making this modest proposal for official league scorers, we are not saying that sports writers are untrustworthy characters incapable of fair play, men without talent or scruple. After all, some of America's greatest writers were once sports writers—Heywood Broun, Westbrook Pegler, Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway, Jack London, and dozens more. We're simply suggesting a plan to make baseball scoring more accurate and realistic, and the only way it can be done is to have official scorers with real authority, attached to the leagues as umpires are, and moved from town to town and series to series just like the men in blue. —R. L. T.

WIT TWISTER #181

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The ruler of _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
howled at the knight
While _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ at his
beard with vengeful spite:
"You, _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _, were
my guest, but sought my death!
"Sealed in these _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ walls, you'll shriek for breath!
—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 74)

Letters to the Communications Editor

All About the Subjunctive

As a teacher of German, a language with a well-developed subjunctive, I was delighted and amused to read R.L.T.'s editorial "In Praise of the Subjunctive" [*SR*, Aug 8]. American frontier masculinity, and the use of "like" as a conjunction. Right on! As they say in the Army: Sound off like you had a pair!

Francis Lide,
Lawrence, Kan.

R.L.T.'s editorial pleased me because I had just finished telling my freshman class that I was going to send to That Company a pack of cigarettes and a two-word note: "Good grammar." However, before we get too stuffy about the appalling grammar employed by anti-intellectuals, let us remember that at one time in the history of the English language the double negative was correct when used for emphasis. The infant today who in twenty years will become an English teacher probably will not know that the use of "like" as a conjunction was once considered bad grammar. He surely will not know that in 1970 the apostrophe was still being used, albeit haphazardly, to denote the possessive case.

Lest I be misunderstood, I admit that I, too, find beauty in the subjunctive mood, but if there was/were (?) once an argument for the subjunctive in the classroom, it was not a lasting one.

If R.L.T. were my student, he would find a bright red circle around "as regards." ("This insanity of logic grows from the anti-intellectual seed Dickens . . . discerned . . ., particularly as regards the American language.") Not only is "as regards" a clumsy substitution for the preposition "in," but it is redundant; the inclusion of "particularly" lends emphasis enough.

To fight the good fight in the classroom is not easy. In a student theme on *Lord of the Flies* I found this (intended as a direct quotation from the book): "The mask was a thing on its own behind, which Jack hid."

Mrs. Harriet Stolorow,
Instructor,
Jackson, Mich.

I was surprised to find the sentence, "He will always *talk* like a *man*" in a paragraph in which Mr. Tobin laments the use of "like" as a conjunction. Perhaps Mr. Tobin is simply showing the effect of watching too many Winston commercials.

Allen Wallace,
Dalton, Ga.

(Editor's note: *In this case "like" is correctly used because it involves similarity.*)

Like many other reviewers, I have been irritated for some time by the current Winston message: "What do you want—good grammar or good taste?" Particularly, I may say, because the commercials offer neither. The colloquial use of *like* as a coordinating conjunction is, as you say, a minor irritant, but the philosophical implication—that a person who champions the use of precise language is an effete snob fully deserving of social and physical abuse—is intolerable.

I hope you are not a voice in the wilderness. I sometimes fear for the future of our magnificent English language, but, after all, it has survived Viking and Norman invasions, the status of an underground tongue in its mother country, and numerous transplantations, and it will survive this newest barbarian assault.

John F. Eichenberger,
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

I've taught French and Spanish for fifty-two years, forty-three at Phillips Exeter Academy, and in this time have probably taught more grammar than a dozen teachers of English. I have been distressed over the massacre of the English language on TV and radio. Announcers of sports events, athletes being interviewed, and weather forecasters are the chief perpetrators. I have tried, without success, to get Jim Mackay, Jerry Coleman, Curt Gowdy, Johnny Pesky, and others to quit using "like" as a conjunction. While I did succeed in getting John Hancock to quit announcing, "If anyone can sell insurance it's us," I got nowhere with the Reynolds Tobacco Company.

I was pleased to read your comment on "contact." In the '20s, Lewis Perry, principal of Exeter, cautioned me about the use of this word. I have taught South American lads of fifteen to eighteen who never used the subjunctive in Spanish until I jumped on them. I'm still an advocate of "He *was* graduated from Yale"; "None of the books *is* interesting." The English will object just as I objected to Winston Churchill's remarks on tape after getting a degree here: "This is me, Winston Churchill, who is speaking." I'm sure you share my disgust when someone says, "He is a man whom I think will be president." How can we succeed in educating fluent illiterates who say, "Like I said, it looks like you haven't read Shakespeare's 'Like You Like It' "? Will an Army officer shout, "Like you were"?

I wonder if many know that "comparable to" and "compared with" are correct, with the exception in this example: "This road is so long that it may be compared to the Nile."

I say, "If I had the time, I *would* help," but I use "should" with *"I"* and *"We should like* to help." One scholar I know said recently, "Who will you vote for?" You'll agree that one feels "badly" only if he is fumbling in the dark. And finally, I should like to point out that *harass* may be hárass or haráss.

I suggested an ad for Winston, but it was rejected. "Like us smokers says, you know, it don't matter. You know, do it if other brands tastes like its winter time, you know, as long like none of we Winston smokers whom we think believe like they like them. Right?"

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John Hancock rejected my offer to review ads at no expense to it since they have the services of McCann-Erickson of New York. These ad companies believe that the vernacular is effective because most people understand it. R. J. Reynolds maintains that its ad copywriters will take liberties with the King's English to get their point across with colloquial expressions. This company quotes Professor Bergen Evans at Northwestern as accepting "like" as a conjunction. I wonder if this English professor ever understood the use of "like" with a noun, pronoun, or verbal substantive ("I feel like sleeping") after it and "as," "as if," "as though" usually with a verb after them. This company maintains its ads are directed to adult smokers and that "Me and my Winstons" represents a personalized approach. Have you seen on TV many adults smoking, embracing, and laughing in a sylvan area?

PERCY C. ROGERS,
North Hampton, N.H.

THE PARTICULAR cigarette commercial mentioned in your first paragraph prompted me to write several months ago to the tobacco company in question. The following is from their answering letter:

"Our current advertising campaign . . . attempts to provide a dash of humor. . . .

"Following the initial response some sixteen years ago from grammarians and students of grammar on the use of 'like' as a conjunction, we found even the experts could not agree."

They then cited Dr. Bergen Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University, as a supporter of the practice, and H. W. Fowler's *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage* as objecting to it. The letter continues:

"Since the experts can't agree we'll continue to use the slogan and make good tasting cigarettes—like Winston."

I found myself wondering what experts had supported the omission of the comma after "agree" and the hyphen in "good tasting" in the last paragraph.

A man who deliberately uses incorrect or substandard English does not seem more "manly" in my opinion. Instead I would suspect him of being lazy, uneducated, and as slovenly in his other habits as he is in those of speech.

MARIAN L. SHATTO,
Lancaster, Pa.

WOULD THAT R.L.T.'s splendid editorial were not destined to fall on a largely unappreciative modern world! I shall share it with my Latin IV-V pupils when school reopens. They know whereby he speaks on several counts. Keep fighting the barbarisms that continue to hem in and tighten the effectiveness and possible nuances of the English language and that thereby, of course, limit communication.

FREDERICK MOORE,
Summit, N.J.

I WAS very happy that you questioned the taste of that nongrammatical cigarette commercial. Considering the many college graduates in English who are gleaned by the advertising agencies every year, it is hard to believe they stood by in silence while the language was raped. When I think back on my English usage professor cringing at the cigarette's former campaign, I imagine that the present campaign must send tidal waves of nausea through her. As a former English major now employed by an advertising agency, I wish I could reassure her that we have not all been corrupted. But advertising works in mysterious ways, and, I suppose, some people feel "if you've got bad grammar, flaunt it."

ROBERTA F. BECKER,
New York, N.Y.

DO NOT LET the subjunctive mood catch you off guard. It can be a threat to your security. All theories begin with the subjunctive mood: "Let us assume . . . ." This says that all theories really begin with a confession of ignorance. But how many of us notice this? It is just as R.L.T. says: "The subjunctive is not primarily concerned with fact but with conjecture, thought, and emotion." And theorists, being human, have an emotional investment in their assumptions because those assumptions represent their private worldview. This holds for theorists of any stripe —scientific, ideological, etc.

Rare indeed is the scientific theorist who will refuse to explain physical phenomena. Rare is the scientist who will say with Newton: *"Non fingo hypothesim"* ("I frame no hypothesis"). Such humility, such lack of arrogance is scarce. As to gravity, Newton was content to deal with measurable quantities and let it go at that, refusing to theorize about the nature of gravity. He may have felt that other people, including scientists, unaware of the confession of ignorance in the expression "Let us assume," might actually believe him. He surely knew that theoretical statements and conclusions are always highly revisable. He knew that theories sometimes die hard and thus impede progress. Maybe he feared the power of the subjunctive, which can be used to tickle the ears of the unwary.

The subjunctive mood is a genuine troublemaker in the hands of arrogant theorists. Their aim is to proceed from the subjunctive to the declarative to the imperative. Consider Marx. Consider Darwin, who finally led millions to believe that man is a product of blind chance. He began rather disarmingly: "Let us assume that man descended from a simpler form of life . . . ." Consider also the modern theoretical physicists who assume (and teach) that the laws of chance govern all physical phenomena. Our "great" theorists didn't leave us with many reasons for getting up in the morning, did they? Their primary assumptions have spread from the ivory towers into multiple millions of minds. Now, many of us think that the state is a proper object of worship. Many of us believe that man is only a chance flash in the interstellar darkness. No wonder the world is in turmoil. And it all began with the clever use of the subjunctive mood—with an eye to the use of the imperative by a select few.

Too few of us see that the subjunctive is also the mood of entrapment. I think that our English teachers have shown us only the bright side of the coin—the side dealing with linguistic niceties. Very little has been said about theorists and how some of them want to proceed from the use of the subjunctive to the indicative to

(*Continued on page* 97)

"John's will made me into a nonprofit organization."

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THE HAPPY ESSENCE OF FRANK SULLIVAN

by JOHN K. HUTCHENS

Just offhand I can't think of anyone else I know who has had as many friends as Frank Sullivan down through the years, which in his case will total an improbable seventy-eight on September 22. I say "improbable" because it was only yesterday, wasn't it, that he was writing three weekday columns and a Sunday story for the New York *World*, after whose demise he went on to brighten the pages of one periodical and another, notably *The New Yorker*, for several decades. But, then, when time confronts the Sage of Saratoga Springs it somehow manages sensibly to skip its usual rules, and the reason is apparent all through this delightful collection of his letters and some of his best pieces (*Frank Sullivan Through the Looking Glass*, edited by George Oppenheimer, with an introduction by Marc Connelly, Doubleday, $5.95).

For the happy essence of Francis John Sullivan is here, in works culled from his books and from magazines and newspapers, in letters that are a cross section of a warmhearted man's gift for friendship, and in one of the Christmas poems—his "litanies," he calls them—that have been a major annual event in *The New Yorker* for almost forty years. "I am getting old, and am very tired," he tells a correspondent in 1963. Perhaps he did feel so, momentarily, but the fact is that his letters and other writings, only a relatively small fraction of which Mr. Oppenheimer could include in a single volume, were as alive in the 1960s as they had been in the 1920s, when he took his place at once in a galaxy of New York newspaper stars.

To read again (and I envy those who are reading them for the first time) the items assembled in a section called simply "The Pieces" is to experience once more a variety of pleasures—the grateful recollection of his *World* days in "Thoughts Before the Undertaker Came"; the tender "Apostrophe to a Street" (his own Lincoln Avenue in Saratoga); the memorable study of Marcel Proust's sentence structure ("You can see Proust's characters age visibly during the course of one of his rousing, three-page sentences. Characters, who at the start of a sentence would be vigorous striplings standing on the threshold of life, would be bald, married, and settled down by the time Proust reached the first of the sentence's concluding phalanx of clauses"); an adventure of one of the splendid characters in his gallery, Aunt Sarah Gallup, the Grand Old Lady of the Adirondacks, and the Niagara River salmon that dined on British soldiers during the Revolution; the satire on Van Wyck Brooks's predilection for lengthy footnotes; three transcripts in which the cliché expert Mr. Arbuthnot takes the stand and testifies in terms that few writers for the public prints, particularly book reviewers, can read without cringing.

But in all this Sullivan treasure-trove

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his letters to his friends have a special quality. Among them are some friends who are known to have loathed one another, and it says a great deal about Frank Sullivan that in each of them he found something to cherish and was capable of saying so without any foolish fear of sentiment. Long or short, the letters have the invaluable note of conversation, light-hearted and otherwise. "Farewell, Miss Santa Barbara of 1937," he writes to one lady. "I adore you with an ardor that would make Dante's for Beatrice seem like one of those pale crushes an amoeba gets on itself just before it divides in two." But also: "Who dares say he has lived in vain who has been blessed with the friendship of Jim Thurber, Bob Benchley, and Harold Ross, to name three of the Great Gracious Souls I have known."

A morning newspaperman who went to work at 2 p.m. scarcely had time to be an active member of the lunch-hour Algonquin Circle, but this one knew every leading member of it, and his letters to and about them, and a number of other writers and theater people, will surely be consulted by historians of what its survivors fondly regard as the Golden Age. The historians will hardly be put off by the interesting aliases he uses—Arthur Wing Pinero, Liberace, Lionel Strongfort—but may puzzle over his way of not dating letters. In any event, here they are—for Beatrice Kaufman, one of the few perceptive appraisals of the more engaging side of Alexander Woollcott; for Margaret Leech Pulitzer, a curious little snapshot of Harold Ross in an unguarded moment; for Leonard Lyons, a funny anecdote about Toscanini. And so on, through an epistolary chronicle in which the recipients include also Groucho Marx, Nunnally Johnson, Corey Ford, Edna Ferber, Joseph Bryan III, Herbert Mayes, Robert E. Sherwood, Charles Brackett, John Kieran, Bennett Cerf, Howard Lindsay, and Russel Crouse—the last-named quite likely the closest of all his friends.

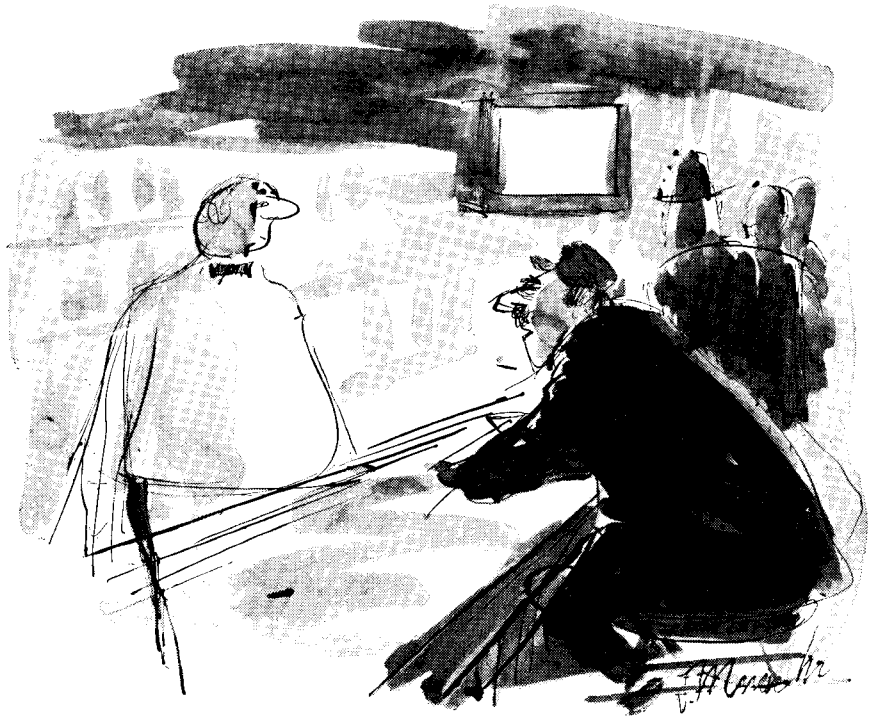
In the white frame house on Lincoln Avenue (it has been the family home since 1914) he was saying the other day that he really had done no work at all on this book. He had simply answered questions about this or that from Mr. Oppenheimer and the publisher. He certainly hadn't asked for the loan of letters to his friends—"What if they hadn't kept them? They might have been embarrassed." Then the talk went from one thing to another, in the amiably disconnected fashion of a couple of friends meeting at one of those bars where New York newspapermen pass the time of day and night.

To be sure, he hasn't come down to New York in about ten years, chiefly because it is no longer the smaller, cleaner, more personal city he once knew. Besides, he never did like to travel. His longest journey from New York was to St. Louis. Why this aversion? It goes back, he said, to the intolerable tension he used to suffer as a cub reporter on out-of-town assignments. Speaking of his early newspaper days, he dwelled appreciatively on his first boss, Keats Speed, city editor of the New York *Sun*, who discerned that the young Sullivan had a fanciful way with odd items turning up on police dockets and let him take off from there—which presently attracted the attention of the *World*'s Herbert Bayard Swope, who honored him with an order to take over when such *World* columnists as Franklin P. Adams and Heywood Broun were on vacation. An honor but also an agony, he recalled, as was, when he came to write a column of his own, the request to "be funny three times a week—I thought I was lucky if I made it once a month." His employers and his public clearly disagreed with this estimate.

If one writer influenced him more than another as a humorist, he suspects it was the Canadian Stephen Leacock, whose *Gertrude the Governess* struck him as about the funniest thing he ever had read. Later he came to greatly admire Benchley, S. J. Perelman, and P. G. Wodehouse—"I've never missed a Plum Wodehouse book"—but he understands why there is a dearth today of humorists in that older tradition: "It's not in the mood of the times. A whole new feeling began with Hiroshima and the bomb. The boys and girls were worried. There were tensions. In the 1920s there were few tensions about anything at all until 1929."

He doesn't spend much time with modern fiction. His two favorite authors of fiction in recent years have been Thornton Wilder and John O'Hara, in addition to the mystery story writers to whom he turns for relaxation. On cold winter nights in Saratoga he rereads Dickens and Mark Twain. Contrary to legend, he does not begin on December 26 to prepare his next Christmas poem ("Greetings, Friends!") for *The New Yorker*. In fact, he said, he is never sure until autumn whether *The New Yorker* will want another of them. If it does, he is ready to get to work with a list of names he has spotted in newspapers, trying to make certain he will not repeat a name he has previously used. Pressed to cite a favorite rhyme from those many epics, the most eminent yuletide bard since Clement Moore declined to oblige. He did, however, mention with modest pride the coupling of "Tom Seaver" and "*joie de vivre*" in a verse written last October for *The New York Times* in celebration of the New York Mets' stunning World Series triumph.

His visitor was halfway back to New York when he realized that he had neglected to ask a major question. Had Mr. Sullivan ever succeeded in his search, launched years ago, for a gruntled politician? The temptation was to return at once and just sit there and ask him to go on talking.



"My wife keeps promising to leave me, but she insists on severance pay."

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SPONSORED FILMS ARE BETTER THAN EVER

by STUART W. LITTLE

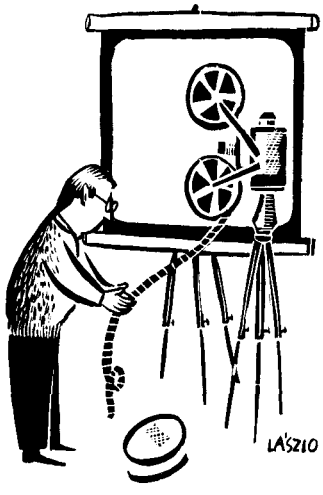
Sponsored films—miniproductions without stars put out by industry to burnish the corporate image and sometimes to express its social consciousness—are prospering as never before in the graphics culture. Partly this may be due to a ready audience, to the vociferous American appetite for film, the preference for visual instruction. In 1969, it is estimated, industry spent almost half a billion dollars imprinting its message on 16-mm. The audience for sponsored film is measured in the hundreds of millions, and the mobilization of this audience is one of the little-noticed but increasingly important trends in present-day communications. Making the films, which are distributed free and cost the local user nothing except for return postage, is evolving into a significant expression of American industry's civic awareness and of its ambassadorial zeal in communicating with the general public.

Today one finds the American Can Company filming a series of earnest interviews with blacks (*Making It*, produced by DeWitt Beall) about getting jobs in the American economy, with four other corporations mentioned by name in the course of the film, and American Can coming into it only once as just another employer. One finds Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical devoting an entire film to the esoteric creative impulse (*Why Man Creates* by Saul Bass) without a mention of the workaday world of the metallurgist. In the films of the huge Shell library (15,000 prints in circulation) there is never a mention of the Shell Oil Company; the only identification comes with the use of the familiar Shell pecten among the credits at the end. One sees corporations presenting films on urban development, on consumer protection, on ecological problems, and the only time the sponsoring company allows itself recognition is in a few sunset frames toward the end of the picture when, for example, the wing of the plane tilts skyward and the name of the airline, for an instant, fills the screen like an unexpected rainbow.

The sponsored film can of course serve an explicitly commercial purpose. General Motors and Ford, for example, which are among the largest producers of sponsored films, have libraries of instructional, training, and driving safety films that directly relate to commercial goals. The airlines freely distribute travel films that are clearly designed to foster wanderlust. Almost any red-blooded American company is delighted to be associated with such visually gratifying sports as motorcar racing, skiing, and professional golf. Eastern Airlines has a remarkably candid film of Jack Nicklaus being his own Monday morning quarterback after missing all kinds of shots in the 1969 Westchester Open. Shell has its *Wonderful World of Golf* series.

A major question always facing the maker of a corporate film is how much hard sell should be sacrificed to subtlety of commercial identification in order to reach as wide an audience as possible. In the past few years the opening up of theatrical distribution possibilities has probably weighed in favor of soft sell. The interests of the huge educational market have argued for environmental and sociological topics for films. Together with television, schools and theaters are the really significant outlets, and we need to look at them in some detail. But first, how is the sponsored film made?

The film impulse may originate in the public relations department, but the decision to go ahead and make one is usually taken at the highest corporate level. This is not entirely because of cost. (Sponsored films can be produced for as little as $15,000, exclusive of print and distribution expense, although the average cost is nearer $30,000. Films in the superclass run around $250,000, and some have been known to go above $400,000.) Rather, film-making is still so irregular a corporate activity as to need special budgeting, and the image-making implications of a film in special circulation dictate top-level handling.



Some companies such as Shell and General Motors have their own film-producing units. Other companies will call upon one of the more than 400 independent film producers in this field, ranging from a giant such as the Jam Handy Organization of Detroit, which turns out titles in the hundreds each year, to a one-man shop that may be hot today and out of business tomorrow. Some of the bigger companies will call on Will A. Parker's Film Counselors, "architects and designers" of industrial films. They handle the entire process for a client firm from defining a concept to choosing an appropriate producer and arranging for the most desirable distribution of the finished product.

Lately, designers have been getting into the act with notable success. Designer Saul Bass put together the animated Academy Award-winning *Why Man Creates* for Kaiser. Boise Cascade turned to a design firm, de Martin-Marona & Associates, to produce *The Significance of You*, which, for purposes of this discussion, will be held up as the ideal corporate image film, since it serves brilliantly to relate company products and corporate philosophy to the world around it. Boise Cascade, with a million and a half acres of timberland primarily in California, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, is a billion-dollar corporation dealing in lumber, plywood building materials, paper, packaging, and office supplies. Significantly, the film does not open with a helicopter view of the massed greenery of redwood forests or Douglas firs but with overhead shots of a lone boy making chalk designs on a city sidewalk, and there is a contemporary musical score by Ed de Martin and Wally Hayman that illumines a private world.

De Martin-Marona had worked on design problems for Boise Cascade for two years, gaining insight into company philosophy and an impression of Boise as classic entrepreneurs—venturesome, pragmatic, and yet socially aware. De Martin-Marona began pre-

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paring for the film by introducing a tape recorder into executive sessions and eavesdropping on some top management spitballing. The film-makers pulled the best of the verbal pieces and used them as narration, enabling them to do away with the sonorous tones of a self-conscious narrator, then went into the field for three months of shooting in the summer and fall of 1968—in the forests, sawmills, plywood factories, canning plants, and mobile home locations—to find appropriate visual images to go with this natural narration. Vocally and visually the film meshes nicely and seems all of a piece. Chromatically, the dominant tone contrives to be forest green. The giant, acquisition-minded corporation comes through in human dimension, its desire to relate its manufacturing capabilities to urban needs shining as brightly as the sun through the forest treetops.

At the end of the film, gradually, one is introduced to the faces behind the narration voices. The camera, for the first time, moves into an executive conference room and meets the Boise Cascade officers face to face, frowning, joking, listening, doodling, and, somewhat surprisingly, relating forest products to social needs. De Martin-Marona made the film in six months (the real film was put together in the cutting room) at a cost of $125,000. If they had to do it again today, the cost would be nearer $175,000. It would still be worth it.

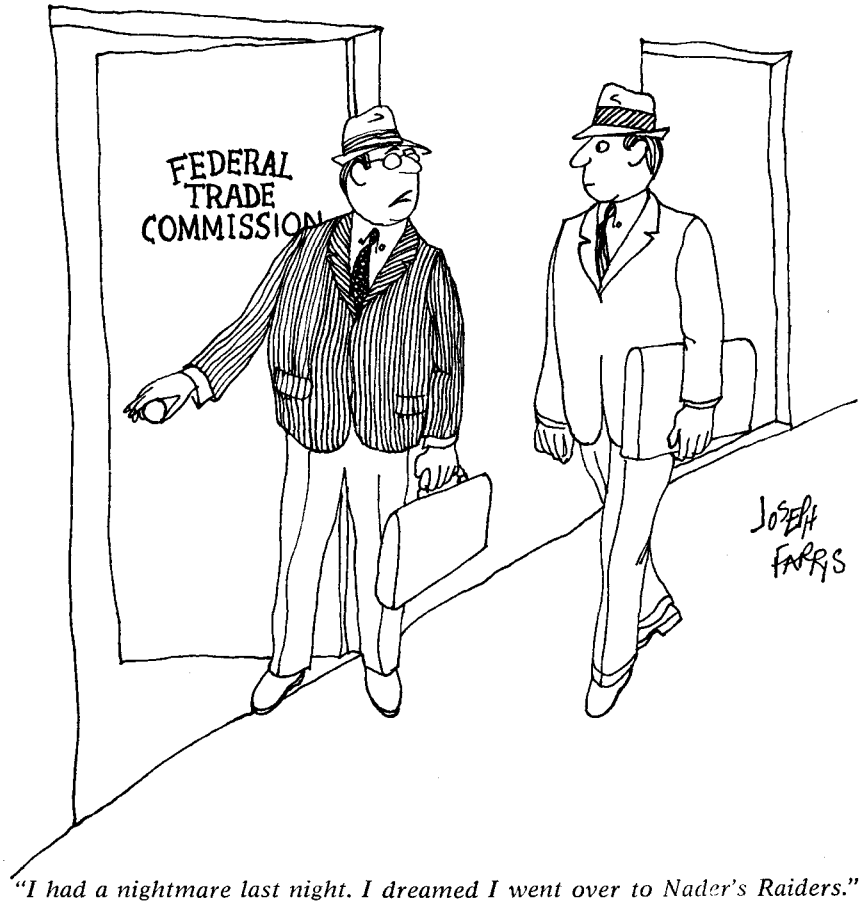
Who sees the sponsored film? Most companies seek the widest possible distribution in schools, community centers, churches, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, and college campuses. But the really large markets are television and movie theaters. All these audiences must be cleverly organized. For many years the foremost distributor has been Modern Talking Picture Service in New York. (Modern's position has been in dispute since the merger last March of the number two and number three firms to form Association-Sterling Films.) Modern was founded in 1937 as an offshoot of Western Electric to develop a software market for the hardware market of 16-mm projectors Western Electric was then anxious to promote. There is nothing especially new about sponsored films as such. Robert J. Flaherty's classic *Nanook of the North* was produced in 1922 with the money of the furrier Revillon Freres. It was not until after the Second World War, which trained so many people in the art of threading film through a movie projector, that the great expansion came in the sponsored film market. In almost every year since there has been appreciable growth in audiences, projectors, and 16-mm films.

Modern, listing nearly 2,000 titles mails out catalogues to long lists of possible users and follows up with promotional materials, posters, and study guides. The client pays for the service when size-of-audience reports are filled out after a booking. The largest single market outside of television and movie theaters is found in the secondary schools. Mailings go to home economics supervisors, who are hungry for good film for instructional and illustrative use in their courses (27,000), business and industry groups (25,000), men's clubs (12,000), churches (9,000). For each of these bookings there may be two showings, and the audience for each showing averages out at about fifty persons.

As for television, there are 863 commercial and educational stations in the United States, all but 1 per cent of which are said to happily schedule sponsored films regularly, mostly in morning and afternoon time. For each sponsored film showing on TV, there is an estimated audience of 35,000.

The preferred length for television is twenty-eight minutes, but the best running time for movie theaters is ten minutes, and the print must be blown up to 35 mm. There are 13,600 movie theaters in this country (hard-tops) and nearly 5,000 drive-ins, most of them generally receptive to the showing of sponsored shorts. Movie theaters have become an important outlet for the sponsored film only in the last three years or so, largely because of the demise of the theatrical short. Disney hasn't made one in the last dozen years unless the subject has had some school application. For the majors, the short, as Will Parker of Film Counselors points out, was always a loss leader, offered as an inducement to book the feature. The theaters never paid for them. Theaters still want shorts if they can get them free, and the sponsored film distributors are loaded with possible products. They are more than eager to reach an audience that includes 48 per cent of young adults between sixteen and twenty-four. One booking in a movie theater (usually five showings) will reach 2,500 persons. So if a sponsored film distributor can keep ten prints in theatrical distribution and schedule twenty-five bookings for each over a twelve-month period, he can expect to play to 625,000.

A good sponsored film can have an effective life of many years and be shown over and over. One of the more successful films in recent years has been *The Mayflower Story*, produced by Paul Alley Productions of New York. It is the film account of the fifty-three-day 1957 Atlantic crossing of the English-built replica of the *Mayflower*, sponsored, purely for reasons of name identification, by the Aero Mayflower Transit Company. Up to May of this year, Modern, the distribu-



"I had a nightmare last night. I dreamed I went over to Nader's Raiders."

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tor, calculates that it has been seen by a nontheatrical audience of 221,000, by a theater audience of 12,500,000, and by a television audience of 115,500,000.

With all this ready audience, does the sponsored film really compete with print advertising? Film Counselor's Parker, with twenty-five years of experience and one of the unrelenting evangelists of the business, contemptuously dismisses films that may win prizes but fail to deliver a message for the client. "*Why Man Creates* won an Academy Award for whom—for Saul Bass. Not for Kaiser Aluminum. Half the people you ask even in public relations couldn't tell you Kaiser sponsored that film." Parker emphatically exempts American industry from being "a patron of the cinema art in this country." To him, sponsored films are first and foremost business investments that have to pay off.

"I don't talk to a client in terms of how much it's going to cost to distribute the film," Parker says. "I talk in terms he can understand—in cost per thousand. And in those terms the sponsored film is a better medium buy than any other. Take a picture such as *The Big Question,* which has been in circulation eight years for New York Life. It comes down to a cost of $3.93 per thousand, and that's for a twenty-eight-minute message. Compare that with a $7.55 cost per thousand for one full-page insertion in *Life.*"

Roughly speaking, the sponsor of an industry film spends a little more than a third of his film dollar on actual production, a little less than a third each on buying extra prints and on distribution, usually through a firm such as Modern or Association-Sterling.

Parker is distressed by the inability of business to recognize the full media value of film. "Film is low on the totem pole of management consideration," he says. "It has never been fully appreciated. The sponsored film has never, and hasn't today, obtained any real degree of importance. It's harder to sell a company a $100,000 film than it is a million-dollar ad program. We're just not cohesive enough to be an industry."

Still, according to the statistics compiled by Thomas W. Hope for the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers, the rate of growth in the audio-visual field, hardware and software, in the last ten years has been more than double the GNP. From $433-million in 1958, it has expanded to more than $1.2-billion in 1968. The sale of 16-mm sound projectors—the bellwether of the industry—jumped from an eight-year annual average of around 40,000 to 75,000 in 1966 and has stayed near that level. In 1969, the production of nontheatrical film reached a record 14,200 titles.

What is the future of the sponsored film business—if we are still cautious enough not to call it an industry? The answer may rest with the youth audience, brought up on a ceaseless stream of television images, sophisticated in visual communication, hungry for film, living in the graphics culture—and in how quickly sponsored film can adjust to their needs and wants. The commercialism of sponsored films doesn't really seem to be a problem. Television has given the new audience a tolerance for commercials. Even a cultist interest has developed. Feature film producers have taken to planting blatant commercials in the middle of their films, such as the close-up on the Lipton's Tea tin in *Rosemary's Baby.* Alongside some of these misuses the commercial messages borne by sponsored films seem mild.

Television, CATV, and the motion picture screens are expanding surfaces on which the sponsored film can write an assured future. It was not because of any basic fault in the format of the newsreel that it was erased from the nation's movie screens. Television, and immediacy, simply took over. Now, through a series called *Cavalcade* (although the title has a ring of the 1930s), Association-Sterling has cleverly resurrected the newsreel format and put it to use for the sponsored film-maker, splicing together five two-minute segments, each the message of a different company, and making a ten-minute reel out of it with a single narrative voice.

There is a positive response to films that are instructional—particularly of the world around us, particularly of the environment in which the struggle to survive must take place. Around Earth Day, Shell's environmental films, especially its 1967 *The River Must Live,* were booked solidly. (Recently, as a possible sign of the times, Shell withdrew from circulation *The Underwater Search,* a study of drilling for offshore oil.) A superior film such as *The Gifts,* made by Robert McBride of Richter-McBride Productions of New York for the Federal Water Quality Administration, finds an enormous, concerned, and eventually angry audience among the young, and the horror of McBride's uncompromising images of poisoned American rivers, foam-flecked with raw sewage, some of them running red with slaughterhouse blood, shocks one out of the long daydream of America the Beautiful. Association-Sterling asked television stations if they would run a series built around consumer protection and environmental control. With a 30 per cent response, the answer was a resounding 83.4 per cent yes. Modern Talking Picture Service passed out a questionnaire at a convention of home economics teachers and learned of their eagerness for films on urban problems, sex education, world culture, narcotics, and environment and conservation. All this indicates a large market for the industrial film sponsor willing to address himself to these concerns.

For the sponsored film, travel (first) and sports (a close second) will probably remain the most popular subjects. Philip Murphy of Modern is undoubtedly right when he says that "muddy streams are never going to compete with the golden sands." Still, corporations, finding their self-interest best served in promoting technology to lead us out of our murky environmental entanglements of poisoned water, polluted air, needless noise, and indisposable heaps of garbage and waste, may well utilize the promotional film to talk about it. There is an aware and eager audience waiting.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

BLOOD OR MARRIAGE

Helen Ivey of Cobourg, Ont., has ferreted out another parcel of authors who have been related, by blood or marriage, to other famous personages. Can you match the parties? Check your guesses on page 99.

1. W. H. Auden, son-in-law of ( )
2. Edward Bulwer-Lytton, father of ( )
3. Hilda Doolittle (H. D.), wife of ( )
4. Paul Gallico, son-in-law of ( )
5. Howard Haycraft, son-in-law of ( )
6. Pamela Hansford Johnson, wife of ( )
7. Helen MacInnes, wife of ( )
8. Compton Mackenzie, cousin of ( )
9. Kathleen Norris, sister-in-law of ( )
10. Carl Sandburg, brother-in-law of ( )
11. Logan Pearsall Smith, brother-in-law of ( )
12. Dorothy Thompson, wife of ( )

a. Richard Aldington
b. William Rose Benét
c. Thomas Costain
d. Gilbert Highet
e. Sinclair Lewis
f. Thomas Mann
g. Owen Meredith
h. Bertrand Russell
i. C. P. Snow
j. Adela Rogers St. John
k. Edward Steichen
l. John Addington Symonds

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REVOLUTION IN LAYOUT

by JOHN TEBBEL

When a publication purchases a new piece of mechanical equipment, the acquisition is not likely to interest anyone outside the staff. Last month, however, *Life* magazine announced what it called "a new staffer" so extraordinary that it was news—a device that constitutes a revolution in the art of layout. It brings visualization out of the art director's brain and translates it into moving images on a screen.

The announcement was made by Managing Editor Ralph Graves in the space reserved on the contents page for institutional promotion in the form of signed letters from the management to *Life*'s more than eight million readers. It told the story in four succinct paragraphs. Missing from it was one of the little ironies that bespangle magazine history.

Life's new Editorial Layout Display System, or ELDS, as it is familiarly known, originated about four years ago when the magazine was so heavy with advertising that it was the mailman's despair, as the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, among others, had been in earlier years. In a picture-text magazine, particularly, this situation was an art director's nightmare. Every week more than 200 pages had to be laid out in the traditional way: manipulating the photographs and words in each story until everyone was satisfied—writer, reporter, photographer, editor, and art director—then turning the designs over to paste-up men who transformed the sketched ideas into dummy pages. It was a process so time-consuming that every week became a hard-driving, exhausting race to deadline, with results not uniformly satisfactory.

Time, Inc., turned to its research laboratories in Connecticut for help. Technicians were dispatched to the Hycon Manufacturing Company in Monrovia, California, to make an assault on the problem. Hycon was chosen because of its creative work in optics, not much of which is known to the general public because it is highly classified. It is an ill-kept secret, however, that Hycon, a subsidiary of McDonnell-Douglas, is involved in the production of the surveillance cameras mounted in U-2 reconnaissance aircraft, as well as more mundane aerial cameras and optical devices.

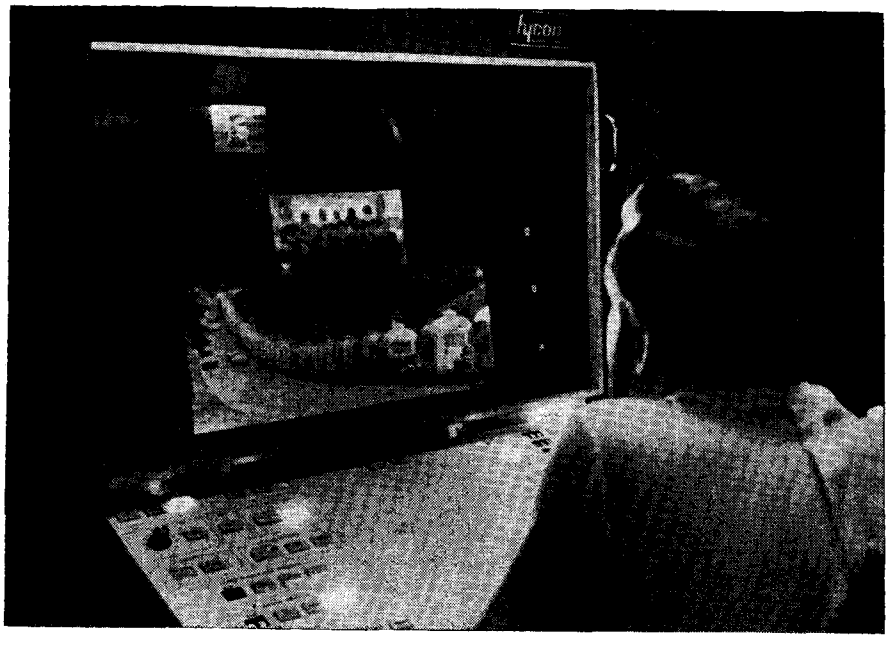
No Defense Department contract called for more ingenuity on the part of Hycon and Time engineers. It took a year of study and planning before they knew what kind of machine it was they wanted to build, and how it might be constructed. Then followed three more years of putting the pieces together in one of the most complicated instruments communications technology has yet produced.

The result is a 7,000-pound electromechanical optical system worthy of the virtuosity of Tom Swift and Buck Rogers combined. Meanwhile, in the three years it has taken to construct this machine, *Life*'s advertising pages have come tumbling down, in common with all mass magazines, and the edition that carried the announcement of ELDS's triumphal arrival carried only sixty-four pages—a far cry from the situation it was invented to correct.

A triumph it is, nonetheless. ELDS has a room to itself on the twenty-ninth floor of Time's glass tower in New York, and two resident engineers, Ray Ferris of Hycon and Sid Hatto of Time Editorial Services, pluck the bugs from its intricate insides. *Life*'s art director, Irwin Glusker, its color director, John Vogler, and other staff members approach ELDS like acolytes around the shrine, and on its shiny screen, using a battery of controls, including two joysticks resembling those in old airplanes, they create small miracles of design and layout.

A sense of power must overcome these manipulators at the beginning. What they are manipulating is a machine requiring 60,000 volts of electricity to operate, and occupying 800 cubic feet of space, controlled by specially built computers, and containing no fewer than sixteen slide projectors. (ELDS would be larger still if so much of its electronic gear were not transistorized.) All that is seen in the operator's room are the screen and the operating console. Behind these is another room containing the mechanism, which, in the simplest possible terms, consists of sixteen slide projectors mounted on a giant wheel, each with its own optical system attached.

Seated at the instrument panel and facing the large screen, the operator is ready for the instant visualization of his layout ideas. The elements of these ideas are on 35-mm slides loaded into long metal carriers, each of which will hold thirty-six slides, in color or in black-and-white, either pictures or text blocks. ELDS will hold ninety-nine of these slides at a time, and will add



"Life" color director John Vogler laying out a new issue using the magazine's new Editorial Layout Display System (Hycon).

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to it some basic type samples and a grid for page layouts. The slides are projected sequentially, enabling the art director to assemble in a preliminary way whatever pictures he is considering for a story.

Then the magic begins. A grid appears on the screen. The familiar *Life* logotype appears in the upper left corner, signaling, for example, that a cover is being put together. The logotype is one of sixteen slides at a time that can be projected in small squares across the top and down the two sides of the screen, called appropriately the "gallery," and so held ready for use. The slides are numbered, and these numbers appear in lighted windows on the console. Surveying the pictures in the gallery, the operator decides which ones he wants to try in the layout, and a computer helps him remember so that the slides can be projected onto a layout grid simultaneously or individually.

Pressing the control buttons and manipulating the two joysticks causes the slides seen in the gallery to appear to float free out of their positions onto the grid and then be maneuvered into position. What seems even more miraculous is the way the operator can enlarge the pictures (as much as a five to twenty times magnification in two of the projectors), make them brighter, rotate them 360 degrees, reduce them, or even crop them. Type is projected onto the layout, enlarged or reduced for size, maneuvered about for the best placement. Superimpositions of pictures are simple. All this takes place, one should add, on a double-truck grid if required. Thus the screen becomes the artist's sketch pad, and the elements are composed at the end as though pasted up by the make-up men.

This part of the operation would be enough in itself to save countless hours —the equivalent of a finished dummy page can be made in minutes—but the ELDS is more versatile. After a layout is completed, a button is pressed, a curtain appears to slide down over the screen, and a photograph is made of the layout in only three minutes, in black-and-white. As many as ten copies can be produced in twelve minutes, rolling out like a printout from a computer or a copy from a Xerox machine. In spite of the enlargement, the quality remains good—so good that in *Life*'s case it can be transmitted by means of a more familiar electronic wonder to the magazine's printing establishment in Chicago, just as the paste-up dummy would have been.

There are obvious major advantages offered by ELDS, and some less obvious disadvantages. As a time-saver it performs a primary function, but beyond that, it gives an art director a maximum of flexibility for his ideas and inspirations, since he can see them realized immediately in color and in proportion. Color and other relationships are seen at once, and this often leads to the discovery of new and unplanned mixtures, adding a "serendipitous quality," says Glusker, who states in the Graves announcement: "Sometimes I discover picture combinations I might never have hit on myself."

Clearly, technology has arrived in the art department, where hand craftsmanship has prevailed for so many years, not displacing it, of course, but organizing it far more efficiently. Nor is this the kind of technology that requires laborious training. One can learn to operate the Hycon machine in two hours or less.

These are the clear and positive advantages, but how revolutionary are they? Is ELDS an expensive toy with limited use? It is much too early to tell, but there are factors that suggest so. It cost more than a million dollars to produce this one and only edition of ELDS, and since it is so difficult to separate developmental from other costs, it is hard to say how much money it would take to reproduce the machine even in limited quantities, but it would certainly be well into six figures. Not many mass magazines, especially in times so critical for them, could afford the expense.

Any management contemplating buying this miraculous gadget would have to calculate whether the time saved would be worth the expense. Clearly, it would be if a great many pages had to be made up for each issue, and if there were sufficient variety in the pages. A fat trade magazine running more than 200 pages per issue, however, might not find much use for ELDS if its page layouts were comparatively uniform and there were a minimal use of pictures. On the other hand, a consumer magazine depending a good deal on attractive layout and design for its competitive selling appeal might well benefit.

Nor does the potential usefulness of ELDS end with what has presently been created. The technology exists to speed up further the whole process of layout and design on a magazine. Suppose departmental editors working in the Hycon room were able to call the art director at his desk on the intercom and inquire, "What do you think of this layout idea?" and the art director could see the object of the inquiry projected on a desk screen from the master machine. He even could have another screen in his home so that if a crew were working in the office when he was not there, which happens often on a magazine such as *Life*, he could make a decision about what was being done.

Other possibilities are apparent. Their development is limited not technologically but by what magazines can afford, by the balance between the expense of development and the economics of an individual publication.

A more immediate extension may be into the book business, and this possibility will no doubt be tested first with Time-Life Books, the most profitable part of Time, Inc.'s organization. The advantages of ELDS's laying out the pages of a picture-text book, or an art book, or any kind of coffee-table book seem even greater than in the magazine field. Textbook publishers also may find the machine is a time- and money-saver in a business where preparation costs are astronomically high.

Whatever its ultimate uses may be, Hycon and *Life* have proved with ELDS that it is possible to bring the technological revolution into an area that until now has been considered immune, and at the same time stimulate creativity instead of stifling it in the lockstep of machinery.

—Reprinted from SR, September 19, 1959

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"V—IV—III—II—I—oh, for the love of Mars."

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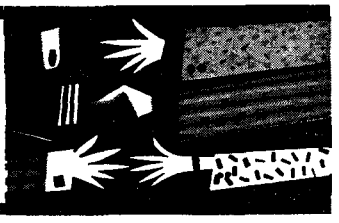
Public Relations



War and Big Business

Very large American corporations are reluctant to oppose publicly the government positions on foreign policy, except perhaps on economic grounds—and when it comes to voicing dissent during war they shy away even more. There are many reasons for this reluctance in addition to the basic wish to avoid controversy.

The desire to shun argument may well be what lay behind the silence, until recently, of leaders of major corporations on American involvement in Southeast Asia. Another reason may be that many present-day corporate heads, remembering the old isolationist days —particularly Munich—believe in an American policy of prior commitments to foreign nations to forestall another world war.

Yet, of late, heads of several major corporations have been forthright in their opposition to the Vietnam War and its extension into Cambodia or other areas, even if they may be moving into a storm of possible governmental and stockholder retaliation. It is worth notice that four of the leaders of the very biggest American corporations spoke loud and clear in opposition to the war in Vietnam within a period of three months. The first of the four was the chairman of the board of the Bank of America, Louis B. Lundborg, on April 15 before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He testified twice on the same day: first, as chairman of the nation's biggest bank talking about the economic impact of the war; second, as a "private and concerned citizen."

On the latter occasion he said the war was a "tragic national mistake," a "colossal" error, that "no amount of coverup, rationalizing, alibiing, or ducking the facts will avoid the inevitable day of reckoning: It only compounds the cost." Mr. Lundborg went on to say that "if a company in private business were guilty of making such a bad judgment as we have made in Vietnam and then of pursuing that judgment until so large a part of its total resources were committed to the ill-starred project, the management of the company would be under attack by the directors and ultimately by the shareholders of the company. In my judgment, it is time the shareholders of America—the people—began to call for an end to the squandering of American blood, morale, and resources on what is in essence an Asian war of nationalism . . . certainly the disillusionment of the young over our whole Vietnam experience *has* weakened their willingness to follow adult leadership in *anything*."

On May 8, John T. Connor, chairman of the board of Allied Chemical Corporation, spoke before what is probably the most important single group of leaders of big business, the Business Council. It was two weeks after the incursion into Cambodia. He said that a continuation of the Vietnam War, "much less an intensification of [it], is bad for American business, every bit as it's harmful for the people of the United States generally."

On June 2, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., chairman of the board of International Business Machines Corporation, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in a "personal statement, which in no way reflects the policy or opinion of the IBM Company," that "prolongation of the war may well set up a continuing revolution of our youth through which they may become sufficiently demoralized so that the progress of our country will be appreciably slowed. . . . I don't think we can afford not to heed the dissatisfaction of our youth. . . . It seems certain to me that continuing the war produces unacceptable costs: in the lives of our fighting men, in weakening our institutions, and in the undermining of our national morale as well as losing for this country valuable and traditional friends in the West while presenting a picture of a terribly powerful, awe-inspiring nation unable to manage itself in a disciplined fashion."

On June 4, Charles B. McCoy, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, speaking before the annual business meeting of the Manufacturing Chemists' Association, said that the "Vietnam War is tearing at the whole fabric of our social and political and economic life. . . . It has taken a terrible toll in human life and raised questions about preservation of democratic values. Confidence in our economy, as well as the social stability of the United States, is being seriously strained here and abroad. Major domestic needs are not getting the attention they should have. The inflationary trend is continuing."

But it was Lundborg, in his testimony before the Senate committee in his official capacity as chairman of his bank, who dealt with the wider issue, far beyond that of Vietnam or Cambodia. It was that war—any war—is bad for business. It is a "pernicious but widely held belief," he argued before the Senate committee, "that war generally has been an agent for economic growth, and therefore good for business." He told the Senators that, while it is difficult, if not impossible, to prove conclusively that on balance war has not been an agent for rapid economic growth, there are a number of carefully reasoned investigations into this subject supporting the position that peace is far better for economic development.

He then proceeded to document his case, saying that "we do have more than adequate data to demonstrate that the escalation of the war in Vietnam has seriously distorted the American economy, has inflamed inflationary pressures, has drained resources that are desperately needed to overcome serious domestic problems confronting our country, and has dampened the rate of growth in profits on both a *before* and *after* tax basis." The facts clearly show, said Lundborg, that the Vietnam War has not been good for business profits. During the four years prior to the escalation of the conflict in Vietnam, corporate profits after taxes rose 71 per cent. From 1966 through 1969 corporate profits after taxes rose only 9.2 per cent.

Lundborg concluded by telling the Senators that he would like to be able to say to potential aggressors all over the world: "If you want to profit, if you want to own the world, don't dissipate your energies in wasteful warfare—follow the example of Japan and Germany since World War II and be economically aggressive. War is, as we would say in business, a low-yield operation."

To a Marxist, Messrs. Lundborg, Connor, Watson, and McCoy do not exist. But beyond the testimony against the Vietnam War by these four, there is the action of the stock market. It has been telling us that war is bad for business because war destroys profits. That is why every peace rumor sends the depressed market up. It won't find its old levels until there is certainty of peace.

Business needs stability to function effectively. War has been destructive of that condition. Turmoil of any scope, and war most of all, serves business ill.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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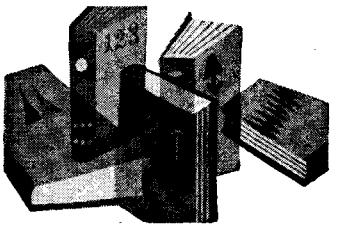
Books
in Communications



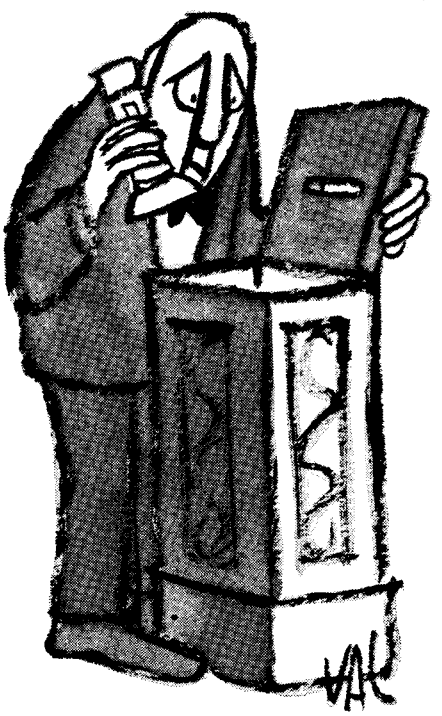
The Power of the London Press

Each time the presses roll, the lords of the press are favored with visual proof of their power, with daily, self-renewing evidence of influence. To no other order of capitalist is given this unique and satisfying additional return on capital. In the neat, ruled columns of the newspaper, the world is re-created afresh each day—chaos put into readable order. The press lords are always present at the creation. The comment may not every time convey his own judgment on history. Arthur Ochs Sulzberger may not always agree with Tom Wicker, nor Dorothy Schiff with William F. Buckley, Jr. But it is the publisher who makes their words possible and keeps them flowing; to be hospitable to hostile opinion is an even more convincing demonstration of power than to promote one's own.

The gratifications of hard-won newspaper ownership are nowhere more impressive or easy to observe than in Britain, where a Northcliffe could influence the war policies of a Lloyd George and a Beaverbrook advise a Churchill. So it was a particularly fortunate idea of Howard Rusk Long to persuade two leading British editors, Linton Andrews and H. A. Taylor, to write *Lords and Laborers of the Press* (Southern Illinois University Press, $10)—a biographical appraisal of the "creative" journalists who have made the modern British newspaper. Among them are Northcliffe of the *Daily Mail*, Lord Camrose of the *Daily Telegraph*, Beaverbrook of the *Daily Express*, Cecil Harmsworth King of the *Daily Mirror*, which in 1967 became the highest-circulation daily (5,282,000) in the world, and Lord Thomson of Fleet, whose swift and steady acquisition of newspapers first in Canada, then in Scotland, and finally in London led inexorably to control of *The Times*. This is a book for Anglophiles, journalism students, historians, and anyone curious about the exercise of power in society. The authors, so much a part of the British newspaper scene themselves, infuse their brief biographies with personal experiences. Andrews himself offered business advice to the eager Roy Thomson, suggesting that he find an evening paper in a good-sized town in England rather than a morning that would be bucking the London metropolitan press. Thomson soon after bought the morning *Scotsman* in Edinburgh, a step that struck Andrews as unwise yet led to all Thomson's later success in press and television.

There is an anecdotal, family-history style to these sketches that makes for close and informal scrutiny of the famous subjects. It is amazing how many of Britain's press lords (and laborers) turn out to be brothers: Northcliffe and Rothermere, Camrose and Kemsley, John Astor (*Times*) and William Waldorf Astor (*Observer*), Hugh Cudlipp (*Mirror*), Percy Cudlipp (*Evening Standard*), and Reginald Cudlipp (*News of the World*).

The authors open the story of modern British newspapers with a tribute to the personal journalism of "That good man Stead," as Carlyle called him, who demonstrated, in 1885, as a dummy participant, how thirteen-year-old girls were sold into prostitution by their mothers for five-pound notes. Some sixty-seven years before women libs invaded *Ladies' Home Journal* and held a sit-in in the editor's office, Northcliffe, in 1903, founded the *Daily Mirror* as a paper for women with an all-female editorial staff. It was a miscalculation that he soon righted by turning the paper into an illustrated daily.



Mr. Long writes that the chief American complaint about the British press concerns the paucity of hard news and an "abundance of scrappy trivialities." But London, unlike New York, still offers quantity, a richly variegated crop of newsprint. There are nine national dailies (*Times, Daily Telegraph, Daily Mail, Daily Mirror, Daily Express, Sun, Daily Sketch, Financial Times,* and *Guardian*) and two London evening papers (*Evening Standard* and *Evening News*). Yet, in closing, the authors quote a prediction that one day London will be reduced to three national dailies: one paper of record, one middle-of-the-road paper, and one popular paper for quick reading. The scenario is familiar. Maybe the residue of shrewd business calculation, publishing inventiveness, and high editorial scholarship so ably recorded in the pages of *Lords and Laborers* will be enough to stave off the evil day.

Reading the Future: Putting aside the current stack of unread magazines, one can learn all about what's happening in the Seventies in the magazines of 1895 to 1905. Such is the thesis of Ray Brosseau and Ralph K. Andrist in their large-format scrapbook of articles, illustrations, editorials, and ads from the turn of the century, when America was first building skyscrapers, flying balloons over Central Park (showing the way to the CBS traffic helicopter), and racing Stanley Steamers up Mount Washington. This thesis holds up rather well. In *Looking Forward* (American Heritage Press, $14.95), fashions, attitudes, inventions, and apprehensiveness over the environment ironically foreshadow the future, although a prediction of air pollution in 1970 because the New York residents of 1898 raised a hue and cry over smoke in the sky from steam locomotives perhaps is too facile a claim. But Charles Dana Gibson depicted a football match between Yale and Vassar (the two colleges almost amalgamated half a century later). That early women's liberationist Hetty Green wrote: "Every girl who enters upon her womanhood with her mind fully equipped with a business education will be saved a great deal of pain." *Life* ran a cartoon in 1897 showing total nudity on the New York stage as the audience fare of the future, and an editorial writer moralized: "Unclean plays have their little day, usually in New York; then they go, and are forgotten." And in 1903, "skeeing" was predicted as the big new sport for America. Right, except for the vowels.

—Stuart W. Little.

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Communications Letters

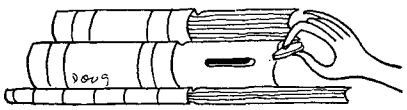
Continued from page 87

the imperative—the mood they like best. In the wrong hands, the seemingly harmless use of the subjunctive—"Let us assume"—can lead to much trouble and confusion. It already has. Surprisingly, the people who know best how to use the subjunctive are not dreamers. They do not say, "Ah, if I were king." Rather, they say, "One day I will control the thoughts of millions."

While the subjunctive may seem to be vanishing from modern English, at least in the usual literary sense, I assure you that those who know how to use it to their advantage will never let it disappear completely from the language.

HOWARD WHETSEL,
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

WOULD THAT R.L.T. had found a more convincing example of President Lincoln's knowledge of the subjunctive. Though it be but a small matter, I cannot forbear to call your attention to the first verse of the



seventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Lest you think me an effete New Testament snob, be it known to your staff that a few laymen, likewise, have had a chuckle or two at R.L.T.'s editorial.

REV. PIERSON PARKER,
Professor of New Testament,
The General Theological Seminary,
New York, N.Y.

WOULD THE SUBJUNCTIVE be disappearing because Latin is so seldom in the curriculum anymore? My understanding of English grammar came through the study of Latin and other foreign languages—and also my deep love of words. Were our education to include more of the "classical," perhaps we'd have a greater appreciation for and ability to use the "modern."

PHYLLIS S. WILSON,
Denver, Colo.

MY PET PEEVE (!) is the horrendous misuse of grammar by some of our leading authors. Somebody oughtta educate them guys. Along this line I should like to have your opinion on something I have found fault with ever since I learned what a sentence is, and that is the use of "as though" (which you mention in your editorial) for "as if." My contention is that "though" is a negative word. Take the sentence "He looks as though he were ill," and break it down to completion, and you have, "He looks as he would look though he were ill." Does that make sense? I maintain it ought to be: "He looks as if he were ill," because, completed, this makes sense. Implication by omission doesn't change the meaning.

Am I being a nitpicker, too much of a purist? Maybe, but when I read, all too often, "No one but I could do it," I want to scream. Surely this isn't acceptable, yet it, or a construction like it, is used frequently by writers.

Keep up your good work. Perhaps a few educators will take note and try to help stop the deterioration of a beautiful and expressive language.

DOROTHY T. WOOD,
Denison, Tex.

THIS IS to express my heartfelt thanks for R.L.T.'s delightful essay. It gives one courage to know that voices are still raised in praise of good English. The first time I heard the theory of ungrammatical English being a sign of virility was at a dinner party some five years ago when my partner was a Madison Avenue tycoon. Every radio and TV commercial that I've heard since—including this latest Winston monstrosity—has convinced me that my erstwhile dinner partner wasn't kidding.

So my thanks for the sanctuary of literacy that *SR* represents! At least you give us something to cling to—and remember.

RUTH WEIR MILLER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

R.L.T.'s admirable stand in behalf of the vanishing subjunctive leads me to come forward with a related suggestion for language reform so obvious that it must surely have already been aired. Yet, it has never come to my attention. So just in case the idea might be original or a timely reminder, here it is: Remove forever the *m* from *whom*. It will never be missed. Except, perhaps, for some who apparently favor its use as a status symbol. I knew one secretary who fielded all calls to her boss with: "Whom is calling please?" and I heard of a lady in Dallas who inquired elegantly at the bridge table: "Now, whom dole?"

ROBERT T. HERZ,
Sales Research Institute,
Dallas, Tex.

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1415

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1415 will be found in the next issue.

AIS CSBP JOBWA WASF AM-
TLBKW WYRRSWW OU LUP
MRRYFLAOMU OW AM QSRMGS
OUASBSWASK OU OA.

—WOB TONNOLG MWNSB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1414

Nowadays to be intelligible is to be found out. —OSCAR WILDE.

Fiction

Continued from page 34

also predominantly about husbands and wives. But the couples in the majority of them are younger, and invariably the husband feels trapped and plagued by both his children and his wife. Little of the affection in the title story rubs off on these.

"Sequence for a Seaman," one of the most enjoyable stories in the collection, describes a husband's hopeless fantasy about being worshiped by a beautiful woman on a South Seas cruise. The first paragraph is such an accurate description of some marriages that it almost makes a story in itself. In "The Way the Wind Blows" a young couple spends a disastrous summer trying to patch up their marriage by taking a job as fire-watchers in a remote ranger tower in the Sierra Nevadas. "The Preface to Anonymous Max," a humorous story in which again the tone is all, is about a divorced man's hatred for a four-year-old boy.

Almost all the stories in the book are interesting. Although some verge on being daring and new—completely fresh—the excitement of the real experimentalist is missing. On the whole, Deck's writing is conventional and realistic.

If the collection has one pervading flaw, it is this: the stories seem lacking in both high spirit and love. An unspoken emptiness, smallness, bitterness lies at the heart of nearly every character. Only in "The Rite of Latin Hips" does Deck meet this problem head on. Here, after a humiliating morning of baby-feeding and arguing with his wife, a husband with a hangover finally drops to his knees before the toilet and tries to retch. Deck writes:

> "He vomited a weak arch of orange liquid, in quantity slight. . . . Nothing. A foul slime. The monster had escaped or remained within. A film on the water in which no face appeared, no wicked symbol formed for him to ponder. Not enough. He shoved the hand back down.
>
> "Are you sick?" his wife called.
>
> "Daddeee, where are you?" Kate called.
>
> He wiggled his fingers, waited for an answer.

If Deck can locate this personal monster of his more accurately in the future, he will be a writer of significant stature. "The Rite of Latin Hips" seems to signal the beginning of a search.

M. Cronan Minton, a reporter for the Roanoke Times, writes short stories.

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Larry

Continued from page 19

arouse suspicion. She concocted an aged grandmother, dear to her childhood, who now lay near death and was feverishly asking for her favorite granddaughter. This imaginary old lady was deliberately lodged in a town near enough to reach in two days' travel but too distant to be convenient for casual visits.

The fiancé believed his bride-to-be completely. He drove her to the railway depot, placed her lovingly on the train, and insisted that she accept expense money from him.

The "home of her grandmother" became a two-room walk-up apartment that she rented a block away from a hospital. Later, in the hospital cafeteria, she eavesdropped on a group of nurses having their morning coffee at a nearby table. They were animatedly discussing a physician they all apparently knew. Referring from time to time to an item in a local newspaper, one of the nurses remarked on the hospital trustees' vote of the night before to suspend the doctor's privileges. The physician had been undisturbed by the action, because he was at that very time completing plans to open a private hospital of his own. Their coffee break over, the nurses hurried back to their stations, leaving the folded newspaper behind them.

On the following day, Larry's mother-to-be sat across a desk in the office of the physician around whom the hospital controversy had swirled. He was a middle-aged man whose ethics more than once had been brought into question. His suspension two days before by the hospital trustees had evidently not been so much attributable to any single breach of conduct as it was a consequence of a long series of dubious practices that had at last exhausted the patience of his colleagues. Instinct told Larry's mother that here, finally, was a man with whom she could deal.

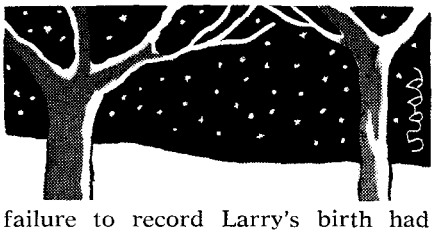
For her part, she desperately needed help in the delivery of her baby and then a way to be rid of it later. But above all she needed a guarantee against disclosure. The physician's requirements were much less complex—he needed only money. His ultimate objective was to start a private facility for the care of retarded children born to affluent families. He had taken an option on a small parcel of land near the edge of town. It consisted of sixty acres of rocky, depleted soil and a few old ramshackle buildings. To get his venture under way, he needed ready cash, for his credit was in doubt.

The agreement reached that afternoon stipulated that the doctor would deliver the young woman's baby when her time came. After that, she would return to her fiancé to complete the marriage plans. The physician would see to the care of the infant until such time as it could be quietly adopted. The mother would pay the doctor a monthly stipend until the adoption.

During the few months that remained of her pregnancy, the young woman devoted most of her time to the writing of long, affectionate letters to her fiancé, skillfully weaving into their fabric a description of the worsening condition of her grandmother. The day after Larry's birth, she sat in her bed contriving a story of the old woman's death. She would be back in her fiancé's arms just as soon as the grandmother was properly laid to rest and the family affairs set in order.

Larry's mother did indeed return. The marriage took place in June, as planned. Her husband promptly moved her into a comfortable suburban home and placed her on a generous allowance for which he never required an accounting. It was from this source that she was able to make the regular payments to the physician.

Time passed, but the doctor reported no move to effect the promised adoption. During the first year of Larry's life, furtive telephone conversations conveyed repeated claims that the



failure to record Larry's birth had made adoption both difficult and risky. As his hospital began to fill with retarded children of all ages, the physician began to hint that Larry himself might be retarded, making the child an impossible candidate for adoption.

When, on her infrequent and necessarily hurried trips to the institution—usually to protest still another increase in maintenance charges—Larry's mother would catch brief glimpses of her child, he did look and act much like the hapless youngsters among whom he was living. Eventually, she persuaded herself that Larry was a mental defective, although she never quite escaped a nagging suspicion that she might have been duped by someone fundamentally more unscrupulous than she.

Evidently not once in the more than thirty years that this colossal deception continued did Larry's mother feel sufficiently secure in her relationship with her husband or with anyone in her circle of prominent friends to share the secret. Quite to the contrary, as the years went by and her husband rose steadily through the ranks of his profession and in the esteem of his community, the pressure to seal off this episode in her life appeared to her to grow greater, as also, not surprisingly, did the demands for money by the physician, who keenly gauged the helplessness of her situation.

To whatever extent she was capable of experiencing either guilt or remorse at the treatment of her son, she was forced to add to those wretched feelings her own personal bewilderment, mixed with a lonely sorrow that no other children issued from her marriage. Her husband, by temperament a quiet, sensitive man, unwittingly contributed to her private agony by sadly describing as his chief disappointment in life that they had been singled out to be "a childless couple."

A few months after his death, it came to light that he had heavily mortgaged his home to plunge into a stock venture he would surely have advised others to avoid. It subsequently fell to his own banking firm, indeed to his closest business associate, to foreclose on the widow, leaving her virtually penniless and forced to return to the tiny home left by her parents—the house from which she had fled nearly thirty-five years before.

After this last bitter note, there was little that Larry's mother could add. There were a hundred futile questions that I might have asked, but there were no crucial gaps remaining in the story. Half of a man's life had been smothered by the irrational pride of a woman and the unrelenting greed of a doctor. No court of law nor any other tribunal could return or restore what Larry had lost. Anyhow, punishment at this point would only harass a man in his dotage or wring more pain from a mother already tormented with memories of her deceit. A more constructive target for attention was Larry himself.

Clearly never retarded within the usual meaning of the word, his social and intellectual development had been blunted through absence of proper stimulation. While not one among us on the hospital staff entertained any hope that we could help Larry recoup what had been denied him through unnatural confinement, we did immerse him in a great stream of varied activities, most of which were entirely novel for him. Larry spent hours reading and attending special classes. He watched plays and sporting events. He reveled in all manner of musical presentations. He quickly learned to play the piano, and later became extremely adept at ballroom dancing. Most of all, Larry talked; he talked to nurses and attendants, to social workers and vol-

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unteers, to visitors and doctors. And through talking, his speech and his facial expression lost their flat, drab qualities, which were replaced in time with the inflections and animation of an interested, articulate adult.

To our particular satisfaction, Larry was the one who first mentioned the possibility of leaving the hospital and looking for work. To diversify his experience quickly, we reached an agreement with local employers to allow Larry to work a short while for a number of them in succession. During this period, he continued to live at the hospital, where his crash program of socialization went forward. After a time, a landscape firm for which Larry had worked for about a month offered him a regular job at full salary, a chance to learn the trade under the supervision of an expert. Larry accepted, moved into town, and rented a place of his own. He remained on that job for nearly a year, paying frequent visits to his friends at the hospital.

One day he stopped at the office, suitcase in hand, to report that he was going away. He explained that he had contacted another landscaper in a different city who was holding a good position for him. It was, he said, the new beginning he had been looking for. He was obviously anxious to get started. I walked with him to the entry of the hospital to wish him well and to see him onto his bus. As it sped away, he waved cheerily to me.

From that day to this I have not seen Larry again, but I have wondered often about his incredible life. Why hadn't Larry run away from the mental institution in which he had grown up, instead of remaining a placid inmate there for thirty years? Considering the evident ingenuity he displayed under the grimmest of circumstances, what manner of man might he have become had he enjoyed the benefits of a normal home and a loving family? How many other Larrys are there in the world, who don't even know they are normal people? How can all the rest of us, who are part of Larry's environment, prevent recurrence of the terrible injustice done to him?

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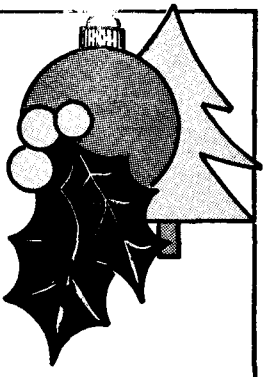

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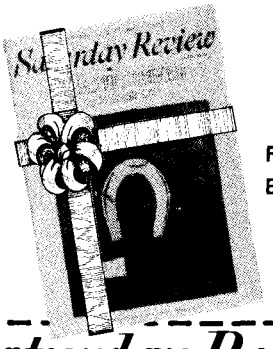

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Most Glamorous Half Mile

Continued from page 60

others. The Bristol's toilet seats, a British diplomat had the aplomb to tell me, are changed for each new client. Investigating closer (single with bath from $26 a day), I discovered that meant they were sent downstairs for a thorough scalding.

Another British touch (and our last) is Jaeger of London, at No. 5, with its tweeds, camel hairs, and cashmeres, on the way to Lanvin at No. 15. It is Lanvin for Men, with a shopping wing for waiting women, shrewdly devised, since few men have the courage or callousness to buy something for themselves without a compensatory gesture for their companion. Across the street is Lanvin. No need for a sign to say it is for women; no wing is wasted for waiting men. I note, in passing, that "conservative Lanvin ties" are now as flamboyant and colorful as Cardin's—also, that at Yves St. Laurent's Rive Gauche (Left Bank styles) boutique at No. 38 there is no skirt length other than very long (Courrèges, nearby, sticks stoutly to minis), that the five-inch-wide belt is as fine for men as women, though the pants suits and tunics (from $100 to $200) are not—yet.

Break for lunch before boarding Hermès?

There is the Bristol, to be sure, with a luxury hotel's *haute cuisine*, prices ($15-$20 a meal), and overstuffed atmosphere. And La Pompadour grill room, next to the palace, for its "quik lunch" and similarly scaled-down prices. At No. 30, in a court called Cité de Retiro, is La Truite (The Trout, but don't order *that*; my last was a little dry). It is a chalet with a tiled, ivy-covered roof and heavy wooden beams, and the court, once stables, is still somewhat of a retreat, though IBM has put up a modern building close by. La Truite has a *prix fixe* for a four-course lunch with wine for a relatively modest $8. But you might do what the French do. Leave the fashionable thoroughfare for a side street with a respectable neighborhood restaurant catering to a steady—not transient—clientele, which assures a decent meal for $3 or so, including a drinkable *vin ordinaire*. If you wander off the Faubourg by way of Rue d'Anjou, you will immediately pass No. 8 and its plaque informing the passerby that here died Lafayette, "a defender of freedom in America and one of the founders of freedom in France." It serves as an apéritif, I find.

And for an after-lunch tidbit of chocolate? Mary's at No. 46 Faubourg St. Honoré. There are fifty-odd kinds of chocolate made on the premises, and none of them milk. Amateurs prefer *fondant*, or bitter. And at Mary's they must wait while their order is not filled but *made* in the basement kitchen. I so waited for chocolate truffles. Contentedly.

And now for Hermès the magnificent, No. 24 Faubourg St. Honoré.

I am not of the horsey set (here I regret it). The saddles have an impersonal beauty and the guns, for me, a distinct distaste. Is it the masculine appeal of leather? Then explain the seduction of an Hermès glove, soft as satiny skin and as supple. Do the scarves with their hunting scenes, bold yellows and blues, spell Hermès too clearly? Less so than the long rectangular scarf with the Y that women wear like a sandwich board, shilling for Yves St. Laurent.

But it is I who make the comparisons the house of Hermès scorns. For a century it has graced—one is tempted to say honored—the Faubourg Saint Honoré, though the very compliment to a commercial house would make the Faubourg's aristocratic shades shudder. What can one say of four floors of distinguished designs, the fourth floor of which, though surprisingly few know it, is a museum—pre-Christian horse-bits from Persia, bronze harness trappings of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, lovely two-wheeled carriages for children in a park, the sidesaddles for Louis XV's ladies?

"The trouble with a museum," Gertrude Stein once said, "is that you cannot buy anything." There are three floors below the Hermès museum where, the trouble is, you can. A crocodile handbag for $900! Oh well, there is the status-bearing gift of the leather *agenda* for 90 francs, or about $18, and a small leather change pouch for somewhat less. But what a pleasure simply to browse!

Perhaps browsing is the word for the pleasure of the Faubourg. It combines the time-honored French pastimes of *flânerie*, or airing one's heels, and *lèche-vitrine*. It is to enjoy the familiar and expect the unexpected, as at No. 54 this year. Suddenly, it has opened as a court of *antiquaires* with a suite of eighteen shops. Russian antiques and icons, French furniture and paintings, great baubles of ancient jewelry as hippie as they are Chanel.

There is the Galerie de France at No. 3, perhaps the best on the Faubourg for what is new and good in the Ecole de Paris, now that the Galerie Charpentier has become the Castillo boutique. The calligraphy of Hartung, the collages of Levee, the engravings of Alechinsky, the latest Pignon and Prassinos. And for "tomorrow's art today" there is, at No. 28, the Galerie of Iris Clert, the Greek with the multicolored fingernails who launched Tinguely, the late Yves Klein, Takis, and Fontana—who, in turn, she says bitterly, have sailed on to other galleries (or was it "in other galleys"?). But there will be other discoveries, she said defiantly (or was it hopefully?).

Defiantly, hopefully, expectantly, or dismissively, take it for what it is. The Faubourg is quite a world, behind its facades, beyond its windows, far more than refuge from the Paris drizzle.

Make Room

by Andrew Glaze

I want to finish re-decorating.
To be able to ask Death into my house,
show him the chairs,
the table I made myself,
crack him a walnut,
(give him the good part)
introduce him to my children,
offer him a drink.
Which of us is the sly devil?
I'll say
I'm tired of keeping you hiding there
behind the door!
Like a lackey!
Come out! Come out!
be proud of yourself!
No more sneaking,
walk in and give me a good short handshake!
It's all right.
Stay for lunch.
Consider yourself my friend.

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The Cossums aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Lester Davis is a friendly, dark-eyed little boy whose smile can light up an entire room. But for most of his six years, he hasn't had much to smile about.

Lester lives in Laurel Creek, an Appalachian town of 200 people in a county with a per capita income of $557 a year. Like most of the other people of Laurel Creek, Lester lives in a three-room weatherboard house, along with his mother and father and nine brothers and sisters. They have no well, and of course no inside plumbing. So Lester's mother, Tressie, carries all the family water up from the nearby creek.

Lester's father, Ray, used to work in the coal mines, but since the mines "played out" he's been unemployed. As Tressie admits, "It's awful hard going. We never could get us a good start before." They still wouldn't have a "start" if it weren't for the Cossum family.

Ed and Martha Cossum live in a suburban community of contemporary homes. Looking out back you can see one of those large, above-ground plastic swimming pools. And you can see the beginnings of a redwood deck around the pool, which Ed and his two children, Bill and Carol, are building themselves.

Ed is a systems analyst. He spends most of his day thinking about third generation computers. Fortunately, Ed and Martha also think about this generation of children living in Appalachia.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Cossums are helping Lester and his family. They contribute $15 a month. Though it's not a lot of money, the Cossums could probably have done a lot of other things with it.

The Cossums' contribution will be made available to the Davises not as a gift, or charity, but as a loan. An interest-free loan which Lester's father can borrow to begin a self-help project.

Mr. Davis already has a project in mind. He plans to use the Cossums' money to buy and feed two cows, then sell the calves as they come along. As Mr. Davis says, "A man likes to find ways to take care of his own family."

Already there is a new feeling of hope in the Davis family, and confidence and pride in their ability to help themselves.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a new pair of overalls or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

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James Taylor

Continued from page 83

and abilities, while putting them sharply into focus. Only overly lavish production values—unnecessarily cute and variegated support for the artist, and instrumental bridges between songs, bordering on candy cane—sometimes slow *James Taylor* (Apple, SKAO 3352) down.

Central to the album's impact: the Taylor songs. Providing subtle substance for the mind and insinuating provocation for the more basic senses, they are shaped by their content and follow no prescribed pattern. Their musical structure and rhyme schemes vary. The only constant: the ache that informs both their light and darker aspects. It would seem life has been a trial for Taylor. At twenty-two he has twice succumbed to its pressures. Included in this set is "Knocking 'Round the Zoo," a commentary on his second voluntary incarceration in a sanitarium. He wonders who, indeed, are the people who need help—those on the inside or the masses running free. He constantly grapples with life's puzzles, as on "Brighten Your Night with My Day":

> Daybreak finds you up and alive—just
> as though you could touch a star,
> But sunset seems to have you weary—
> alone and wondering what you are.

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The equation of sunshine with happiness and darkness with the aspects of existence that cast us away from all-important central warmth is constantly with us in his work. Also, the deep-set belief that rapport and intimacy with a person of the opposite sex shield one from the plagues of the outside world and the insanity we encounter each day. Taylor mulls troublesome questions—for example on "Taking It All In." He concludes that we must have time to think nowadays, to challenge conclusions, and, finally, to find our own answers.

The second Taylor album, *Sweet Baby James* (Warner Bros. WS 1843), by virtue of its bone simplicity, is the better. Unencumbered by needless flash, Taylor moves easily within rapport-filled small band backgrounds and highly functional brass arrangements. He's relaxed and communicates with apparently little effort. His acoustic guitar playing, obscured in his first offering, is in bold relief. It makes for a pleasing cushion on which to rest his soft, pliant voice. He phrases smoothly, bringing into play just enough tension to keep the lines limber. And unlike a burdensome and growing number of his contemporaries, Taylor doesn't try to be other than himself, to approximate the sound and manner of his black brothers.

Again the songs are delightful and enriching. Taylor remains at his best unraveling personal situations that are universal in application. Lost love and the cry for strength that follows become stark reality on the poignant "Fire and Rain," delivered with quiet intensity. "Sunny Skies" skips along in a delusively bright manner as Taylor muses on loneliness, staying behind when others leave, waste, and whether life's worth the trip. The juxtaposition of the bright exterior against the gray inner landscape is evocative.

Taylor picks up the thread on "Country Road." He concludes life is in the arena, where the chances are taken. On "Anywhere Like Heaven," we get further insight into his feelings. He warns that people live only from one day to another, not counting the time, and allow life to slip through their fingers. He indicates we would all do well to grab hold and taste and feel each day.

As one moves from one song to another, the feeling grows that within each of them is something very specific and special, that Taylor's goal far exceeds entertainment. Whether he's questioning war and religion on "Lo and Behold" or speaking of the emptiness many of us feel today, one senses he is endeavoring to solve his own problems and, in the process, to help lift the weight of ours. His comforting voice seems to say, "Hey, we're all in it. Let's try to find sunshine and have it light up our lives." —Burt Korall.

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 103)

EASY RIDER SHIRTS American Flag, Moratorium blue "V" hand sign, Harvard Strike red fist-black letters, Peace blue peace symbol. "T" shirts $2.50, Sweatshirts $3.50. Sizes Sm 34/36, Med 38/40, Lg 42/44, XLg 46. Prepaid. KAY 4, Box 6-SR, Glencoe, Illinois 60022.

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YACHTING NEEDLEPOINT KITS. Information, self-addressed stamped envelope, Box 434, Saddle River, N.J. 07458.

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PERSONALS

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 105)

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At Home with the Barons and Earls

Continued from page 47

people visit Britain's thirty-odd privately owned stately homes, and the blue-blooded owners of the most popular palaces do their utmost to keep the curious coming. They also watch their rivals with keen professional interest.

The most visited stately home is thirteenth-century Beaulieu Abbey and Palace House in Hampshire, whose owner, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, has established a historic car and cycle museum on the premises. This partly accounts for his yearly average of half a million visitors. Anything more, His Lordship feels, might be inconvenient. His huge success—the Beaulieu management actually advises less experienced stately home owners on running their show—riles his competitors. "Oh, Beaulieu, that's where Lord Montagu has a garage," the Duke of Bedford once said with studied innocence. Coming from him, the remark was particularly piquant. As it happens, His Grace is known as the No. 1 Showman of Stately Homedom. He has turned eighteenth-century Woburn Abbey in Bedfordshire into a riotous blend of the noble and the groovy. Inside are fourteen state apartments, Canalettos, Holbeins, solid gold table settings, and a bed used by King Charles I and Queen Victoria ("not at the same time," as the Duke likes to point out). Outside are swings and roundabouts, a pub, space for pop festivals, a deer forest, a wild animal kingdom, a modern art gallery, and a stately antique market in which the energetic French-born Duchess takes a great interest. She was shocked to see a weekend festival of flower children turn the grounds into a shambles. Apparently she had expected a junior flower-arranging competition to take place.

Woburn Abbey has enjoyed unalloyed success. Attendance figures are not available; the Duke of Bedford stopped publishing them seven years ago, claiming that some of his rivals exaggerated their own. It's all very well for purists to deplore some of his innovations. When the last Duke died in 1953, the death duty amounted to £6.5-million, and, of course, repairs of all kinds cost a fortune. Not long ago, one of the Rembrandt portraits suffered a nasty split down the nose because the Duke had turned up the central heating too high. Besides, the roof—some roof!—is in a bad state. If Woburn Abbey is to survive, it's got to earn its keep.

Longleat House in Wiltshire, home of the Marquess of Bath, is a huge Tudor country palace of majestic proportions crammed with treasures. Three years ago the Marquess turned 200 acres of the 800-acre park into a game reserve where hippos, giraffes, monkeys, and lions have settled down remarkably well to the English way of life. The Longleat Game Reserve sparked the vogue for private zoos and safari parks in the stately home world. Consider the irony: English aristocrats, whose grandfathers were the great white hunters of Africa and India, are tending zoo to keep their homes going.

The seventy-year-old tenth Duke of Marlborough doesn't care for aristocrats who turn their homes into fun fairs or slices of East Africa. "People should come to a stately home for an historical visit," maintains the Duke, whose 208-room Blenheim Palace at Woodstock, near Oxford, is solid with history. Built by the great Vanbrugh in the early eighteenth century, and presented by Queen Anne and the grateful nation to the first Duke of Marlborough for his victory over Louis XIV, Blenheim claims its share of modern history, too: Winston Churchill was born there.

Woburn Abbey, Beaulieu, and Longleat are open year round and pleasantly uncrowded in the autumn. Other great and many lesser houses either close in late October or cut down on visiting hours, which is why the 1970 edition of "Historic Houses, Castles and Gardens in Great Britain and Ireland" is an invaluable guide. It's also a source of delicious frustration because there's too much of everything. How are you to choose, for example, between a twelfth-century Benedictine nunnery and a sixteenth-century manor house that Galsworthy used as a setting in *The Forsyte Saga*?

One answer is to visit both. But beware of an overdose. These places are heady stuff—they contain not only *objets d'art*, curiosities, family and national history, but also a powerful atmosphere, a complex personality that must be savored at leisure. To rush through too many historic houses produces a peculiar mental indigestion but no clear-cut memories. It leaves you with a blurred hotchpotch of Van Dykes, Chinese vases, and old English halberds, plus the sneaking feeling that if in some history-loaded building you inadvertently entered a room marked PRIVATE, you'd land bodily in another century.

Autumn Kitchen

Continued from page 69

at this festival, the delicate Weisswurst.

On November 11, St. Martin is honored as patron of the German harvest, or at least patron of harvest merriment. This is the day to taste the new wine—the *very* new wine—and to eat roast goose stuffed with apples and chestnuts, accompanied by potato dumplings and sauerkraut. It is Germany's equivalent of Thanksgiving dinner.

The Teutonic tooth for game is so long one need hardly go in search. Venison, hare, and much more come from the kitchens of the Krone in Assmannshausen on the Rhine, of the Erbprinz in Ettlingen, or of Humplmayr in Munich. The more exotic ptarmigan (a type of grouse), bear, and reindeer appear at Blom or Frascati's in Oslo, or Kalastajatorppa in Helsinki. In Sweden fresh lingonberries will be in season—ever so much better than preserved, and a balm for anyone suffering deprivation of Cape Cod cranberries. Look here too for the newly harvested honey—good throughout Europe, but sublime from the pine forests of Scandinavia.

Hungarians celebrate the feast of St. Stephen late in August—feasting formerly lasted for a week—eating aromatic chicken paprikash and rich chestnut cream made of puréed chestnuts, egg yolks, brandy, and whipped cream. Time enough next month for the serious work of grape harvesting and pig butchering. In Rumania, unfermented grape juice or must is sold at wooden stalls called *mustarii*, together with slices of hot *mamaliga*, the national dish of cornmeal mush, and of *pastrama*, spicy smoked goat.

Come September, the moors, open hills, and woods of England and Scotland are beaten, driven, and scoured to provide the London market with such autumnal delicacies as pheasant, woodcock, grouse, and the Scottish capercailzie. The Royal Family repairs to Balmoral at the peak of the Scottish pheasant drives in early November. Sportsmen take to the marshes in search of the elusive snipe. Pheasant hunters often divert the hunt to take a hare or two along the way so their game bags will show a bit of variety—hence the expression "a mixed bag."

It's out of the bag and into the jug for most hares, for, as one British cookbook puts it, "Whatever is jugged is very tender." Jugged pigeon goes down well, too. The British even jug their steak when they have a mind to.

This year's pudding season opens officially in England on October 5 at

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the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, when beefsteak and kidney pudding with oysters are welcomed back to the menu of Dr. Johnson's old pub with suitable procession and song. Presumably, one must wait as much for the oysters as for the cool weather to whet the appetite for puddings. Likewise for Lancashire hot pot, a stew of lamb, kidneys, potatoes, mushrooms, and oysters.

October is the month of the Aylesbury Duck Dinner, attended by the mayor and morris dancers. For once in a lifetime, a quarter of a duck is enough, Aylesbury ducks weighing up to eight pounds. At the end of October, on the 30th this year, comes the Colchester Oyster Feast. Colchester, once the administrative center of the Romans in Britain, boasts the longest history of any English town. Like the wine auction at Beaune, its oyster feast depends somewhat on annual conditions (this year's quantity is reported to be excellent).

October 31, Allhallow Eve, is Nutcrack Night, when nuts are placed in the fireplace for divination. If two of them side by side fly apart when they crack, the lovers who placed them will separate. November 1 and 2, All Saints' and All Souls' days, are for eating soulcakes and drinking wine in remembrance of the dead. On November 5, Guy Fawkes Day, children receive treacle toffee and parkin cakes, which are oatmeal cookies with butter, molasses, and ginger. If a warm spell occurs around November 11, then England enjoys St. Martin's summer. But whether summer returns or not, there's plenty of jolly bobbing for apples and autumnal feasting on dried fruits and nuts, hot punch, mulled ale, roast goose with sage-apple stuffing, plum pudding, and mince pie to warm the heart and keep the inner man content.

Fado

Continued from page 49

voice and expression. Lisbon is a favorite theme of fados: the city's streets and hills, the waterfront, bullfights, and taverns. But most fados are about some lost or unrequited love. If anyone dares to talk or laugh during the performance, the spell is broken.

Fado fans should not bother to look for the greatest *fadista,* forty-eight-year-old Amalia Rodrigues. Amalia is still undisputed queen of fado but rarely sings at home, except for an occasional charity show. When she makes an appearance now, it's generally at some place like Lincoln Center or La Tête de l'Art in Paris.

"In the nineteenth century, there was one great *fadista,* Severa; then there was darkness," said Mascarenhas Barreto, author of a new book on fado. "Then suddenly Amalia appeared, and she too had the soul of a *fadista,* but around her there is only emptiness."

Barreto, chief of planning and control on Portuguese television, said he wrote his book *Fado, Lyrical Origins and Poetical Motivation* to disprove claims that the guitar was a nineteenth-century English invention and to show that it was known to the Portuguese in the fourteenth century. The book in English and Portuguese is a valuable introduction to this very special kind of music and includes a large collection of fado lyrics.

In one of his own compositions, Mr. Barreto describes the substance of fado:

> The Fado is a song of wandering:
> It is born when the moon rises,
> Dies at the first morning light;
> It roams from one street to another. . . .
>
> It has always a touch of the sinful
> And also something divine—
> Love that is past—that is Fado!
> That of tomorrow, it is Fate.

Checklist for Fado Fanciers

THE ELITE FADO house is TAVERNA DO EMBUCADO, best visited on a generous expense account. It is a favorite locale for diplomats and visiting dignitaries, provides good food, pleasant atmosphere, and top singers such as Teresa Silva Carvalho, Vicente da Câmara, João Ferreira Rosa, and João Braga. The minimum price for a drink is 90 escudos ($3.16).

LISBOA A NOITE is also good for food and fado. Owner Fernanda Maria overdoes the dramatics but has a fine voice, and Manuel de Almeida also sings well.

O FAIA is the most popular fado house because of dark, handsome Carlos do Carmo, currently the most popular fado singer on Portuguese radio. His mother, Lucilia, who runs O Faia, is in her sixties but is generally considered the best classic *fadista* today.

Two old fado houses recently have disappeared, only to make comebacks under new names and management. A Toca folded up when Carlos Ramos, the grand old man of fado, died last year. It has reopened as A CAVERNA featuring an excellent trio, Os 3 de Portugal. Nau Catrineta is now FRAGATA REAL and stars Amalia Rodrigues's talented sister, Celeste.

WHEN THE SPIRIT moves him, Antônio dos Santos, burly ex-merchant sailor with a throbbing voice, sings in his popular patio restaurant in Alfama. Also simple and fun is SOLAR DE MADRAGOA, where dockworkers and fishwives go for a glass of red wine and their favorite fado.

Big and barnish, FOLCLORE restaurant puts on a fairly authentic show of folk music and some fado, including Os 3 de Portugal and Americo Lima, a specialist in the brighter Coimbra-type fado.

For real Coimbra fado, it's necessary to go to the old university town 130 miles north of Lisbon and strike up conversation with students in the cafés. They're generally only too flattered to put on a command performance.

The fado ballad is now in with Portugal's young set. Their hero is left-wing poet-professor Dr. José Afonso, whose ballads are frequently banned. Perhaps the most pleasant fado houses are those without *fadistas,* at which amateurs gather and have fun, such as GALITO in Estoril and the ESTRIBO CLUB, inland from Cascais.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1901

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By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Impel, incite	94 99 113 133 187 6 18 20
B. "———'s debt is paid," says Brutus after stabbing Caesar	21 95 168 174 183 193 208 224
C. "O, what a———is here o'erthrown," says Ophelia. (2 wds.)	9 25 44 65 74 105 111 134 177
D. King of Aetolia, brave chieftain in the Trojan War	180 197 223 136 143 192 32 210
E. Correction	211 165 171 179 28 37 49 52 70 80
F. Alpine cataract, almost 300 ft. high (2 wds.)	129 154 222 14 73 81 97 24 41 67 87 125 137 140 173 199
G. X, for instance	202 27 34 47 93 39 53
H. Dull-witted; extremely old-fashioned and out-of-date	58 59 66 107 130 163 170 190 118 121 212
I. Radiation units	71 96 112 138 144 135 176 181 207
J. Son of Zeus and Io	76 4 13 64 103 219 8
K. Affliction or punishment, as from God	60 77 84 90 117 146 153 5 10 194
L. Son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra	196 201 15 31 36 43 108
M. Languid	159 55 116 120 12 17 126 150
N. Linz is its capital (2 wds.)	1 151 184 215 62 83 104 122 147 22 114 165
O. Booked	29 141 220 85 115 156 204 48
P. Ruthless and tyrannical	149 186 3 155 213 35 175 200 61 54
Q. Demosthenes' specialty	109 132 158 206 45 75 63
R. Italian statesman and economist (1868-1953)	198 157 221 86 57
S. Ceremonies accompanying pronouncements of judgment during the Spanish Inquisition (3 wds.)	88 26 161 128 38 214 100 51 185
T. Source, origin	189 152 182 217
U. Largest health resort in the Crimea	16 106 101 98 178
V. Bottom 3/7 of a Petrarchan sonnet	78 119 91 72 131 82
W. Contemporary American painter ("Hills", "White Hollyhocks")	30 123 23 40 142 209 68
X. Hawker of fruits, vegetables, etc. *(Brit.)*	92 124 139 195 169 218
Y. Curve graphing temperature against pressure with volume held constant	162 216 127 110 148 79 42
Z. Abridgment, abstract	33 11 160 89 50 203 188
Z^1 Achilles' mother	2 145 191 56 7 164
Z^2 Dull, boring	167 172 19 205 69 46 102

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 N	2 Z^1	3 P	4 J	5 K	6 A		7 Z^1	8 J		9 C	10 K	_	11 Z	12 M
13 J	14 F	15 L		16 U	17 M	18 A		19 Z^2	20 A		21 B	22 N	23 W		24 F	25 C	26 S	27 G
28 E		29 O	30 W		31 L	32 D	33 Z	34 G		35 P	36 L		37 E	38 S		39 G	40 W	
41 F	42 Y	43 L		44 C	45 Q	46 Z^2	47 G	48 O		49 E	50 Z		51 S	52 E	53 G	54 P		55 M
56 Z^1		57 R	58 H		59 H	60 K	61 P	62 N	63 Q		64 J	65 C	66 H	67 F	68 W		69 Z^2	70 E
71 I		72 V	73 F	74 C	75 Q	76 J		77 K	78 V		79 Y	80 E	81 F		82 V	83 N	84 K	85 O
	86 R	87 F	88 S	89 Z		90 K	91 V		92 X	93 G	94 A	95 B	96 I	97 F		98 U	99 A	
100 S	101 U	102 Z^2		103 J	104 N	105 C	106 U	107 H		108 L	109 Q	110 Y	111 C	112 I	113 A	114 N	115 O	116 M
	117 K	118 H	119 V		120 M	121 H	122 N	123 W		124 X	125 F		126 M	127 Y		128 S	129 F	130 H
131 V	132 Q	133 A	134 C	135 I		136 D	137 F	138 I	139 X		140 F	141 O	142 W	143 D		144 I	145 Z^1	146 K
147 N		148 Y	149 P	150 M		151 N	152 T	153 K	154 F	155 P	156 O	157 R	158 Q	159 M	160 Z	161 S	162 Y	163 H
164 Z^2		165 E	166 N	167 Z^2		168 B	169 X		170 H	171 E	172 Z^2	173 F	174 B	175 P	176 I	177 C		178 U
179 E	180 D		181 I	182 T	183 B		184 N	185 S	186 P	187 A	188 Z	189 T	190 H	191 Z^1	192 D		193 B	194 K
195 X	196 L		197 D	198 R	199 F	200 P	201 L	202 G	203 Z	204 O	205 Z^2	206 Q	207 I		208 B	209 W		210 D
211 E	212 H	213 P		214 S	215 N	216 Y	217 T	218 X	219 J	220 O	221 R	222 F	223 D	224 B				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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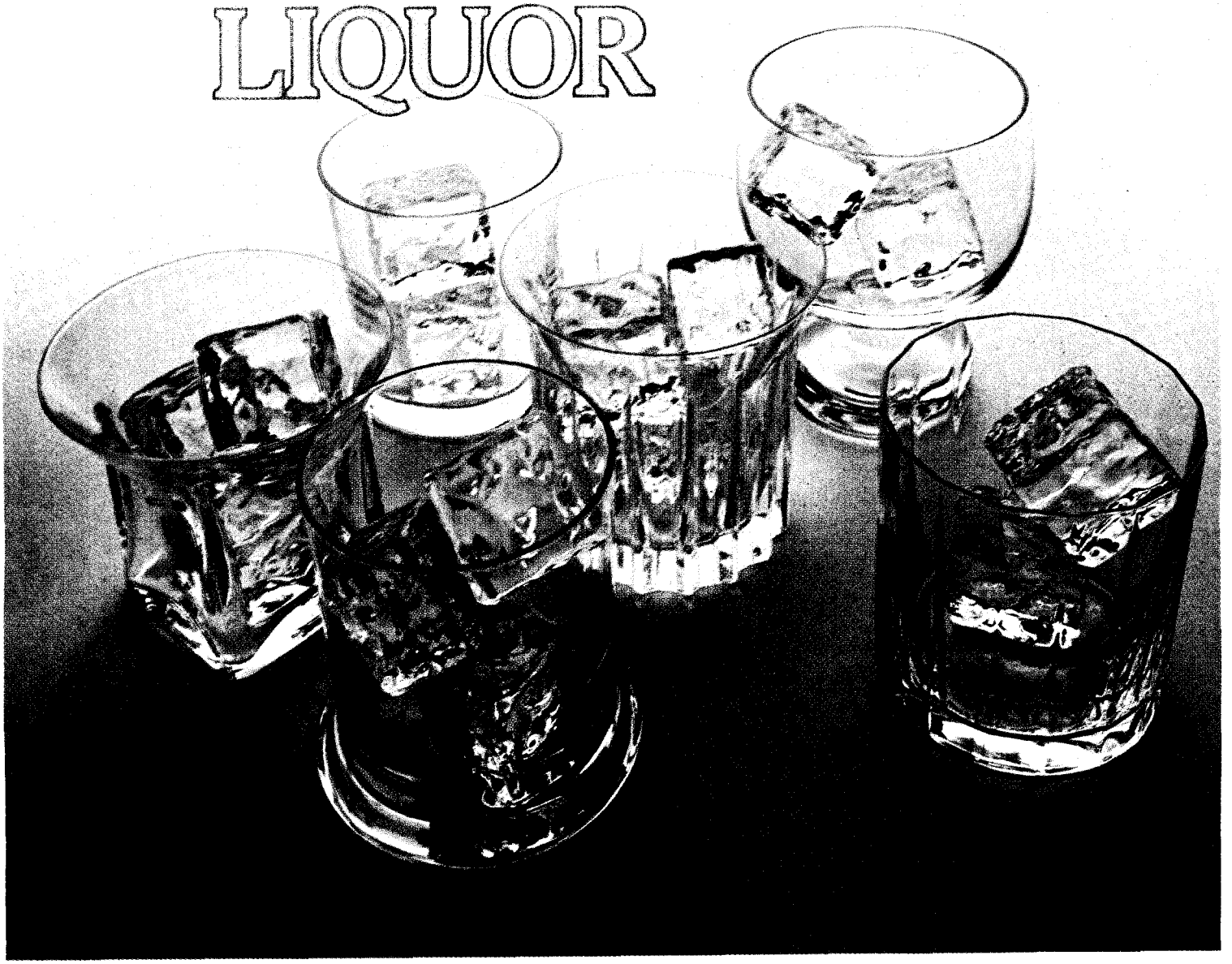

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